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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

HIS LIFE, PERSONALITY AND GENIUS

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*This book was awarded the
Allen prize in 1943 for the best
work written by a British
journalist.*

FOREWORD.

Mr. Ramaswami Sastri's book meets a need so general that there is little need of a "foreword." Upon the publication of *Gitanjali*, Rabindranath was immediately acclaimed in England, and *The Gardener*, with its more secular loveliness, probably won a wider public. But the tone of the one as of the other was strange to English readers, and few even of those most deeply moved by this poetry did not desire an interpreter. For the full understanding of Rabindranath's work, very much more is needed than the poems themselves. Such biographical information as has already been given in part by Mr. Ernest Rhys is quite necessary ; but the great need is that we should be enabled to identify ourselves with the poet and cease to find strangeness in his ways of emotion and of speech and particularly in his symbolism. This is not easy for the average reader, whether he be westerner or Indian. We need the service of one whose mind bears kinship with that of the poet, and who can interpret his works from within. One doubts whether

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Illustrations.

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

I am sending this book into the wide world fully alive to its many imperfections. To interpret to the world, Sir Rabindranath Tagore's genius adequately we must have a critic who is at the same time a great poet, a passionate lover of India and India's immemorial spiritual ideals, a practical humanitarian whose interests are as varied as life and in whose heart love for humanity forms with love of motherland and love of God the holy trinity—which at the same time is a unity—of his heart's adoration, and a saint who has soared on the wings of love and wisdom to the very Throne of Grace.

I have further laboured under the great disadvantage of not knowing the great Bengali language in which Tagore's greatest works are written. I have resolved to learn it at least for having the joy of reading his works in the original. I have, however, laboured hard to collect and group and systematise all the numerous translations of his songs, poems, stories, and essays that have appeared in various magazines and reviews from time to time. I shall feel obliged and grateful to any one who vouchsafes supplementary information to me on this matter. I have appended a

The preliminaries were soon arranged, a site in Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, secured, and the character of the building to be erected on it was discussed at our office, 17, Parliament Street, on the Western side of lower Whitehall, long since swept away.

I also well remember the opening play, at which I was present, namely : " The Taming of the Shrew," that it was a pronounced success, and that the star went straight to the hearts of English playgoers.

As to the building itself, it was amongst the first, if not the first, theatre in London to be built on the cantilever principle, that is, the tiers were supported on girders radiating from the surrounding walls and kept in position by their weight.

Its size prevented it from being used for anything spectacular requiring a large stage, but it was admirably suited for the style of plays which were soon to be produced in it, first by Daly and after a couple of years by George Edwardes.

I have just turned up our old certificate book and find that the total cost of the building, of which an accurate description is given in the work itself, was, as nearly as possible, £60,000, from which it will be seen that it cost a good deal more than a not large theatre of this kind should have cost at that period. This was due no doubt to the vicissitudes of the building period referred to in the book.

After a run of the Rehan plays with which it opened, Mr. George Edwardes carried on and gave to the public a series of light operas and musical comedies of the " Merry Widow" type, which still greatly delight the British playgoer. Of these I need say nothing, for they are better dealt with, than I could, by the Author.

P.E.P.

27th June, 1944.

endeavour in the following pages is to make my work a repository of Indian ideals in regard to the life of art and the art of life.

Quite recently Mr. J. D. Anderson in an article in *East and West* said that "criticism in India lags behind the country's literary achievements in general." But I must say that in this land where æsthetics and poetics were perfected to a degree unequalled anywhere else, there yet exist many scholars who have got the learning, the gift of style, the taste, and the passionate love for the beautiful that go to make a great critic, even though owing to unfavourable environments they have not been able to give to the world great works of creative criticism, "which is itself a work of art, as revealing and delightful as the original criticised." Tagore is an illustrious example of a great poet who is at the same time a great critic. The best critics of the greatest poets and artists of a race can come only from within that race.

I gladly express my thanks to Mr. J. C. Rollo, Principal of the Pachayappa's College, Madras, for the uniform kindness that he has shown to me and his interest in my literary efforts in general and my work on Tagore in particular. I express also my thanks to Mr. N. Laksmanan of Coimbatore who, while yet a college student, has been a passionate lover of Tagore's genius and a close student of Tagore's works and has evinced great enthusiasm and interest in the publication

very explicit about the site of these houses ; he may have referred to those which formerly existed on the site of Daly's Theatre and ran along Cranbourne Street to the site of the present Hippodrome, or to those nearer the then fashionable residential quarter of St. Martin's Lane. Both clusters are shown on the maps of the period.

In 1660 the fields gave way a little more to the spread of London when a Military Yard was built, but this and a solitary windmill were the only buildings in the wide fields extending to Oxford Street.

Cranbourne Street first came into being as "Cranbourne Alley," a paved thoroughfare for foot-passengers, which in 1678 provided the long-felt need of a footpath connecting St. Martin's Lane with Piccadilly. The name is derived from the ground landlord's title ; the Cecils, Earls of Salisbury, were also Viscounts Cranbourne of Cranbourne in Dorset.

Cranbourne Alley practically founded the district, for a few years after its construction the Edict of Nantes (1685) drove many French Protestants into exile in England, and they descended on London to make Soho their new home. The great square with its magnificent houses became the home of the more aristocratic, whilst those who could not find quarters there settled on the north side of what is now Leicester Square, where Saville House (the site of the Empire Cinema) set the tone of the district. Peter the Great was entertained there in 1698 by the Marquis of Carmarthen, and the smaller houses to the east, along the north side of Cranbourne Alley, were sought by those who desired to bask in the sunshine of the mighty.

Captain Ryder was one of the first to live there ; his name survives in Ryder's Court, which is on the east side of Daly's Theatre.

London is a palimpsest. Under its present surface is written the story of a continuous process of decline and fall. Changing social conditions tell the state. Beneath present grime is past gilt. The mansions of the mighty become apartments, then tenements, and finally slums. So, in course of time, Cranbourne Alley fell from its high state. Behind it sprang up a desert of mean streets, huddles of squalid houses. The better-class people of the district turned away in disgust and left ; petty tradesmen took their place. The gilded parlours became shops. In one of these, under the sign of the "Golden Angel," Ellis Gamble lived and worked at his trade of silver-plate engraving. His apprentice was young Hogarth.

But Cranbourne Alley had not many distinguished crafts. It became principally a clothes market, and later on was celebrated for its millinery, especially cheap straw bonnets. It is a little difficult to judge what its general style was at this time, for descriptions vary.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE : HIS LIFE, PERSONALITY AND GENIUS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I. PROEM.

Miss Evelyn Underhill says in her admirable Introduction to the Autobiography of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's father Maharshi Devendranath Tagore: "As the poems of Rabindranath Tagore are examples unique in our time, rare in any time, of this synthetic mysticism, a whole and balanced attitude to the infinite and intimate, transcendent and immanent, reality of God, as they speak to us out of life itself, yet not out of the thin and restless plane of existence which we call by that august name ; so that same depth and richness of view, which escapes alike extreme absolutism and extreme immanentism, which embraces the universal without ever losing touch with the personal, is found to be the governing intuition of his father's life." In his recent book on Rabindranath Tagore, Mr. Ernest Rhys says : "On one occasion in London, after the reading of the poet's play *Chitra*, Mr. Montagu, the Under Secretary of State for India, described how, when riding through an Indian forest

quarter. Between the '50's' and the '70's' a large number of foreign women of bad repute established themselves in Cranbourne Street. There was nothing of the "little bits of fluff" about them; many of them were grim, desperate harpies, crime-hardened. Decent people dared not walk that way, and the authorities seemed incapable of taking any steps to end a scandal which certainly helped to give London its sinister reputation in those years.

Ryder's Court was equally notorious in another way. There lived Bailey, commonly called "The Tailor" to distinguish him from Bailey "The Milkman." As young men these two had been pillars of the Chartist Party; in their old age they were ready to support any extreme revolutionary movement or to further any plot which might be hatched in the little French eating-house known by the imposing name of "Restaurant de l'Internationale" or in the Black Swan on the other side of Ryder's Court.

Revolutionaries and loose women combined their anti-social energies and the name of this district became a synonym of depravity. It was such when Augustin Daly arrived with his celebrated company to thrill London, and later England.

The company's success was instantaneous and complete. London prostrated itself and asked for more. Daly came five times to London, and it was while planning the sixth visit that the project for building Daly's Theatre was born. When Daly began to lay plans for his sixth visit he found that there was no theatre available, and with characteristic initiative and energy he decided to establish a permanent theatre for himself. By bringing Ada Rehan to London he created such a following that his ambition had sound commercial roots. When George Edwardes heard of the project he said to Daly, "I'll build you a theatre and let you have a long lease of it at £5,000 a year."

In those days a theatre cost only about £40,000 to build and equip, but Daly was ready to agree to the terms, and the two men got together. Both were alive to trends. Theatrical London was moving steadily westward, and after looking round Daly decided that in Cranbourne Street he had found his site.

Hollingshead, writing of the neighbourhood as it was at that time, sums up tersely: "The sweepings of the Low Countries own the right of way and its proper name is not Cranbourne Street but Moll Flanders Parade. The authorities and owners of valuable property on the north side, including the government which owns the big post office, appear to be unable or unwilling to remove this metropolitan disgrace which has developed for at least a dozen years. It is probably left to an American to do work that ought to be done by

though in the purely poetic qualities he outshines his father in the splendour of his gifts. Evelyn Underhill well points out in her admirable Introduction to the Maharshi's Autobiography the spotless purity and spiritual intuitions of the Maharshi's nature—his mystical genius, his flaming vision, his enraptured heart, his passion for poverty, his hatred of possessions and all unreal objects of desire, "the perpetual effort to actualise the infinite within the finite, to make of life a valid sacrament in which, so far as human nature may accomplish it, a perpetually developing outward sign shall go step by step with the perpetually developing inward grace." His "first fine careless rapture" of mystical vision was accompanied by mental searchings and travail and "rigorous moral efforts and re-adjustments." "It is the rhythm of detachment, says Kabir, which beats time to the music of love." The Maharshi's inspiration came from the Upanishads which, in the words of Evelyn Underhill, "crystallising intuitions long growing beneath the surface, resolving the disharmonies of his thought and feeling, and pointing the way to peace, seemed to him "like a divine voice descending from heaven." We see in him "that tendency to involuntary dramatisation frequently present in genius of this kind, which so commonly presents its intuitions to the surface mind in a pictorial, musical, or allegorical form." (Evelyn Underhill's Introduction to the Autobiography of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, page xxvi).

Neither Daly nor Edwardes, however, had taken the British workman into account. A nation-wide strike in the building trade broke out and held up work to such a degree that when Daly returned to England, expecting to find his new theatre ready, he saw with amazement and horror that the "theatre" consisted of little more than bare exterior walls and a roof. And this in May, one month before the promised opening date. Daly noted with grim satisfaction that at least the men were back at work!

Architect and contractors swore that it would be impossible for the theatre to be ready in June; but they did not know Augustin Daly. Instead of tearing his hair and abandoning the whole project in disgust he brought his cold, deadly efficiency to bear on the problem. Establishing himself in a builder's shack in the street alongside the work, he appointed himself general supervisor. He was probably the first Stakanovite in the building industry! To find a contemporary parallel one would have to go to Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, dynamo of American war-time shipping construction. Double shifts of workmen were spurred by his furious energy. He swept away every difficulty, declared that everything was possible. He infused the phlegmatic workmen with his own tireless spirit, his bounding optimism. His indomitable will was a magician. Hour by hour the theatre rose, seemingly conjured out of air by the man who simply would not rest. All theatrical London watched the drama, certain that the end of June would see the curtain fall on Daly's hopes. But on the 27th day of that month—on June 27th, 1893—all was ready, the theatre was finished, a masterpiece of architectural and decorative art.

The story of Daly's success rapidly became a legend. A new theatre was something of a thrill in those days; this theatre was almost unbelievable. Crowds gathered to see the wonder. The building had a curiously unfamiliar appearance in the 19th century London. It was quiet and dignified; it reflected "a sense of sobriety and good taste."

The Times pronounced judgment in measured tones: "It has nothing of the cheapness and loudness which is the besetting sin of theatrical decoration. From an exterior of handsome yellow stone in the Italian Renaissance style the eye falls upon a vestibule with walls and ceiling of white-enamel, bearing exquisitely modelled cupids and nude figures in relief; thence upon an auditorium rich in blendings of silver and gold and in fine inlaid woodwork. The proscenium is a deeply moulded gold arch; the front of the balconies shows upon a silver ground a variety of figures in relief which are lacquered,

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Whenever I fall into trouble, I see those eyes of His” (Page 260).

The Maharshi had an apostolic nature and a genius for organisation and preaching. In his son these moods have been softened by golden moods of poetic reverie full of delicate charm. We see in him, however, all the great spiritual qualities of his father—his mystic vision, his sympathetic and loving outlook on life, his tenderness to the poor, his love of solitude and meditation, his distaste for riches, and his high moral sense and sweetness of ethical nature.

We must remember also the Maharshi's burning patriotism when we come to study and realise Sir Rabindranath Tagore's intense and glowing love of this holy land. The Maharshi records in burning words in his *Autobiography* how on hearing of the conversion to Christianity of some Zenana ladies he began to organise the forces of Hinduism. He says: “I went about in a carriage every day from morning till evening to all the leading and distinguished men in Calcutta, and entreated them to adopt measures by which Hindu children would no longer have to attend missionary schools and might be educated in schools of our own.” (Page 100). Again, he says: “If I could preach the Brahma Dharma as based upon the Vedanta, then all India would have one religion, all dissensions would come to an end, all would be united in a common brotherhood, her former valour and power would be

CHAPTER II.

DALY'S CONQUEST OF LONDON.

AUGUSTIN DALY was a dramatic critic at twenty-one. In the ordinary way the criticisms of so young and inexperienced a man would have carried little weight ; but Daly possessed a natural flair for the theatre, which was consistently demonstrated throughout his career. Within nine years, that is, between 1859 and 1868, he became dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, *Express* and *Sun*, and other journals ; he adapted *Leah, the Forsaken*, and wrote his first play, *Under the Gaslight*.

This play is now forgotten by all except those who have a taste for period plays. It is a rather sensational melodrama, and, according to the style of the time, it had pathos, character and comedy. Certainly it was one of the best of its kind that came from America to England, and it soon became a "stock" piece here and an item in that curious collection, "Dick's Standard Plays" in which the old stock-companies found their repertories.

In the same year in which Daly wrote *Under the Gaslight* he began management in New York, and two years later established his Fifth Avenue Theatre. This was burnt down in 1873, but Daly was not the man to be deterred by such a disaster. He collected the insurance money and built another house.

It was for his first theatre that he engaged Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis, two players who were with him for many years and came with him to England when he opened Daly's twenty-four years later. Although Daly was often summed up as a "curious individual," an expert in the gentle art of making enemies and a man oppressed with a sense of his own importance, he possessed that excellent quality of a manager, the ability to keep his people. Actors are touchy folk, and those whom Daly gathered round him were not of a kind to suffer in silence for the sake of their pay envelopes ; they were great artists and would have been welcome assets in any company that aspired to rival Daly's. Doubtless they were wise enough to humour his foibles and laugh tolerantly at him in secret. It was a tradition that members of his companies were not to approach him without due ceremony. Even so, there was unusual regret when he retired temporarily from management in 1878.

ear for harmony that we see in a perfect form in the poet. I shall give here a few examples from his *Autobiography* to show this.

"This Taj is the *taj* (crown) of the world. Ascending a minaret, I saw the sun setting in the western horizon, making it one mass of red. Beneath was the blue Jumna. The pure white Taj in the midst, with its halo of beauty, seemed to have dropped on the earth from the moon." (Page 211). "On a cloudy evening I saw the peacocks dancing, with wings raised above their heads. What a wonderful sight! If I could play the *Vina* I would have done so, in tune to their dancing." (Pages 219-220). "I had never seen such a beautiful flowering creeper before: My eyes were opened, and my heart expanded; I saw the universal Mother's hand resting on those small white blossoms. Who was there in this forest to inhale the scent of these flowers or see their beauty? Yet with what loving care had she endowed them with sweet scent and loveliness, moistened them with dew, and set them upon the creeper! Her mercy and tenderness became manifest to me. Lord! When such is Thy compassion for these little flowers, what must be the extent of Thy mercy for us?" (Page 240). "The mighty current of this stream (Nagari) dashing against the huge elephantine

"Send for little Flagg. She at least can dust."

And that was the end of the society girl.

Daly saw to every detail himself. He would take one rehearsal in the morning, another in the afternoon, attend to business between times, and then be at the theatre at night, creeping behind the scenes with a gracious smile if all was going well, but with a face like a tragic mask if the smallest detail had been overlooked. If there was any real trouble he would tear about like a madman, swearing like a navvy.

But he took a personal interest in every member of his cast and prided himself that he knew every member. On one occasion this proved to be rather an idle boast.

Peeping from the wings one night just as the human game of chess was set in *The Royal Middy* he saw one of the little pawns looking very startled, and a moment later the child's trousers slipped down, revealing a very short and homely pair of pants.

Daly shot out a hand, grabbed the little boy by the scruff of the neck, and lifted him off the stage, trailing his trousers behind him. Daly fixed the trousers and replaced the child on the stage amid roars of delight from the audience.

The following night he cast an eye over the pawns before they went on and standing before a little boy, demanded, "Well, sir, how are your trousers to-night?" The little chap was too frightened to reply and hung his head. Daly repeated the question. The boy started to cry.

"Come, come, child, answer me," coaxed Daly kindly.

"Please, sir, it wasn't my trousers that came off."

Daly never allowed anything to interfere with the business of the play, and to keep the company always up to the mark he imposed fines for any lapses, rising to a penalty of five dollars for missing an entrance.

One day Ada Rehan and he were chatting in his private office when the call-boy, not finding her in her dressing-room, came in search of her. He heard her laugh and he heard Daly laugh.

"Donna Antonina," he called.

But Daly was telling Ada Rehan one of his best stories and she was so engrossed that she did not hear the call-boy. Neither did Daly.

A minute or two later the call-boy rushed back, shouting, "Donna Antonina! Stage waits!"

A scream, a swirl of silken skirts, and Ada Rehan was rushing for the stage. Daly was still laughing at his own good story—but he fined Miss Rehan five dollars.

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fled afar from the spot. As I looked upon this wonderful form of fire, I felt the glory of that Divinity who dwells in fire. Before this, in many a wood, I had seen charred trees that bore witness to forest fires, and in the night I had seen the beauty of fires burning on the distant hills; but here I was delighted to see for myself the origin, spread, growth, and arrest of a forest fire. It went on burning all night ; whenever I woke up during the night, I saw its light. When I got up in the morning I saw many charred trees still smoking, and here and there the all-devouring ravenous fire burning in a dim and exhausted manner, like the lamps remaining in the morning after a festive night." (Pages 244-245).

We have thus been privileged to see the uncommon possession of great and similar talents in the great father and his greater son. Such instances have been seen though rarely in life. The instances of Dumas *pere* and Dumas *fils*, and of Chatham and Pitt will occur to the minds of all. We are thus able to realise from the Maharshi's *Autobiography* whence were derived the unique qualities of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's splendid poetic genius.

III. TAGORE'S ARTISTIC AND SPIRITUAL ANCESTRY.

It is a remarkable phenomenon that in India the greatest poets have also been the greatest saints and

famous, and it was a cause of great regret that it was sold piecemeal after his death, for many of the volumes had a personal interest. His taste was varied. In 1892 the collection was enriched by an illustrated Bible, for which Daly had gathered every known engraving suitable for insertion in a folio volume. The task of sorting the prints and putting them in order took an expert two years, and when bound, this Bible consisted of forty-one volumes.

In connection with the Bible, though not this particular volume, a strange thing occurred to Daly in his earlier days. The first time he entered his office in the Grand Opera House, one of his American theatres, a single leaf from a Bible blew in through the open window. The last verses on the leaf were Luke XIV., 28, 29, 30—"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him: saying, this man began to build, and was not able to finish." The memory of this incident haunted Daly when he came to England and found his theatre unfinished.

It is strange that this man who held a unique place on the American stage is chiefly remembered for having presented Ada Rehan to the world.

Her life apart from the theatre was very simple. She never married, she had no "affaires"; no stories of temperament trail after her; she was never involved in anything more serious than an occasional outbreak of the giggles on the stage, though she dreaded this weakness. When John Drew was Daly's leading man, he took a wicked delight in playing on it, making Ada laugh during her parts so irrepressibly that she was often afraid to go near him.

She was a general favourite, and one young girl in the company has left this impression of her: ¹

"I admire Ada Rehan; she has a merry way with her, such an odd yet musical voice and accent, and she seems very nice and pleasant too, with no silly airs or affectation. She is not exactly pretty but she has the sweetest smile and a dear deep dimple in her cheek. She is very tall but very graceful and has fluffy reddish hair and more than a few freckles. There is something very fascinating about her, especially when she laughs."

Ada Rehan was simple, studious, but full of fun. Her acting style was set to the music of blank verse, and in old comedy she had the right key with bravura in the grand manner. She was the idol of America, and England and France worshipped her too. Like many

¹ "Diary of a Daly Débutante."

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mould his inner nature by the force of his personality, they have been in an even larger measure responsible for the beautiful manifestation and development of his supreme poetical development. To understand Tagore without understanding them and their inspiring, purifying, and uplifting influence is an impossible task. He has already translated one hundred poems of Kabir and we learn that he has further finished the English translation of the works of Vidyapathi and Chandidas. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami says: "Vaishnava art is correspondingly humanistic, and it is from this school of thought that the poetry of Rabindranath Tagore derives. In it are echoed the teaching of such prophets as Sri Chaitanya and poets such as Jayadev and Chandidas, who sung of the religion of love." (*Art and Swadesi*, p. 116).

The religion of *Prema Bhakti* (ecstasy of love) that these great saints and poets taught centres mostly round the divine personality of Krishna, though in some localities it centres round Rama and in Southern India round Siva as well as Vishnu. Those who have heard the inspiring and uplifting songs contained in the *Thevaram*, *Thiruvachagam*, and *Tiruvoimozhi* in Southern India will realise that this religion of love has overflowed the whole of India like a swelling tide from the ocean of divine bliss and has inspired art and sweetened life in this lovely and holy land. The spirit of ecstatic love that breathes through the songs of saint Andal is the

Theatre for ten weeks, during which time Wycherley's old comedy, *The Country Girl*, which is Garrick's version of *The Country Wife*, was revived. England had accepted Daly's company in its own repertory and had admitted its right to perform Shakespeare, Shakespeare having written for all men in all countries for all time ; but now the Americans were treading on purely English ground and the critics were keen to discover faults, especially in Ada Rehan. She was taking up a part made famous by Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Jordan more than a hundred years before and since included in the repertory of our most famous comediennes. Ada Rehan passed the test splendidly ; it was a part in which she excelled herself, and the entire company supported her magnificently.

Daly's next visit, in 1888, was extended to thirteen weeks, his company playing this time at the old Gaiety Theatre. Here Ada Rehan played Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, giving a performance that made the crustiest critic admit that at last Shakespeare's ideal of the part had come into being. Ada Rehan has always been considered the perfect Katherine.

The fourth and fifth visits, in 1890 and 1891, were to the Lyceum, where the success of the production of *As You Like It* was as great as that of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

That more is said of Ada Rehan than the rest of the company arises from the fact that, excellent as all the other members of the cast were, the allure of this truly great actress was almost incredible. It cannot be compared to the contemporary film-star's quickly passing fame, flickering up for a short time among easily incited admirers and then forgotten. Ada Rehan attained similar heights of popular adulation, but the admiration she aroused lasted ; moreover, it was extended to the thoughtful and the cultured. Poets, critics, authors wrote lauding her genius and her beauty ; she appealed to the cultured and the uncultured, and even when Augustin Daly had done his worst with the blue pencil, scratching out divine lines from Shakespeare, she made Shakespeare's heroines the living, loving, delightful women they were intended to be. In passing it can be said that she could also breathe the breath of life into rubbish so consummate was her art.

The prodigious success of these seasons resulted in Daly's conviction that he must have a permanent theatre in London. Henry Irving could not give him the time he wanted at the Lyceum, neither could the management of the Haymarket ; so, as previously described, the theatre in Cranbourne Street was conceived and built, Daly coming to it with a company of sixty-one principals and nineteen for the chorus or "walk on" parts.

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life and art in India have been transfigured by the play of the light of divine love. It was in India that God's love for man and man's love for God were realised in a vivid, intense, and passionate form. God was recognised and loved not merely as Father but as Mother, Child, Friend, Lord, and Lover. To realise the beauty of this a vividness of inner vision and a mystical sense of the divine presence brooding over everything are required. God is the Father of the world in a mystical sense as he is not the direct physical progenitor of any created being. The Hindu mind has recognised that we have to rise from plane to plane of love, relate each lower form of love to the divine, and extend the boundaries and deepen the depth of each form of love till we rise to a practical realisation of the beauty and sweetness of God and rise to the highest raptures of the love of God.

How difficult it is for an outsider to enter into this paradise of the religion of love is apparent from the recent book of Mr. Ernest Rhys on Tagore. He says : "To be sure, in the Indian mythology, Siva appears to lie beyond the sphere of pleasure and pain ; the immovable amid the flux of things, eternity in the midst of time Siva has a wife, Uma, but he is no provident mate ; he is old and rascally, and so poor that he is unable even to find a pair of shell-bracelets for his bride, though she is the daughter of a King, and that King is mount Himavathi. . . . Among the true followers of Siva the form of Uma represents the

In that company they were profound believers in work. Social life and "meeting people" had no place in their scheme of things. Thus, only a week later, *Love in Tandem* was produced. This play, which had been produced at the Odeon in Paris four years before under the title of *La Vie a Deux* with Mme Rejane as the lively heroine, rather shocked London—but it tickled the palate. The story was rather extravagant to English ears with its mock love scenes, facile divorce, and clash of temperaments, but, we are told, "Ada Rehan takes the part with sprightliness and vivacity which never loses refinement in the petty quarrels and reconciliations of early married life."

Arthur Bouchier played Richard Dymond to Miss Rehan's Aprilla, and George Clarke and Violet Vanbrugh the two divorced people.

After this came a much needed summer recess, and the next season opened with *Dollars and Sense*, a light comedy which the company knew well. This was played while Lord Tennyson's last play, *The Foresters*, was being prepared. In *Dollars and Sense*, Bouchier and Rehan were again playing the leads together, young and bashful lovers. Ada Rehan, as a not entirely artless maiden, let her high spirits turn to a boisterous and even a tomboyish mood; so much so that one old critic said tersely, "To Mr. Arthur Bouchier is committed the difficult part of acting up to Miss Rehan." Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis were in their familiar rôles as the overbearing wife and the henpecked husband. It was a foolish trifle, but London laughed and enjoyed it immensely.

Then came *The Foresters*, for which great preparations had been made. The Poet Laureate has written a great play in *Becket*, with the result that another such was expected. Tennyson, however, had written *The Foresters* as a woodland masque, but it was advertised as a poetical comedy, and those who went to the theatre to have their heart-strings torn with poetic frenzy left disappointed. They could not associate Tennyson with a play obviously influenced by *As You Like It* and with the light touch with which the story of Maid Marian and Robin Hood was told. They went to the theatre with the idea fixed in their minds that they were to see a second *Becket*, and not all the lavish staging and fine acting could compensate them. *The Foresters* ran only a few nights.

Although this play was a failure it earned a little place in theatrical history as being the first in which electric light was used on the stage, that is, employed to enhance the beauty of the dresses. Electric light was still something of a novelty in itself. It had been introduced for the first time into the London theatre by Hollingshead, manager

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of love filling him with an infinite gentleness and tenderness and overthrowing all his assertive pride of intellect came to him when he saw the foot-print of Shri Krishna at Gaya. "The attention of everybody engaged in the worship of the foot-print was directed on him. They saw a young man of twenty-three, of herculean proportions, graceful beyond comparison, with a skin as fair as molten gold, and eyes luminous and soft as the petals of the lotus flower, with which he looked on the foot-print with a steadfast gaze, unconscious of the presence of those who were watching him with such intense interest." (Shishir Kumar Ghose's *Lord Gauranga*, Vol. I, page 68).

From this time forward he was under divine influence and Shri Krishna manifested himself in him. Chaitanya-Bhagavata says :

"A form, brighter than a thousand moons,
And fairer far than a thousand gods of love ;
The lord and his worshippers wrapped in light,
And everything besides."

The book referred to above says : "Nimai sometimes represented Shri Krishna and sometimes Radha. When he sits on the sacred dais, he is Shri Krishna ; when he weeps for Shri Krishna he is Radha. So Lord Nimai had not only Radha's love for Shri Krishna, but also Radha's love for human creatures." (Page 219). His *Kirtanas* and dancing won the hearts of human beings and uplifted them into the heaven of

of successive actresses in Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew* and Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*. That this should have been achieved by an American actress who flashed like a meteor across the English stage, rather than from an established English artiste is remarkable. A thoughtful essayist wrote of her last-named part words that are worthy of remembrance :

"The keynote of Miss Rehan's impersonation is the fact, not seldom overlooked by young actresses who think only of their patches and powder, that Lady Teazle is a country girl. For the time being she is carried away by her first experience of fashionable life ; she is a flirt and a tease and her womanly feelings are obscured by the exigencies of her novel position as lady of quality. But in the presence of danger which suddenly rises up in her path her true womanhood asserts itself and Sir Peter's happiness is assured. How delightfully Miss Rehan portrays the diverse aspects of this complex character none who have followed her performances in London need be told. The wonderful tenderness of the part, as now revealed, is a novel charm of which the public last night were not slow to mark their appreciation."

Ada Rehan bade farewell in 1894 by playing the part in which she was so well beloved, Rosalind. There was a wonderful cast. John Craig was Orlando ; George Clarke, Jacques ; John Lewis, Touchstone ; William Farren, Old Adam (the one part we are certain William Shakespeare played himself) ; Celia was played by Sybil Carlisle and Phoebe by Ida Molesworth.

"The Stage," always downright and no respecter of persons said, "The play has not escaped some of the editing and innovation dear to Mr. Daly. That need not occasion much particular remark now. The chorus, 'what shall he have that killed the dear?' occupying a scene to itself in Act IV., need only be singled out for its eccentric setting and lighting—a fantastic framework of leafage in greyish purple to a background suffused in roscate hues. The lighting is unequal ; sometimes excellent, sometimes of a kind that never was seen on land or sea—and, moreover, not wanted on the stage. One other point without hypercriticism, the stridulous dragging out of the word 'Rosalind' with a long o and an even longer i is vulgar and wants more sensitive treatment."

But even this carping critic could only speak well of Rosalind. He could find no fault with her.

After the last performance Augustin Daly made a speech expressing his thanks for the cordial support of public and Press and promising to come back with his company in the following May. This promise

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poets ; but the divine atmosphere that he breathes with their aid makes their joys and ideals his own. I must further point out that through Kabir and Nanak the spirit of Sufism also influenced him a great deal. Sufism is the mystical blossoming of Islam under the transforming touch of the higher Hinduism, just as in mediaeval India the influence of Islam led to certain developments in Hinduism. The Sufis regarded the existence of the soul as pre-natal and held that the full perception of earthly beauty was the remembrance of Supreme Beauty in the spiritual world and that in spite of the veil of the body the soul could behold the Divine Mysteries through love and ecstasy (*Hal*). Sufism regarded creation as a manifestation of Eternal Beauty. Jami says in his poem *Yusuf-u-Zulaykha* :

“ His beauty everywhere doth show itself,
And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
Obscured as through a veil
Where'er thou seest a veil,
Beneath that veil he hides. Whatever heart
Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
Hath victory.”

Man was a divine emanation, and the Sufis held that man's supreme desire was to be reunited with the Beloved. Jami, the great Sufi poet, says :

“ Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
Grew to Being Her I Gaze on,

CHAPTER III.

QUEENS OF THE STAGE.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S comet blazed for two dazzling seasons. When finally it fell, Daly's Theatre did not pass into eclipse, for a new production star was there—George Edwardes.

Daly never really took root in London. His tremendous success here was from the first a daring piece of exploration by a producer of genius who could never rest so long as there were new worlds to conquer.

After two seasons his conquest of London was complete and he passed out like a meteor, leaving behind a trail of glittering memories. There can be no greater tribute to Edwardes than to say that the light of Daly's Theatre was undimmed after Augustin returned to America.

Apparently, he left his London triumph with some reluctance. In this traditionally "cold" capital he had overcome all the material and moral obstacles that had threatened to wreck his venture at the beginning. He broke down much of London's theatrical insularity, opened a window on a new world by using the stage of Daly's Theatre to present foreign stars to the London public.

He said aptly in his farewell speech that the theatre might well have been called "The Cosmopolitan".

When Ada Rehan, the magnificent, made her final exit, Eleanora Duse, the great Italian, whose art was destined to revolutionise acting technique, entered with Cesare Rossi. They opened at Daly's in *La Dame aux Camelias* and failed to conquer critics and audiences who had already seen Sarah Bernhardt in the part. One critic summed up the general view: "She is not a Bernhardt, but in her own field she is an actress of the very first rank."

Duse was to reach sublime heights of tragedy; but in London her reputation was a slow growth. Then, as now, the London public was loyal to established favourites, and perhaps there was some resentment that Duse should tread the ground of *La Dame aux Camelias*, which had been hallowed by the Divine Sarah.

When Eleanora played in *Divorçons*, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *La Locandiera*, she attracted a large and enthusiastic band of devotees; but she never had London at her feet. George Edwardes, a perfect diagnostician of popular taste, certainly knew that the general public, clamouring for obvious novelty, could see nothing new in Duse's revolutionary art.

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“Great Peace which He alone can give.” In Kabir, Nanak and others both streams of mystical emotion—Indian and Sufi—met and mingled into a mightier stream. Tagore has recently translated one hundred poems of Kabir and has been profoundly influenced by him.

It must be further remembered that Tagore belongs to the Brahmo Samaj, which has been influenced in no small measure by Christianity. Hence his mind bears traces of dislike of idolatry and of some of the social ideals of Hinduism. But as his mind has no intellectual narrowness and as his heart is full of love, he has been able to rise above all petty man-made barriers between religion and religion. His mystical vision has enabled him to see the inner spiritual significance of much that a hard-headed and hard-hearted man might brush aside as idolatry or theology or metaphysics. In him it is the Hindu genius that is predominant and irradiates everything else.

IV. THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE.

We can never understand Tagore aright if we do not realise the new Indian Renaissance now going on before our eyes. The movement is now as wide as life and as deep as love and as high as heaven. Its manifestations must be sought not in this sphere of activity or that but everywhere. Of course in the lower forms of activity it will be difficult to say whether what we see

La Femme de Claude, the shortest of Alexandre Dumas' plays, and the subject of the longest preface that ever came from his pen. Two performances were a triumph for Bernhardt and Guitry.

Possibly no other theatre in London can boast that in less than six months it has presented four such celebrated people as the acknowledged queens of the stage of four countries in addition to such players as the elder Guitry, Forbes-Robertson, Terriss and Arthur Bourchier.

The Daly's company appeared in *The Railroad of Love* in June, 1895, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in July, 1895, *Midsummer Night's Dream* also in July, 1895, and *Nancy and Co.* in July, 1895.

This was an unprecedented beginning, and could be maintained only by repetition. But repetition ran dry; and George Edwardes announced that he was going to put on a musical comedy.

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All these great traits are seen to be integral manifestations of the spirit of the Indian Renaissance also.

What shall we say about the blessed part that England has been taking in the awakening? When the humanity of the future records its impartial ideas as to the unfolding of the human spirit, she will bless England for the liberation of the human spirit that she is achieving in India. No contemporary misrepresentations, hatreds, or passions, will obscure the clarity of her vision. Though the Indian Renaissance owes its ultimate inspiration to India and her ever-living ideals, the warm breath of spring that loosens the grip of the dead hand of winter over the heart has come from

“That other Eden, semi-paradise,

That precious stone set in the silver sea.”

England has been freeing the national spirit from its fetters in India ; but the unconquerable spirit was there already and has been shining forth in the quenchless fire of her eyes and the quenchless love in her heart which made her

“To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;

To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;

To defy Power, which seems Omnipotent ;

To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates

From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;

Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent.”

The two great divisions of the Aryan race have now met in this holy land for mutual uplift and inspiration



Above
GEORGE GRAVES

left
GEORGE EDWARDS

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world, that has lived a strenuous life, that has achieved social peace and co-ordination and spiritual progress, that has been pre-eminent in the fine arts and the industrial arts, that has revered womanhood and whose women have been mothers of heroes, that spread over the Eastern world in the course of its self-development, that was supreme in commerce and was the richest country in the world, and that was the mother of philosophy and religion—a race that, in spite of fierce assaults from without and dissensions within, has been true to its light and has outlived other civilisations and is now living “not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour—” is a gross libel and argues an utter want of vision.

Yet we must recognise with gratitude and love, as I have already stated, the liberation of the spirit that is being achieved by England in India. It will be beyond the scope of this book to describe this great task and the adequate manner in which England is performing it in India. The English language—that noble and highly-evolved organ of thought—has become a portion of our life and is the chief instrument of national uplift, though it is now being degraded to the position of a fetish and once more illustrates the supreme truth of Tennyson’s warning to beware

“Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.” England is fostering a spirit of scientific investigation and research, and reviving the desire for interrogating

the theatre. Some of the most distinguished people in the land were among the regular visitors. Patrons were in the habit of seeing the same play night after night, week after week during the whole length of the run.

Here is a Daly patron's list of visits: *The Merry Widow*, 70 times; *The Dollar Princess*, 200 times; *A Waltz Dream*, 50 times; *The Count of Luxembourg*, 35 times; *Gipsy Love*, 100 times; *The Maid of the Mountains*, 400 times.

King George V., when Prince of Wales, was instrumental in having Bertram Wallis chosen by George Edwardes to appear as the *Count of Luxembourg*, at Daly's. He was witnessing a performance of *The Balkan Princess* at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1910, in which Bertram Wallis appeared as the Grand Duke Sergius, when he remarked to someone: "That man ought to be at Daly's." This reached Edwardes' ears, with the result that Wallis was selected to appear at that theatre.

Bertram Wallis was known as "the handsomest man in London." He was certainly magnificent in face and figure. He wore costume superbly and moved with grace. In musical comedy roles he had no equal at the time.

Wallis began life in a London office and made his first appearance in *Masks and Faces* at Folkestone in August, 1892. He started in small Shakespearean parts at the St. James's Theatre with Sir George Alexander, and later accepted an engagement from George Edwardes to play the chief parts on tour in *A Greek Slave* and *San Toy*. He appeared in numerous other musical plays including *A Country Girl*, *Three Little Maids*, *The King of Cadonia*, *The Balkan Princess*, *The Maid of the Mountains*, *A Southern Maid*, *Madame Pompadour* and *Paganini*.

In George Edwardes' days, Daly's Theatre employed about 200 people other than the artists and chorus. At pre-war rates, this staff involved a weekly expenditure of £1,600, added to which had to be found, say, another £1,500 for artistes' salaries. No wonder Edwardes said he made all his money in the provinces!

When James White took over, the payments yearly, including advertising and other expenses, ran to £200,000.

In the first year of its run the gross profits from *A Country Girl* reached £100,000, and in the second year £70,000. Edwardes admitted that he himself reaped a fortune of £100,000 from the play.

It was in this piece that Hayden Coffin scored a big hit.

The name "Coffin" horrified Edwardes, who described it as "a depressing and cemetery name." But its owner refused to change it.

felt in due course. A common fatherland is preliminary to all national development ; round that living nucleus will naturally gather all those feelings, associations, traditions and other elements which go to make up a people's language and literature, religion and culture, and establish its separate existence and individuality, demanding its preservation and independent development as a valuable cultural unit. The unifying influence of a common country, of common natural surroundings, is indeed irresistible, and the assertion may be safely made that it will be effectively operative against other disintegrating, disruptive forces and tendencies such as differences in manners and customs, language and religion " (pages 3-4). The unity was recognised by the masterspirits of the past who gave the whole land a single name, *Bharatavarsha*. The popular phrase is *Himavatsetuparyantam*. A Sanscrit verse says : जननीजन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी । (The mother and the motherland are more adorable than heaven). The holy hills, streams, and shrines of India make the entire land sacred and dear beyond expression. Kasi, Mathura, Dwaraka, Ayodhya, Kanchi ; Himalayas, Vindhya, Satya, Malaya ; Sindhu, Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswathi, Narmada, Godavari, Kaveri ; Dandakaranya, Naimisaranya, etc.; the shrines of Viswanatha, Jagannatha, Venkatesa, Ranganatha, and Ramalinga:—what blessed, purifying, uplifting names are here ! From Badari to Kanyakumari is holy land in the

first night, Huntley Wright called on Evie Greene before the show to wish her luck. He found her on a sofa in her dressing room moaning with pain. Also, the staircase scene for the second act was not ready. Half-an-hour after the curtain should have risen the set was still not ready, and Miss Green was still in agony in her dressing room. George Edwardes, distraught, paced up and down exclaiming: "Someone bring me a broom; will someone bring me a broom."

The second act began about eleven. By this time the nerves of the audience, frayed by long waiting, broke in irritated and ironic noise. Grasping the situation, Wright seized his brother comedian, quaint Fred Kaye, of the peculiar walk, and rushed on the stage breaking in on one of Hayden Coffin's love scenes! They held the audience and averted pandemonium. Edwardes was so grateful that he sent Huntley Wright a beautiful ring and a letter of thanks. Even such an opening as this did not prevent the play running for over two years.

When war broke out in 1914, Wright had just signed a contract with Edwardes—or rather, with Edwardes' daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Sherbrooke, who had her father's power of attorney—to play in *Sybil*. When he came back from his Army service, the first offer Wright got was a contract to play the same part. It was from Robert Evett, who, acting for Edwardes' executors, knew nothing of the previous contract. So back Huntley Wright came to Daly's to start on another series of delightful comedy parts. The first time I saw him was at Ramsgate over forty years ago. He was touring in a burlesque, *Bonnie Boy Blue*, appearing in a dame part. The famous Sir Granville Bantock (then, of course, "Mr."), was the musical director of this touring company.

The theatre is a world of strange incidents. On one occasion during the run of *The Little Michus*, there was difficulty with the curtain which began slowly to descend before the act was finished. All efforts to stop its descent proved unavailing, and eventually the audience had to depart with money refunded. Often Daly's box-office was mistaken for a tube booking office, a post office, and even a pawnbroking establishment!

Daly's can claim to have received the first Marconigram from sea booking seats. The sender was F. G. Afalo, a well-known London banker and writer on natural history.

"Is Mr. Hayden Coffin playing at Daly's?" a lady once asked at the box-office. "Oh, no," replied the box-office clerk, "He's in 'Veronique' you know."

"Really," she exclaimed, "for the benefit of his health?"

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Lord Beaconsfield says: "Race is everything; there is no other truth. And every race must fall which carelessly suffers its blood to become mixed." Mr. H. S. Chamberlain says in his great book on "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." "Nothing is so convincing as the consciousness of the possession of race. The man who belongs to a distinct, pure race; never loses the sense of it...Race lifts a man above himself." The distinctive traits of the Hindu race are its spirit of inwardness, its orderly social evolution, its acceptance of the principle of co-ordination as the basis of social action, its power of realising divine immanence, its love of the spiritual aspects of beauty, its passion for peace, its emotional refinement, its spirit of unbounded toleration and self-sacrifice, its reverence for life, its longing for divine communion, and its luminous self-poised rapture of contemplation and meditation and devotion. We must beware of any individual or national acts that will taint inner life of the race. Mr. C. W. Saleeby says: "There is no public nor private deed that may not affect, in ways unseen or seen, the quality of a people—so sensitive and impressionable is the life of a community, so great the consequences which may flow from the smallest cause." (*The Methods of Race—Regeneration.*) Sister Nivedita and Dr. A.K. Coomaraswami say in a recent book: "A single generation enamoured of foreign ways is almost enough in history to risk the whole continuity of civilisation and

18th, 1902) ; Harry Vereker in *The Cingalee*, (March 5th, 1904), and on December 23rd, 1916, as John Oxenham in *Young England*. He did not tour the provinces until 1906.

This fine artist and delightful singer, died on December 7th, 1935.

bring to us prosperity ; rather because it is a high function of our being, a door for thoughts to pass from the unseen to the seen, the source of those high dreams and the embodiment of that enduring vision that is to be the Indian nation; not less, but more strong and more beautiful than ever before, and the gracious-giver of beauty to all the nations of the earth." Indian art is, as can well be expected from the genius of the race, idealistic and religious. Mr. Havell says : "The inspiration of Vedic thought, which still permeates the whole atmosphere of Indian life, as the originating impulse of Indian art, and the influence which links together all its historic phases Throughout Indian art, and throughout the Christian art of the middle ages, we find the same central idea—that beauty is inherent in spirit, not in matter..... It is *bhakti* which now keeps Indian art alive ; it is the lack of it which makes modern western art so lifeless." (*The Ideals of Indian Art*.) Dr. Coomaraswami says in his *Essays in National Idealism*. "India is wont to suggest the eternal and inexpressible infinities in terms of sensuous beauty.....Life is not to be represented for its own sake, but for the sake of the divine expressed in and through it." (page 31.)

I have quoted freely above to bear out the truth of the view pleaded for here. The artistic and literary awakening in Bengal and the artistic work of Ravi Varma in South India show that India is beginning to

Leslie Stuart could tell some funny stories of resuscitated songs. In 1881 he wrote one for an exhibition at Blackpool. Many years later, Hayden Coffin, in *An Artist's Model* at Daly's, sang a sarcastic ditty, about "The Soldiers of the Queen" who loved to stop at home and let the others go out and fight, to the same melody. But not so for Leslie. He never dropped a good tune, so up it bobbed serenely as the real "Soldiers of the Queen" during the South African war recruiting period, and took England by storm.

Leslie Stuart told the following story concerning the world famous tenor John McCormack, who, in his early struggling days after having denied himself much in order to advance his art, asked a London City man for an introduction to George Edwardes. He was prepared at that time to take even a small part in any of the musical plays Edwardes was producing. Finally, he received a postcard making an appointment to sing at an audition at Daly's Theatre, but the Guv'nor was not present and some underling was left to decide whether McCormack could sing or not. John heard nothing.

The City man was very angry with Edwardes for neglecting to give due attention to such a singer. The Guv'nor was apologetic and requested the City man to arrange an audition for McCormack with him personally. He was told that McCormack's agent could meet George Edwardes in a preliminary interview and the agent duly arrived.

Edwardes said that he was anxious to make amends for his crass omission, and asked the agent when he could hear McCormack sing, as he was prepared, if he thought him good enough, to give John the leading tenor part in one of his musical companies touring with a Daly's show. He was prepared to enter into a contract for three years at a rising scale of £10, £15 and £20 a week. The agent said that George Edwardes could hear McCormack sing that night at a public function close to Daly's Theatre. Edwardes asked the time and place, and the agent replied: "At Covent Garden with Madame Melba in *La Boheme*, and I am afraid that he could not accept less than £400 a week from Mr. Edwardes."

Auditions were held once a week at Daly's Theatre. At a time when musical comedy was sweeping the country, arousing stage ambitions in tens of thousands, the stage of Daly's on audition days presented a cross-section of a musical comedy-struck public. The average number attending an audition was 200. Genuine talent out of this number was rare. Many of the applicants were, of course, women, some of them middle-aged. Of a hundred good-looking

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Kill the form and you nearly always kill the ideal.' As a matter of fact the elevation of English to the rank of a fetish has killed the divine Sanscrit tongue and the beautiful vernaculars to a large extent. English should never be the medium of instruction till at least the fourth form is reached in the school classes. I should be glad to see it learnt as a second language up to the entrance class. Further, the Sanscrit, a vernacular, and the Hindi tongue or the Bengali should be learnt throughout the course. We shall then be in touch with the past, handle our mother tongue with power, know one language that will keep us in touch with the whole India, and be able with the help of English to enter the shrine of political growth, civic progress, scientific and historical study, and rationalistic attitude which England has thrown open to us. If, as the present moment the vernaculars live, it is because of the inherent vitality of the race. But systematic poisoning of the springs of life may kill even the irrepressible vitality of the Hindu race. That vernaculars have great potentialities and possibilities as vehicles of progressive thought has been demonstrated to the whole world by Bengal. A great and holy succession of poets in mediæval and modern India have demonstrated their power as vehicles of religious emotion and artistic presentation of life. If our leaders through their love for sonorous thunderings in English sacrifice the best interests of their land in their blindness of vision, the malady

Such, at least, was Merlin Morgan's opinion. He was musical director at Daly's Theatre for many years and the composer of additional numbers for George Edwardes' Daly's musical plays. In his later period, Edwardes always sent for Merlin Morgan if he wanted a new number, and Morgan never failed to supply the right thing. Morgan, a real Bohemian, died in 1924.

George Edwardes was justly proud of his Daly's Theatre orchestra, of 40 picked musicians, which at different times had been under the direction of Barter Johns, Victor Champion, F. Ziegler, Arthur Wood, Alex. Stevens, Hamish MacCunn, Frank Tours, Ernest Ford, Harold Vicars, Merlin Morgan, Ernest Flecker and Leonard Hornsey.

As the Guv'nor graduated in the D'Oyly Carte school, it may not be out of place to relate another amusing audition story :

Francois Cellier, brother of Alfred Cellier, the composer of *Dorothy*, for many years personally tested all the voices at the Savoy Theatre, not only the candidates for principal roles but also the chorus. Michael Gunn, a cousin of George Edwardes, and an old business associate of D'Oyly Carte, was one day lunching at Romano's, when he sent a waiter to the Savoy Theatre to learn whether Mr. Carte was in. The waiter was gone a very long time. Carte, it appears, had pounced on the waiter at sight and, knowing the loquacity of the average choral candidate, sternly commanded him to sit down and not to talk. After a short time the man was ushered into Cellier's room, again told not to talk, but to sing up and down the scale, while Cellier played the piano. The astounded waiter obeyed. He was then told to sing any song he knew, and a few minutes later found himself outside the theatre never having had a chance of delivering Mr. Gunn's message, but the proud possessor of a certificate declaring that he was qualified as a baritone in the chorus of D'Oyly Carte's No. 1 Company in the provinces!

Talent was always coming to the front from the big school at Daly's. Among the stars-to-be who graduated in the chorus under George Edwardes—were Mabel Russell, Mabel Green, Gladys Cooper, Winifred Barnes, Maidie Andrews, Madeline Seymour, Phyllis le Grand, Daisie Irving, Effie Mann, Isobel Elsom and very many others.

Mrs. Field, who was Wardrobe Mistress for George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre for 25 years, said in 1932 that modern chorus girls are not a patch on the girls she knew in the old George Edwardes days. Looking back on a wonderful panorama of theatre history, she remarked that girls in the chorus now are not so attractive as the show girls, the singers and the dancers of the old days. She asked plaintively where to-day can you find anywhere the equal of an Olive

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Tagore, and other great men show how Bengal has a conspicuous record of work to its credit. Mr. Rhys says of the Bengali language : " We have to talk with one whose mother-tongue it is to appreciate its full resource, and those elements and qualities in it which have made it pliant under the lyric spell. We test a language by its elasticity, its response to rhythm, by the kindness with which it looks upon the figurative desires of the child and the poet. In these essentials Bengali proves its right to a place among the regenerative tongues of the world." In art as well as in literature, modern Bengal has been original as well as national and has accomplished a great deal of admirable work.

In this renaissance Tagore has played a great part. He has not merely interpreted the East to the West. The *Daily Chronicle* said of him: "Others have been dazzled by the mystery, the brightness, the immensity of India; we have drunk deep of its colour. But Mr. Tagore brings us its mind." He has done more than this. He is the greatest modern national poet of India.

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe well says. "The life of India is still favourable to the development of the poet who is also thinker and man of affairs — although, we may be quite sure, it will not prove to be so for the creative genius of to-morrow. For Rabindranath Tagore, at any rate, the lines have been laid in the pleasantest of places. His songs are part of the popular culture of

Dame Marie Tempest who in May, 1935, completed her fiftieth year on the stage, wrote: "I know of no greater pleasure than that of visiting an old theatrical firm, say, of costumiers, and gossiping with the old hands, who recall the glories of the George Edwardes days—and the frocks they made for me when I played in *The Geisha* or *An Artist's Model* or later in *Becky Sharp* or *Peg Woffington*. How their eyes light up and how excited they get over the joys and tribulations of these first nights of twenty, thirty, forty years ago!"

Mrs. Field, who in later years was Drury Lane's Wardrobe Mistress, made all the costumes for the first production of *The Merry Widow*—including Lily Elsie's—in 1907, and she saw the foundation stone of Daly's Theatre laid. She made all the dresses for Dame Marie Tempest, Evie Greene and many other famous stars when she was at Daly's.

In eight hectic weeks Mrs. Field made 450 costumes and 300 hats for the *Cavalcade* production at Drury Lane. In 1914 she embarked on a business venture in Canada, which unfortunately failed. She lost everything and had to sell the diamond brooch Mr. Edwardes gave her as a memento of her long service with him. Had it not been for the great kindness and help of one of her nephews, Nelson Keys, she would never have been able to come home. Sir Alfred Butt (then "Mr.") wanted a wardrobe mistress for the Palace, and when Nelson Keys mentioned his aunt's name, Sir Alfred cabled her to come back.

One of Mrs. Field's early memories of Nelson Keys' imitative ability was a Christmas party many years ago when he borrowed a screen from her bedroom behind which he did a one-man imitation of Sousa's Band.

She described this private performance to George Edwardes, and Nelson Keys obtained an engagement in the chorus of the No. 1 touring company of the popular Gaiety musical play *The Orchid*. He also understudied the "Teddy Payne" part, which was played on tour by George Gregory. This was in 1904. Nelson Keys, however, soon climbed to stardom.

Before George Edwardes took over from Augustin Daly he had conceived musical comedy as a new theatre form. There was no question of "inventing" it. Musical comedy had origins far back in theatrical history, but George Edwardes organised its scattered elements and shaped them into form. He is, therefore, the father of musical comedy in this country.

For years the idea had been germinating in his mind. It

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that region of self-sacrificing service for the motherland in which he has achieved such great results; and the master-passion of his life is this supreme desire to serve India. His patriotic hymns deserve a more than passing mention in this connection. He is India's greatest singer of national songs. One of them has been translated thus :

Blessed is my birth, because I was born in the
country, blessed is my life, mother, because I
have loved thee.

I do not know if thou hast wealth and riches like a
Queen. I know this much that my limbs are
cooled as soon as I stand in thy shade.

I know not in what grove blossom flowers that
madden the soul with such scents—I know not
the sky where the moon rises with such sweet
smiles.

My eyes were first opened in thy light, and they
will be closed, finally, upon that very light.

His *Sonar Bangala* is sung by even the most illiterate classes in Bengal. Thus his part in the Indian Renaissance is unique, and his greatness as a national poet of India has not been equalled by any other poet in recent times.

V. HIS LIFE.

He was born in Calcutta in 1861. The Tagore family is one of the most ancient and distinguished families in Bengal. I have already referred to his father

which had quite a good run at Daly's Theatre, cost £10,000, and although it ran for a long time to first-rate business, the balance was on the wrong side of the ledger over the London production.

Musical comedy became a theatrical Klondike for Edwardes' collaborators. Authors, composers and artists amassed fortunes; scene painters rocketed to an hitherto undreamed-of prosperity; costumiers, property makers and printers all shared in the lucky strike. The wealth so earned was distributed over every kind of business that impinged on the theatre. These were the dream days of the cabbies and florists, who were kept busy by stage-struck, wealthy young men about town who haunted Daly's stage door in the hope of inducing a favourite to take lunch or supper with them, or even to earn a smile. Restaurants boomed, and wherever the stars lunched or supped, there the smart crowd, with money to burn, was to be found.

The manager was the only one who took risks. He could seldom "get out" in the big way from London productions; to a large extent he depended on returns from the provinces and abroad.

The Guv'nor spent like a Croesus. Only the best was good enough for him, and to get the best he would pay through the ears and eyes, as well as the nose if need be. He seldom haggled about terms. To him money was a means to an end—success; but he spent so much on achieving it that he took some dizzy risks. At Daly's he had one of the most expensive orchestras in Europe, yet it was merely one item in a financial total that left cautious business men bewildered.

He did not consider he was doing moderately good business at Daly's unless his company was playing to £2,000 a week; even then, weeks elapsed before production expenses were covered. And these expenses, it must be remembered, are quite apart from the so-called "working expenses" of a theatre—apart, in other words, from the question of rent and taxes and the salary paid to the large army of workers engaged—the actors, actresses, authors, composers, lyric-writers, orchestra, chorus, teachers engaged to train them in singing and dancing, managers, clerks, scene-shifters, "lighting men," dressers, wardrobe mistresses, programme sellers, supers, commissionaires, cleaners,—all, in fact, down to the professional rat-catcher, who does a flourishing trade in some leading London theatres. Edwardes once paid £300 for a settee for the stage, and in 1908 he handed a cheque for £10,000 to a firm of dressmakers.

Edwardes' plan of production was interesting. In the old days one man wrote the entire libretto and another man composed the music.

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childish days that I was surrounded with a friend, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for nature, I cannot find words to describe it to you ; nature was a kind of companion, always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty."

Tagore's *Jivan-smrithi* (Autobiography) appeared in the *Prabasi*. The Bengal Administration Report for 1912-1913 said of it : " The chief literary event of the year was the appearance of the autobiography of the famous poet Rabindranath Tagore." It is not available in English so far as I know. It and the book by Tagore called *Chinna-Patra* (Torn Letters) are very important works to understand the early unfolding of Tagore's unique poetic genius. The following translation of a passage from *Jivan-smrithi*, given in Mr. Andrew's lecture on Tagore, is beautiful.

" In the morning of autumn I would run into the garden the moment I got up from sleep. A scent of leaves and grass, wet with dew, seemed to embrace me, and the dawn, all tender and fresh with the new-awakened rays of the sun, held out her face to me to greet me beneath the trembling vesture of palm leaves. Nature shut her hands and laughingly asked every day, "what have I got inside ? ' and nothing seemed impossible."

to visit Ogbourne to see his race-horses. He was fond of golf. But the Spartan strain ran all through him. He spent more time at his office than any other manager in London; he ate plenty of fruit, drank nothing but Malvern water, smoked very little. Malvern water carries a George Edwardes story. One curious side to his character was an odd, child-like fancy of crediting most people with large incomes. Once, when out with a friend, he stopped a poor old man who was picking weeds by the roadside.

"What are you doing?" asked Edwardes.

"I am going to make these weeds into a lotion for my sore arms," replied the old man.

"Good heavens, man, why don't you drink Malvern water? Of course you mustn't touch wine—a glass or two of champagne wouldn't hurt you—but Malvern water is just the thing for you."

"How on earth can this poor old fellow afford Malvern water?" asked Edwardes' companion.

Then the Guv'nor seemed to realise the position and he laughingly gave the old man £2, warning, "Mind you get that water."

He trained several fine lieutenants to assist him at Daly's. Miss Enilie Reid, a remarkable business woman, was his right-hand for many years. She retired from her post before he died, and is now living, I believe, in Whitley Bay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. She always contracted very important business for Edwardes. The late Charles Cannon took over her duties. He began at Daly's as an office boy. After Edwardes' death he took up a very important post at Drury Lane under Sir Alfred Butt. Fred. King was assistant manager at Daly's for many years, and Herbert St. John managed the theatre for the last seven years of its existence.

Between June 27, 1893, when Daly's was opened, and September 25, 1937, when it was handed over to demolition men to make way for a cinema, nearly every form of theatrical entertainment had been presented there. Across its stage had passed Shakespearean tragedy, and pantomime; French farce and non-stop variety; comic and grand opera. But the George Edwardes period of musical comedy, which dominated the panorama, left behind its richest memories.

Edwardes' collaborators who survived him, often returned in memory to the great days of Daly's to re-live its triumphs and to draw comparisons between the Edwardes production and those of the most recent theatre. Their views are always interesting.

J. Garrett Todd, manager of Daly's Theatre, who retired in January, 1928, after having held the position for many years, thought that the

award of the Nobel prize for literature to Mr. Rabindranath Tagore. He is a unique example of an Indian who has had nothing to do with a University. And he is not a product of Lord Macaulay and British Government education. This has already been dwelt on, but if he had been to the University, the odds are that he would have been steam-rolled by the curriculum of that institution into the semblance of a pedagogue. A poet, we know, is born and not made, but few poets have got over a University career. The important thing, however, for India is to see that it is possible to achieve something—for it is an achievement to have obtained this award—without the imprimatur of a B. A. People have always suspected this, now they know it. Lord Stanhope used to say that ‘éducation is all paint, it does not alter the nature of the wood underneath, but only improves its appearance,’ and by education he meant pedagogy and Directors of Public Instruction.”

Tagore’s literary career began very early, his genius having been kindled by the songs of Chandidas and Vidyapathi. About the time of his real birth as a poet Tagore himself related the following to Mr. Andrews :—

“It was morning. I was watching the sunrise in Free School Lane. A view was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became glorious. The whole world was one glorious music, one

LUCKY DE FRECE
as Kajetan in
Gipsy Love.



right
HARRY WELCHMAN
in *The Street Singer.*



crowded street. But that was my great mistake. Up there the vision all departed. I thought I could get at truth from the outside. But, however lofty and imposing the Himalayas might be, they could not in that way put anything ready into my hands, but God, the great Giver of Himself, can open out the whole universe to our gaze in the narrow space of a single hand." The tour intensified in him the strong and ardent love for nature that he had already in his heart.

Thus Nature, his father, and the Vaishnava poets Vidyapathi and Chandidas led to an early blossoming of his powers. His early poems written by him under the name of Bhanu Simha were imitative and related to conventional themes. But in *Sandhya Sangit* (Songs of Sunset) and *Pravat Sangit* (Songs of Sunrise) he wrote original and romantic poems. Dr. Seal says : "In these songs Bengali poetry rises to the height of neo-romanticism." They are intensely subjective. The following are the titles of some of the poems in *Sandhya Sangit*—"Despair in Hope," "Suicide of a Star," "Invocation to Sorrow," "The woman without a Heart," "Hearts ' Monody," etc. The names of the poems in *Pravat Sangit* are "The Dream of the Universe," "The Eternity of Life," "Reunion with Nature," "Desideria," "The Fountain awakened from its Dream," etc. These poems effected a revolution in Bengali poetry by their individual note and by bringing into existence a greater suppleness and expressiveness

THE GUV'NOR AT WORK—AND PLAY.

COOKS declare that more culinary art goes to the making of a soufflé than is required for the preparation of a solid joint. This is generally true of theatrical entertainment.

Musical comedy, the soufflé of theatrical art, involved an enormous expenditure of skill, time and money. To provide audiences with fare light enough to be taken without effort means hard, unremitting work for the management. At least, it was also so at Daly's which established musical comedy as an enduring favourite with the public.

Audiences, in the hours of effortless enjoyment, give little thought to the problems that lie behind the wit of the book, the magic of the music, the glitter of the dresses. All this is accepted in the same way as a meal in a restaurant. If the food is good and well served, they go away satisfied and recommend their friends. But good or bad, patrons do not concern themselves with the processes of preparation.

The analogy may not be exact, but it will satisfy those who have worked behind the scenes of musical comedy. The theatre knows no more arduous, exhausting and expensive work. Adequate preparation demands the last ounce from all concerned; but it offers great opportunities for the development of skill and the exercise of that undefinable quality called *flair*.

Consider some of the men who were associated with the control of the stage at Daly's; their names are now part of theatrical history, for they all of them contributed something to the development of theatrical art. Among them were Brian England, Standley Wade, Reginald Highley, Gerald James, E. B. Norman and Willie Warde. Oscar Asche. Sir Seymour Hicks, Robert Courtneidge, J. A. E. Malone, F. J. Blackman and Edward Royce were producers.

At the peak of his success, George Edwardes was justly considered to be the greatest musical comedy manager and producer of his time. To see him work was an unforgettable experience. Speed was the mark of his genius. He finished his business in remarkably quick time. In one short day he would listen to the music and lyrics of a new number and suggest changes; improve the colour scheme of a famous designer's sketches for costumes; suggest telling details in a scenic artist's model for a big new scene; hear part of a new play;

or so to his thirty-fifth perhaps, when he had a great sorrow, he wrote the most beautiful love-poetry in our language, words can never express what I owed at seventeen to his love-poetry. After that his art grew deeper, it became religious and philosophical; all the aspirations of mankind are in his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life itself, and that is why we give him our love." He often lived a life of utter seclusion and meditation during this period. He says: "Sometimes I would pass many months without speaking, till even my own voice grew weak through lack of use." He used to write from this period onwards stories of the village life that he had seen. This was his "Short Story" period. Mr. Andrews says in his lecture above-referred to: "His unshaken faith in the genius of his own country, its glorious past, and its still more glorious future, received his strongest confirmation from what he saw in the villages of Bengal. He spoke to me with the greatest possible warmth and affection of his loved Bengali village people and of the many lessons he owed to them; patience, simplicity, and human sympathy."

Then came what he called his *Varsha shesha*—the close of a period. He apprehended some great change in his life and desired to serve his Motherland even more devotedly than before. Mr. Andrews says: "He went to Calcutta to start a school. His own school life:

from meeting his guests ; so he deputed some racing friends to entertain them. They had a good time, but they missed The Guv'nor. One of the party, a charming girl full of fun, and a leading lady with a big reputation among provincial audiences, wrote him a note regretting his absence and enclosing a little bill, with items set out like a house agent's list of dilapidations, with a small charge against each. It went something like this :

Disappointment.

Damage to new hat through rain.

Money lost betting, which might have been " put on " for her.

Extra charge for damaged feelings.

This " bill " so amused Edwardes that he sent the lady a cheque for the amount.

He always kept a big string of race horses, and it was his delight to provide the " profession " with a winner or two on Saturday afternoons.

The most famous horse to carry Edwardes' colours was Santoi, which won the Ascot Gold Cup and the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton in 1901, and was later a success at the stud. Yentoi, one of his sons, won the Cesarewitch in 1908 for Lady de Bathe (Lily Langtry)—naturally a popular win in the theatrical world. Other well-known horses owned by Edwardes were Drinmore and Santeve ; the latter won the Liverpool Cup in 1908 and again in the following year.

The Guv'nor loved games and sports—mostly costly ones ; golf, motoring, horse-racing, bridge, shooting and chess were his favourites ; but literally all games interested him. If he saw a cricket match on a village green, he would stop the whole of the afternoon to watch it. A country race meeting in Ireland would provide him with amusing stories and quips for months. His love of horse-racing baffles description. The stable at Ogbourne, where he owned some 3,000 or 4,000 acres as well as a village, was one of the largest in England. He had a stud-farm in the south of Ireland, and often travelled there over-night from London, returning the following night, and leaving the next morning for Paris, Berlin or Vienna.

The Guv'nor could pick " winners " when it came to engaging staff.

J. A. E. Malone, Edwardes' right hand man as a producer for many years at Daly's was a typical example. Malone originally produced *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre, and he was responsible for a long line of George Edwardes' successes. The son of a well-known officer in the Enniskillens, Malone was intended for the medical profession and attended Edinburgh University for two years. Then

written. The English translation contains a few poems from other works written a little earlier—*Naivedya Sishu* and *Kheya*. Mr. Andrews says in his great lecture which must continue to be *the* source of information and inspiration to all students and lovers of the poet: "They mark the period of transition in his own life, during which the poet's national and social longing became more and more spiritual and merged in the universal, just as in the earlier periods his passion for physical beauty and nature had become more purely spiritual as life advanced. It is this realization of the spiritual in and through the material—the material, as it were, becoming refined and luminous through life's experience—that appears to me the glory and the wonder of the poet."

He then went to England both for his health and to be with his son during his University career. He wrote to Mr. Andrews: "As I crossed the Atlantic I realised that a new stage in my life had begun, the stage of a voyager. To the open road: To the emancipation of self: To the realisation in love."

After going to England he has translated some of his poems in the books so well-known to all:—*Gitanjali*, *the Gardener*, and *the Crescent Moon*. His English lectures delivered in America and in England have been collected under the name *Sadhana*. He says that in the process of translation he had to strip his poems of their glory of decoration. "I found that I had to strip

One night Pallant brought a poor devil of a down-and-out upstairs to give him an old coat. The man refused to allow his benefactor to trudge down the stairs to see him out. On the way down he took the pair of boots he saw outside each bedroom door, and the next morning there was pandemonium in the apartment-house, and some City offices were short of a clerk!

of God, to the purest ends, you have brought joy to the heart, serenity to the mind, music to the ears, images of beauty to the eyes, and to the soul the remembrance of its divine origin."

The award of the Nobel Prize to Tagore is well-known. It is awarded to the "most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature," and we know how worthy he is of the high honour. The award "was due to a distinguished Swedish orientalist who had read the poems in Bengali before they appeared in English." The Stockholm correspondent to the *Times* wrote on the 14th November 1913:

"The Swedish poets Karfelt and Heidenstein and the writer Hallstrom, who are all members of the Academy (the Swedish Academy) have expressed their satisfaction with the award, and state that the Indian poet's works, although they have only recently become known in the western world, show an original poetic vein of great depth and undoubted literary merit"

The *Statesman* said. "The honour now conferred upon him sets the seal of international recognition upon his poetic genius" The *Hindu* stated. "The award of the Nobel prize for literature to Rabindranath Tagore is an honour so unique that it marks the ultimate height of appreciation". The *Englishman* said: "This is the first time that the Alfred Nobel prize has come to the East, and a reference to the list of previous

half the time usually allotted to the writer of a three-act comedy. And there must be, according to Owen Hall, as many characters in a musical play as in a drama. He summed up: "I don't see why a play shouldn't be just as rational with music as without, and in time I see no reason why a musical play shouldn't be as sound from the literary point of view as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. There are, of course, plenty of musical plays, a play with music as they are sometimes labelled, meritorious from a literary point of view." Incidentally, Owen Hall, whose real name was 'Jimmy' Davies, has two brilliant nephews, Ronald and Gilbert Frankau.

Harry Greenbank was responsible for the lyrics of *The Geisha*. The writing of a lyric, Greenbank has said, came fairly easily to him. He used to sit down every evening after dinner with a blank sheet of paper in front of him, without waiting for a mood. He went straight ahead in the manner of a contemporary surrealist. Sometimes a lyric came very quickly. Sometimes it would bother him for days, especially the lyric of a love-song. The famous "Polly Winked her Eye" song, written at Letty Lind's request, followed the same lines as her "Tom-Tit" number in *An Artist's Model*. Greenbank's favourite type of lyric told a story.

The extraordinary amount of realism which Letty Lind managed to infuse into these two songs can be explained. She studied the part from life, with a parrot in front of her. She confessed to being extremely fond of birds.

"To me," she said, "they are always amusing companions, and I can sit for hours and watch a bird in a cage." In the *Geisha* days, of course, that interesting little bird the budgerigar was unknown. But everything was "*Geisha*" at the time—*Geisha* hats, *Geisha* ties; the shops were full of goods called after the piece.

Dame Marie Tempest liked being a Japanese *Geisha*. "Anything for a change," she once said.

She was of the opinion that *The Geisha* was one more proof of George Edwardes' wonderful foresight in suiting the public taste at the right time. *The Geisha* is certainly delightful—book, music, scenery; but it is difficult for the present generation to recall its magical appeal.

Dame Marie, a perfect O Mimosa San, did not find Japanese dress uncomfortable, and she was very well suited with the songs composed by Sidney Jones, who thought "The Amorous Goldfish," sung by Marie Tempest, the best song he ever wrote.

In an interview Jones was asked if he had been to Japan to get inspiration.

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has brought out a system of Bengali shorthand which will be a subject of study at the institution." Thus his life has been one of practical achievement and spiritual rapture, of activity and meditation, and he has been a shining example of what the higher mind of India can do to lift her up to her predestined place among the nations of the world and to carry her message of light and love to the ends of the earth.

VI. TAGORE'S PERSONALITY.

Tagore is a man of striking personal appearance. He is described as having been a very handsome man in his youth, and as having been a leader of fashion. A correspondent to the *Englishman* wrote in 1913 : "Mr. Tagore looks a poet and is acknowledged to be a handsome man. Although he is now past his prime, he is still a fit subject for the brush of any painter. In his youth he was a leader of fashion in Bengal. He introduced among the educated Bengalis the fashion of keeping long wavy hair and what is known as the Napoleon beard. One afternoon Mr. Tagore went to lecture at a meeting, dressed all in white, that is, with his coat, dhoti, 'chader,' shoes, and socks all white, and carrying his manuscript (which was, of course, white) with a white cloth cover. The following day dressing in white became the craze among educated Bengalis." Another observer has said : "His is an aspect that fixes itself deeply in that uncertain medium,

with the stage. He had done everything and had travelled everywhere—including Japan. Formerly an officer in the Navy, he had several spells of gold-digging, and many years experience of stage work, including seven years devoted to Shakespearean acting.

On the anniversary performance of *The Geisha*, George Edwardes presented a Birthday Book to each member of the audience, containing illustrations of the artists, and quotations for each day from *A Gaiety Girl*, *An Artist's Model* and *The Geisha*. At the end of *The Geisha's* long run at Daly's, all the members of the company inscribed their names on a scroll of parchment, which was presented to George Edwardes. It is now in the possession of A. Charles Knight, J.P.

George Edwardes' first experience of presenting souvenirs to members of the audience was rather tragic. It happened during the run of *Miss Esmeralda*, at the Old Gaiety Theatre in 1887. The souvenirs were in the form of small but dainty tambourines, which were given away to a packed house. When, in response to a 'call,' George Edwardes stepped before the curtain glowing and gratified, he was met with a shower of tambourines and cries of "We came for a souvenir, not for these penny things."

Describing the scene, the Guv'nor said: "I had the quickest cool-off on record, but I learned something about souvenirs." Hence the beautiful *Geisha* mementos.

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this practice, though greater and busier men, notably Mr. Gladstone, carried it on to the very close of life." He is an ideal landlord and his practical love for them is one of the most fascinating traits of his life. The work of the estate agents is strictly supervised and unpopularity and harsh treatment of the ryots are visited with dismissal. Remissions of rent are ungrudgingly given when inability to pay rent is shown. Rs. 57,595 were remitted in fasli 1312. There are several primary schools, one secondary English school, and a charitable dispensary in the estate. There is also an agricultural bank. The Settlement Officer of Naogaon says : "A very favourable example of Estate Government is shown in the property of the poet Dr. Rabindranath Tagore."

He is fond of swimming and rowing. But his chief recreation is singing. It is said that though he is not an expert in music even musical experts recognise and admit his instinct and genius for absolute music. It is said: "Often he has been heard singing from early morning till late at night, with only a break of an hour or so for noonday meal." He has taken part as actor in the staging of his dramas by his Shantiniketan boys. He is a beloved and popular speaker. It is a rapture to hear him read his own poetry. A correspondent wrote to the *Nation* in June 1913: "I lately had the extreme pleasure (if pleasure be the right word) of hearing Mr. Tagore, the Bengali Poet and Teacher, read one of his

All the world was in the Drury Lane Theatre. King George V. and Queen Mary, with Princess Victoria, were present. More than 200 well-known actors and actresses took part. Every seat in the theatre was filled. In the audience were hundreds who remembered Dame Marie's early performances in *A Greek Slave*, *The Geisha* and *San Toy*, which confirmed the first impressions that she was a comedienne of genius.

Dame Marie, who appeared in scenes from two of her most famous parts in *The Marriage of Kitty*, as the dying Empress in *Little Catherine*, and in a masque specially written for the occasion by John Drinkwater, received a series of remarkable ovations. The proceeds of the matinee, approximately £5,000, were devoted, at Dame Marie's own wish, to the foundation of a Marie Tempest ward at St. George's Hospital for actors and actresses.

What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1881? Anyhow, Mr. Gladstone, who was a particular friend of the then Miss Tempest's grandmother, told her to think twice before deciding to take up a theatrical career. She did not think twice, but just did as her ardent spirit prompted—and went on the stage. She was brought up by her grandmother, who lived in Whitehall Gardens. Her education was completed in Belgium and Paris, and she spoke French perfectly. Shortly after her grandmother died, she began her career as an entertainer at City dinners for one guinea an evening.

Marie Tempest appeared in various musical plays from 1885 to 1899, and visited America in 1890. Her chief successes in that class of entertainment were in *Dorothy*, *Doris*, *The Red Hussar*, *An Artist's Model*, *The Geisha*, *A Greek Slave* and *San Toy*, in which latter piece she was cast for the title role; but when she learned that she would have to appear in short pants (or "shorts" as they are called now), which have always been considered necessary to the part, she struck, and there was trouble. The newspapers took up the controversy which raged for several days. Other times other manners. In these days "San Toys" arouse no comment.

Yet it was the same Marie Tempest who hit back at the Bishop of London's protest in 1935 against the scantiness of stage costumes. In a letter to *The Times* she wrote: "I do protest strongly at any attempt to revive the activities of the prudens on the prowl, the spying of the Stigginses and the chortling of the Chadbands. If an ankle in the 'nineties thrilled one as even the most modest can recall, what must be a whole leg do in 1935? Well, the answer is that there is no thrill at all, and we are going back to provocative ankle of the period of purity."

spirit above us, and breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life ”

His modesty is also very well-known and is a pleasing trait in his nature. We know how he received the deputation that waited on him at Shantiniketan to express the reverence and love of India for him, headed by such great and distinguished men as Mr. Justice Chaudhuri, Dr. J. C. Bose, and Dr. Indumadhab Mullick. The deputation went by special train. It is said : “ The poet had arranged a reception to the members of the deputation in a poetical manner. He had the Rev. Mr. C. F. Andrews, a member of the professoriate attached to the College at the “ Shantiniketan,” in Bengali dress, dhoti and chadar, and a number of young students belonging to the school, in yellow garments waiting to receive the deputation at the Railway Station. The road from the station to Peace Cottage, a distance of more than a mile, was beautifully decorated, mango leaves, lotus leaves, festoons, and flowers figuring largely in the decorative scheme. The preponderance of mango leaves was significant in view of the Hindu belief that of all ever-greens, the leaves of the mango tree are propitious. The way was strewn at intervals with cowries, coins, garlands of flowers, and paddy grain.” The further details given are equally beautiful and win our hearts by the love of Indian customs and the passionate love of India that lie beneath it. “ Some girls from the

CHAPTER VI.

SOME GREAT CONTEMPORARIES.

A FLASHBACK over Dame Marie's career inevitably brings some of her Daly's contemporaries into focus. There was, for instance, W. Louis Bradfield, "Braddy" to his intimates, the accomplished actor-vocalist, who appeared with Dame Marie in the part of Lieutenant Cunningham in *The Geisha*. Bradfield made his first appearance on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, in 1889-90 in the pantomime *Sinbad the Sailor*. He played "Shipwreckers," the "bad man" of the piece, and sang "Spliced," and "The Longshoreman." This first essay might have been his last, for a wire broke and he fell fifteen feet, but, luckily, he sustained nothing worse than a bruised heel. After this, he was marked out for early promotion to London's West End stage. Before reaching there, however, he played the Fred Leslie part on tour in *Cinder Ellen*, and *Ruy Blas*.

These engagements were followed by a long association with *In Town* and *A Gaiety Girl*, in which he toured the world in 1894 and 1895, returning to England to play at Daly's Theatre in *An Artist's Model* and *The Geisha*. Louis Bradfield gained a host of admirers all over the country. He had many adventures while travelling with the Gaiety Company in Australia, but his most unpleasant experience was at Dundee, when, owing to the carelessness of a stage hand, he drank a glass of paraffin oil for water!

When *In Town*, the first of the long series of musical comedies which have since reproduced their kind, was produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Arthur Roberts played the leading role of Captain Coddington. In it, his "rapid fire" methods, for which he was so famed, were seen to perfection. Roberts' style made him an extremely difficult man to follow, and yet Bradfield, who was his understudy, played the part in the same style and achieved a great success in it. Bradfield's versatility was shown by the perfect ease with which he stepped into Hayden Coffin's character of Charlie Goldfield in *A Gaiety Girl*—a purely baritone part—and sang the music with remarkable taste. Extremes met here indeed.

Even more remarkable was an exploit while touring with George Edwardes' company in the same piece. At a moment's notice Bradfield undertook the character comedy part of Dr. Brierley. During the playing of this part, he also sang the songs of the Hayden

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Holland said that the poet had demonstrated the untruth of the lines of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that

“East is east and West is west
And never the twain shall meet”.

and remarked: “The meeting place is in the spirit and in the temple of God, not made with hands.” Mr. Tagore was then presented with a beautiful painting of the sun by Mr. S. Bhattacharya on behalf of the artists of Bengal. Never before was there such a great and historic occasion in the annals of poesy since the crowning of Petrarch with the laurel leaf. What was Tagore’s reply? I shall not mar it by any comment and shall not stand between it and the reader. “He was not worthy of the welcome they were according to him on the occasion. He had never longed for fame. His claim is to the heart. In olden times when honouring a poet, a glass of wine used to be offered him and the poet would touch the glass with his lips and not drink the contents. He would also accept the cup of honour they had offered by touching it with his lips and would not let it spoil his heart.”

His love of seclusion and meditation is also well-known. It is by this constant retirement into the temple of his heart in a spirit of prayerfulness, purity, and ecstasy of love and surrender that he has been able to keep up the sweetness of his nature and his unclouded radiance of vision. He lives mostly at Shanti Niketan, Bolpur. An admirer of his says : “ Every morning at

lady who has never known the tender passion. In order, apparently to excite the feelings of love in her breast, she is shown a statue of Eros modelled from the handsome Diomed. But when the statue is exhibited the slave has taken its place, assuming the character of the God of Love. Antonia buys him as a statue, and at the end of the first act we find Maia, who thinks the slave will remain by her side, confronted by a lover of stone. The restoration of the slave and the celebration of Saturnalia which gives the slaves their own way, occupy the second act and gives opportunity for a variety of simple and concerted performances."

"Mr. Sidney Jones has the recipe for writing strains of a more or less Sullivanian type such as are certain to be popular for a long time to come. Best number is a trio and finale in the first act. Flute obligatos are a favourite device of the composer and are prettily introduced. Miss Letty Lind's inevitable zoological song is this time about a frog, not a bird. Miss Gladys Homfrey's massive proportions fit the part she plays, the duties of which consist mainly of entering the scene at the conclusion of every song which in the natural course of things would be encored. For their gallant resistance to the encore nuisance, the authorities are to be warmly commended. The only number that in part had to be repeated was a stuttering song by Mr. Huntley Wright who got the utmost fun out of the part of the magician."

The figure of Rutland Barrington comes naturally into this rapid flashback provoked by Dame Marie's career. He will always be associated chiefly with the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. Born at Penge on January 15, 1853, he made his debut as an actor in 1874 at the Olympic Theatre as Sir George Barclay in *Clancarty*. It was not until November 17, 1877, that Barrington had his first real opportunity; he turned it to excellent account as Dr. Daly, the Vicar in Gilbert and Sullivan's delightfully funny comic opera, *The Sorcerer*, at the now defunct Opera Comique Theatre. He also performed there in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *Patience*. Barrington appeared at the Savoy Theatre with the D'Oyly Carte company from 1881 to 1888, in *Iolanthe*, *Princess Ida*, *The Mikado* and *Ruddigore*. *The Mikado*, perhaps the quaintest and cleverest of all the famous Gilbert and Sullivan series—cynical, grim, graceful, human—was produced at the Savoy on March 14th, 1885. Barrington was provided with the irresistibly funny part, Pooh-Bah. It was a rich stroke of fortune. On December 7, 1889, he reappeared as a member of the Savoy Company and created with immediate success the role of Guiseppe Palmieri in *The Gondoliers*.

he usually cuts the wrong word or sentence very lightly with a pencil or pen. Mr. Tagore is a most prolific writer, and if all his manuscripts were put together they would fill a small bookshelf." (A correspondent to the *Englishman*).

I have already referred to his burning patriotism. In his heart love of God and love of the motherland have fed each other's flame till we see the splendour of his love touching the night of our hearts with the glow of unselfishness and love and service as the eastern sky is touched with the crimson glories of the rising sun. It has been well said of him : "Here is a saint who is not afraid to be a saint, who dares to mingle with the commonest things of the world, and a poet the very closeness of whose contact with earth lifts him ever nearer to heaven."

It is interesting to know his impressions of the West. He was very much touched by the warmth of the reception that he had there. He has made many ardent and lasting friendships there. What impressed him most both in England and America was the spirit of social service. He said when interviewed by the Associated Press : "It was an inspiration to me." He was, however, pained to note that the English people knew very little about India and her hopes and aspirations. He pointed out how the deva tating floods in Burdwan were hardly referred to in the English papers. He was also dissatisfied with, and even felt repelled by, "the love of

Of Owen Hall—alias Jimmy Davis—innumerable stories are told. This pseudonym was wittily chosen. He called himself "Owen Hall" because he had long been in a state of "owing all" before financial success came along. Arthur Roberts, in contrast to Jimmy Davis's *nom de plume*, frequently—as part author of musical plays—called himself "Payne-Nunn." On one occasion Hall went to a well-known financier to ask how to get out of his difficulties. The financier said: "Meet your creditors, Jimmy." To which Jimmy replied: "My dear man, my sole object is to avoid them."

Owen Hall was a man of many parts. For some time he was dramatic critic of *The Pink 'Un*, and in this paper he slated actors under review so soundly that the editor soon found that all his theatrical friends were deserting him. Hall was, therefore, gently but firmly removed from the staff, and became editor of *The Bat*, a paper which ended its career in a welter of libel actions. But unsuccessful as a journalist, Hall was successful as a playwright, as was proved by the many smash hits he wrote for George Edwardes.

Marie Studholme has come into the picture as an understudy. We shall see more of her later, for she appeared in several of the Daly's musical plays. Like Gertie Millar (Countess of Dudley), Marie was a Yorkshire lass. She made her first appearance on the stage at the Lyric Theatre in 1891, in *La Cigale*, at the age of 16. Her fan-mail, as it would now be called, was tremendous.

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Let your life come amongst them like a flame of light, my child, unflickering and pure, and delight them into silence.

They are cruel in their greed and envy, their words are like hidden knives thirsting for blood.

Go and stand amidst their scowling hearts, my child, and let your gentle eyes fall upon them like the forgiving peace of the evening over the strife of the day.

Let them see your face, my child, and thus know the meaning of all things; let them love you and thus love each other."

VII. SHANTINIKETAN.

What shall we say of Shantiniketan where the great poet-saint dreams his dearest, truest, and sweetest dreams and serves his motherland in ways full of practical wisdom, insight, and love ! The following song by Tagore is sung in chorus in Bengali by the boys of the Santiniketan school.

" Oh, The Shantiniketan, the darling of our hearts!
Our dreams are rocked in her arms,
Her face is fresh and fair to us for ever.

In the peace of her silent shadows we dwell, in the green of her fields.

Her mornings come and her evenings bringing down the caress of the sky;

accumulating to make, in a few weeks, perhaps the blackest Christmas experienced by that generation.

In Daly's Theatre, however, the Victorian world forgot the bad news from the Boer War and *San Toy* had a long run. Marie Tempest retired from the cast after a few weeks. Her successor was Florence Collingbourne, who later gave way to Ada Reeve. The last night was even more enthusiastic than the first. Ada Reeve fell exhausted after many encores of "All I want is a little bit more fun." When, finally, the curtain fell, the audience still clamoured for more. Huntley Wright, half-dressed, came on to a cleared stage and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you carry on like this, I shall sit on the stage and burst into tears."

Some of the success of *San Toy* must certainly be credited to Adrian Ross, who contributed the lyrics. He was a Cambridge don with a genius for verse as light and tasty as a cream puff.

Sadi-Yacco, a well-known Japanese tragedienne, was at this time giving a season of Japanese plays in London, and her acting created a sensation. Harry Grattan, then at the Gaiety, wrote a short skit on one of her pieces which was introduced into the palacc scenc in *San Toy*, and acted before the Emperor and his Court. There were only two characters, a Japanese and his wife, played by Huntley Wright and Ethel Irving, who succeeded Gracie Leigh in the part of Dudley in July, 1900.

The story hinged on the husband's desertion of his wife for another woman. There was a violent quarrel which culminated in the wife stabbing the husband to the heart. After lamenting over his dead body, she committed suicide. This "cheerful" little play was received with enthusiasm. It was acted so intensely with such tragic force by both artists that the satire it intended to convey was lost in stark tragedy. At the end of a fortnight George Edwards came to see the sketch. He watched it through his opera glasses from the back of the dress circle, and applauded as vigorously as anyone in the audience. Then, closing his glasses with a bang, he turned to the stage manager who was standing beside him, and said:

"I always knew Huntley was a fine actor, and that girl (Ethel Irving) will be a great success. A powerful little piccc, magnificently acted! But take it off, Daly's Theatre is not a morgue!"

After *San Toy* came *A Country Girl*. It still lives in the delightful music by Lionel Monckton, and some of the additional numbers by Paul Rubens have lingered on. The book of *A Country Girl* was written by James T. Tanner, with lyrics by Adrian Ross. It was first produced at Daly's Theatre on January 18, 1902.

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Till the full blaze of golden morning
 Circles with fire their foreheads high,
Now all on flame with arms up-lifted,
 Surging above the sleeping world,
Proudly wave, through the night-clouds rifted,
 Banners of dazzling light unfurled.
Then while the moon's enchantment holds them,
 Hushed, and the morning breezes cease,
A glory of azure haze enfolds them
 Veiled in a dream of endless peace.
Peace in the deep mid-air surrounding,
 Peace in the sky from pole to pole.
Peace to the far horizon bounding,
 Peace in the universal soul;
And peace at last to the restless longing,
 Which swept my life with tumult vain,
And stirred each gust of memory thronging
 Avenues dear of bygone pain.
Tossed to and fro I had sorely striven,
 Seeking, and finding no release;
Here by the palm trees came God-given
 Utter ineffable boundless peace."

But even more than its supreme outer loveliness, is the intellectual, moral and spiritual beauty of the fair fabric raised there by the loving hands of genius and patriotism. Tagore's idealism is happily combined with a keen vision for India's present and future needs and her coming glorious destiny. His love—deep and spiritual as it is—is made dynamic, focussed, and effective by his wisdom and insight. His father used to meditate under two *chaitim* trees in Shantiniketan, and over

incidental music. His first compositions were heard in public at the Gaiety and other theatres under the management of George Edwardes. One early success for a musical comedy was "What will you have to drink before we say good night," sung in *Cinder-Ellen Up Too Late* at the Old Gaiety by, I think, that great artist Fred Leslie.

Lionel Monckton was part composer of *The Shop Girl*, *The Messenger Boy*, *The Circus Girl*, *The Toreador*, *The Orchid*, *The Spring Chicken*, *The New Aladdin*, *The Girls of Gottenberg*, *Our Miss Gibbs*, *The Arcadians*, *The Moussme*, *Airs and Graces*, *Bric-A-Brac*, and *The Boy*. He composed *The Quaker Girl* and *The Dancing Mistress*, and contributed many popular numbers to *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, and *A Greek Slave*, as well as all the music for *The Cingalee*, with the exception of some numbers by Paul Rubens and Howard Talbot. The tuneful, nostalgic airs are often included in popular selections on the wireless to-day.

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It knew how to make nature co-operate with books and teaching in the blossoming of the young and pure human soul. It knew how to co-ordinate the courses of study so that the senses, the mind, the heart, the will, and the spirit were efficiently and harmoniously trained. The individual appeal in education was much more in it than in the juvenile barracks of modern times. Love played a greater and sweeter part in the relations between teachers and students than in modern times. The element purely intellectual did not obtain the same preponderance that it has in these vain glorious days. The forest universities (*asramas*) of the golden age of India, the universities of Nalanda and Taxila in the Buddhist age, the universities of Benares and Nuddea in the neo-Hindu age, and others fulfilled the highest aims of universities. Hioun Tsang thus describes the university of Nalanda;

“All around, pools of translucent water shone with the open petal of blue lotus flowers. Here and there the lovely Kanaka trees hung down their red blossoms, and woods of dark mango trees, spread their shade between them. In the different courts the houses of the monks were each four storeys in height. The pavilions had pillars ornamented with dragons and beams resplendant with all the colours of the rainbow, rafters richly carved, columns ornamented with jade, painted red and richly chiselled, and balustrades

a beauty-shop, is rigidly respectable and lives on her "wits," and the follies of the rich and great. Miss Leigh played it to the life with exactly the pretty sharpness of the type. She was equally as good when the part degenerated. For the best point of all we have to thank no one but Miss Isabel Jay; she had nothing to do but sing and smile, and she did both in a way that, as a matter of course, made her the most distinguished and acceptable feature of the evening. Mr. Hayden Coffin, strange to say, was neither a captain nor an artist. True he wore white in the second act, and looked his best in it, but it was not a white uniform or a drill suit. The Baboo lawyer, Chambhuddy Ram, though frankly borrowed from Mr. Anstey, is handled by the Author in a way that justifies the loan. His convoluted idioms and grotesque perversions of figurative speech are constantly just reaching the point at which they are really amusing, at which it does not need a Huntley Wright to make them amusing. It is when you turn to the book of the words and find the lyrics allotted to Chambhuddy Ram, confined to the old, old topics of flirtation, and drink and ladies' evening dresses, that you realise how much the Authors owe to Mr. Huntley Wright."

The Little Michus followed *The Cingalee* at Daly's. It was launched on April 29th, 1905, and described as a new and original musical play in three acts by A. Vanloo and G. Duval, English version by Henry Hamilton, lyrics by Percy Greenbank and music by Andre Messager.

The cast was as follows: General Des Ifs, Willie Edouin; Gaston Rigaud (Captain of the Hussars), Robert Evett; Pierre Michu (Provision Merchant), Ambrose Manning; Aristide Vert (his assistant), W. Louis Bradfield; Bagnolet (Soldier Servant to General Des Ifs), Huntley Wright; Madam Du Tertre, Deborah Volar; Madame Rousselin, Gracie St. George; Mlle. Herpin (School Mistress), Vera Beringer; Madame Michu (Michu's wife,) Amy Augarde. The two little Michus were played by Adrienne Augarde and Mabel Green, and six school girls by Alice D'Orme, Nine Sevensing, Doris Stocker, Agnes Gunn, Alice Hatton and Freda Vivian. Act one depicted the Playground of Mlle. Herpin's School, Act two Salon at General des Ifs. Both sets were painted by Joseph Harker. Act three was set in Michu's shop (Les Halles). This scene was the work of Walter Hann. The period was 1810 in Paris.

The music of *The Little Michus* is not first class. There are, however, many characteristic and attractive numbers, and plenty of grace and melody. Captain Rigaud's "Crying for the Moon," and Blanche Marie's "Little Sister," sung in the third act, are fine numbers.

Robert Evett stepped from the Church to the stage. His splendid

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In some quarters a wrong view is held that in the old *asrams* education was divorced from life. Mr. Rhys whose recent book on Tagore shows an imperfect sympathy with Indian ideals of art and life in many places and misses the ultimate beauties of Tagore's art, says : " Unlike the traditional guru or master of India's earlier days, while he believes in aspiration, he believes also that the will, purified in aspiring, should translate its faculty into the material and actual." To make this insinuation against those who watched the flame of learning with a jealous love through the disturbed centuries, who fostered and perfected the various arts and sciences and philosophies of India, whose forest-schools were not very far away from villages and towns where the *brahmacharis* had to beg for food, who devised a rational scheme of life in their *varnashrama dharma* by which the soul was slowly guided up the golden ladder of self-evolution by student life, by a life of social service as house-holder, by a life of self-discipline, and by a life of renunciation and love of God—argues an utter want of vision. No doubt the methods of education have to be altered from time to time consistently with the course of human evolution. But any one can see that the ideals of university education were lofty and noble in India, that we in spite of our vaunted greatness in these days have much to learn from it, and that the India of the future will not tolerate the present system—one-sided, inartistic, unhealthy, mercenary, loveless, and irreligious.

Dandies (Les Merveilleuses) was produced at Daly's by Victorien Sardou. It was adapted for the English stage by Basil Hood. Lyrics were by Adrian Ross, music by Hugo Felix, with three numbers by Lionel Monckton, "A Lady with a Dowry," "Publicity" and "Only a question of time," all three sung by Huntley Wright.

The cast included Dorlis (a refugee Aristocrat), Robert Evett; Lagurille, W. Louis Bradfield; St. Amour (Secretary to the Director Barras), W. H. Berry; Malicorne (Police Agent of Barras), Fred Kaye Des Gouttières (Secretary to the Directors), Willie Warde; Tournesol (Police Agent of the Director Carnot), Fred Emney; Alexis (Head Waiter at the Café du Caveau), Scott Russell; Pervenche (Ragot's Daughter), Mlle Mariette Sully; Illyrine (Ragot's Niece), Denise Orme; Liane, Elizabeth Firth; Eglé (wife of Des Gouttières), Maude Percival; and Lodoiska (La Merveilleuse), Evie Greene. Merveilleuses were played by Eleanor Souray, Nina Sevensing, Dorothy Dunbar, M. Erskine and E. Barker. The synopsis of scenery was as follows:—Act I. The Tent of the Café Du Caveau in the Palais Royal Gardens, painted by Joseph Harker. Act II., Scene I. The Stock Market on the Perron at the Palais Royal, and Scene II., Reception Room at St. Amour's Town House, the work of Hawes Craven. Act III., Tricolour Fête at the Palace of the Luxembourg, the work of Joseph Harker.

Of the production of *The Lady Dandies*, *The Times* wrote—"It is a well-made, well-mounted comic opera, full of movement and fun with a bright plot that runs through without a break; and plenty of amusing and extravagant people. These absurd people are very delightful on the stage with their love affairs, and all the plots, conspiracies, and other devices for passing the moments they could spare from serious business of life.

"As a foil to Lagurille, ex-hairdresser and Lodoiska, the leader of the Merveilleuses, we have a story of time and faithful love, but for that we must look to a real noble, Dorlis, an *emigre* in disguise, who has been spirited away to the wars in Italy, while his wife, Illyrine, has been forced to obtain a divorce and is even now being married to a rich Bulgarian, St. Amour. How Dorlis is caught by St. Amour hiding in the lady's room and arrested without the aid of the rival police agents, Malicorne and Tournesol; how Lagurille is arrested as a conspirator and how Illyrine saves her (first) husband by cajoling Barras, and the Merveilleuses come to the rescue of their pet Lagurille, form the matter of the play.

"The period and the scenes give ample opportunities for the inevitable splendour of production. Miss Denise Orme's 'Cuckoo'

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regards the best in English methods of instruction, and to profit by the experience of the West." Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe calls the Bolpur School "an example of modern methods united with the ancient Indian spirit of discipline and culture."

Tagore opened his School at Bolpur in 1901 with two or three boys only. In two years' time he had eighteen boys, and in four years he had sixty boys. There are now nearly two hundred boys at Shanti Niketan. 'Trust the boy and let him grow' which is the secret of the greatest of modern systems of education—Montessori's and others—and which was the secret of education in ancient India is Tagore's motto. The Medium of instruction is Bengali. The school routine is very interesting to learn. At 4-30 A.M. "a choir of boys go round the school singing songs and rouse the sleepers up into the beauty and calm of early dawn." The boys then clean their room and are thus initiated early in life and in a practical manner into the idea that manual work is in no way undignified and that service is the sweetest thing in life, if done in a spirit of renunciation and love of God. They then go through physical exercises in the open air, bathe, and meditate for a quarter of an hour. Then the gong sounds, and the boys "go reverently in procession into the school temple." The boys have classes from 7 to 10 in the morning after breakfast, and 2 to 5 in the afternoon, and not during the unsuitable noon

best. Swallowing his chagrin at the forced return to the professional joke, he recounted some trifles which had always won such applause —on the stage. On the stage! As Berry says. That's just it. Take a comedian off the stage, and you take the craftsman from his craft, the sovereign from his throne. There was polite laughter, of course, but shorn of their stage setting, the stories did not really "go." Shortly afterwards the hostess changed the conversation. "Old so-and-so's not so funny after all," was the thought that went round the table. Taken at an unfair advantage, the famous comedian's reputation fell with a bang.

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II. O Lord ! O Father ! Take away all our sins
and give us that which is good.

We bow to Him in whom is the happiness.

We bow to Him in whom is the good.

We bow to Him from whom comes the happiness.

We bow to Him from whom comes the good.

We bow to Him who is the good.

We bow to Him who is the highest good.

Shantih ! Shantih ! Shantih ! Hari om.

THE MANTRA OF THE EVENING.

The God who is in fire, who is in water,

Who interpenetrates the whole world,

Who is in herbs, who is in trees, to that God

I bow down again and again.

The teachers are quite happy. There is no head-master ; the teachers are placed on an equal footing and divide the work among themselves. They elect a head master once a year. They are on intimate and loving terms with the pupils. There is divine service twice a week at the *Mandir*, and it is conducted by Tagore when he is there and by the teachers in his absence. Corporal punishment of any description is absolutely forbidden. Discipline is enforced and punishment meted out by captains and courts of school justice elected and constituted every month by the boys. Further, in this republic of boys there are no rewards or prizes. During the holidays the teachers and the boys arrange and go on excursions to various places. Tagore is

Franz Lehar's masterpiece was originally produced in Vienna on January 3, 1906, and in London—as already stated—on June 8, 1907, where it ran until July 31, 1909, having been seen at Daly's by 1,167,000 people. During that time King Edward VII. saw it four times. It has been revived at Daly's and other theatres. At one time it was being performed at over 400 theatres in Europe on the same evening, and at no single presentation was there a record of failure. At a performance in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) at the Royal Opera House, the price of a box was as high as £100, and the cheapest seat could not be secured for less than £5. It brought more than £1,000,000 to the box-office of Daly's alone.

The first visit Lehar paid to England was on an Austrian battleship. He was conductor of a marine band then. Victor Leon, the author of *The Merry Widow*, had at first entrusted the score to another composer, but was dissatisfied with the result. It was then that Leon's daughter happened to tell her father that there was a very good-looking conductor at the Skating Rink at Vienna, and that his marches were charming. "Why not try him for the score of *The Merry Widow*?" she asked.

As it happened, Lehar had sent in the score of *Tatjana*, his grand opera, to Leon a year before, and the latter, impressed by his daughter's words, now went through the score and made an appointment with Lehar for the same afternoon. The next day the agreement to compose the music of *The Merry Widow* was signed.

One of Lehar's most famous waltzes has the title of "Gold and Silver," and the saying in Vienna was that he composed the silver part before *The Merry Widow*, and the gold part afterwards.

The career of *The Merry Widow* has been full of incident. It set a fashion in hats, created a waltz craze. A *Merry Widow's Club* was started in New York, and we have had a *Merry Widow Sauce*. A parrot in Cardiff, belonging to the musical director of one of the theatres there was taught to hum and whistle the tune of the famous waltz. The inhabitants of the little town of Gröningen, in Holland, were surprised to hear one Sunday morning the bells of the parish church peeling forth the *Merry Widow* waltz.

On Sunday evening, January 31, 1909, a dinner was held at the Hotel Cecil, where a company of 550 play-goers gathered at the call of the O.P. Club to celebrate the triumph of *The Merry Widow*, the principal guests being George Edwardes, George Graves, Joseph Coyne, and Lily Elsie, who had an ovation when she was presented with a silver casket fittingly inscribed.

At the last performance of the original run of *The Merry Widow*

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schoolmaster " when the Calcutta citizens met to give him a grand reception after his tour in the West.

The following description taken from the *Jaina Gazette* for 1915 is valuable as dispelling some possible doubts. " The cooks are all brahmins, the diet is purely vegetarian, or lacto-vegetarian, as it may more accurately speaking be called, and the meals are served out in separate rows. Brahmoism is never preached among the boys. The principles of religion acknowledged by all sections of the Hindu community are taught to the boys. Some of the sermons delivered by Rabindranath Tagore have been collected together in fourteen small volumes under the title of *Shantiniketan*." Again, the boys are taught Sanscrit, Bengali, English, Mathematics, Science, History, Geography, and Nature study and may be prepared for the Matriculation Examination. Classes in agriculture and manual work, such as carpentry, etc., are to be opened soon there.

I cannot conclude this description of *Shantiniketan* and the new formative forces working there for India's uplift better than by quoting two passages from Mr. J. Ramsay MacDodanald's description of the school contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*.

" It is difficult to explain the feelings which possess one who goes to such institutions. They have nothing to do with Government ; their staff is not official ; their system is not an enforced

London, he shrugged his shoulders, and in broken English said :
" She look more like ze merry widow's daughter zan ze merry widow."

George Edwardes encouraged her and said he had confidence in her, so she made up her mind to go through with it. She had only seen the piece twice in Vienna, but the moment she appeared on the stage she said to herself : " Here goes ; now you've got to do it, my girl!"—and we know the rest. For Lily Elsie became the talk of the world and the most popular actress in London at the age of twenty-one.

That the actor is at times no better judge of what is good for him than is the manager in his choice of plays is instanced when *The Merry Widow* first came up for discussion. The Guv'nor decided that the part of Danilo should be played by Joseph Coyne. Joe was positive, however, that the part would not suit him, and several times asked to be freed. George Edwardes was equally positive that Joe would make a hit in the part. Events proved the Guv'nor right.

Victor Leon and Leo Stein's book, as adapted for Daly's Theatre, sets out the love-tangle of Prince Danilo of Marsovia and Sonia, a wealthy widow. The music is typically Viennese, with its all-pervading suggestion of the dance, its quaintly melodious rhythms, and its delicious entrain. That Franz Lehar, the composer, is an Austrian, every bar of his music proclaims, but it must not be assumed that the entire score is given over to dance measures. Much of it has a far greater artistic value, and generally speaking, the score attains a higher standard than is commonly met with on the light musical stage.

The Merry Widow is in three acts : First, the Marsoviaan Embassy, Paris ; second, Grounds of Sonia's house, near Paris ; third, Maxim's Restaurant, also in Paris. The producer at Daly's was J. A. E. Malone.

Lily Elsie's rise to fame was as romantic as any of the stories in which she delighted audiences on the stage. Like so many stars—for instance, June and Evelyn Laye—she began her theatrical career in childhood and acquired a stage technique as naturally and automatically as most children learn their letters. But she had to be " discovered."

Perhaps that great comedian George Graves can claim the credit for having " discovered " Lily Elsie. When he was playing in *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, he noticed a little girl who was put on before a front cloth, while the scene was being changed behind, to sing " Silver Threads among the Gold." She was billed as " Little Elsie." This was the child that grew into magical Lily Elsie of Daly's, the triumphant star of *The Merry Widow*.

Her real name is Cotton. Born in Leeds on April 8, 1886, she

particular interest of the school at the moment is the enlightenment of the masses. They asked me to speak to the boys, and I inquired as to the subjects. 'Tell us' they said, 'how the masses may be instructed.' They had really been answering me that question themselves and showing me in practice how to do it. For under the trees I had seen an interesting sight. The villages around are inhabited by the original Santals and the boys of the school go out sometimes with football or bat and begin a game. When a crowd has gathered the game is stopped and the players talk of knowledge to the villagers. From this an evening class is formed and the Shantiniketan boys go out and teach in it. The day I was there about a dozen of these children had come in and were being taught under a tree. They were lively imps with wide interested eyes and so full of life that they could not keep still. They were being shown the delights of the stereoscope and were being taught to describe accurately what they saw. Two boys were looking after them. It was their tribute to India and their services to the reincarnated motherland to which all their youthful enthusiasm was devoted. I left them sitting class by class on their little mats under the 'chatim' trees, their books by their side, and their teachers in their midst. They



Signing on the Companies of George Edwardes' Autumn Tours.
 The 1914 fashions of the ladies are interesting.
 At the table are F. J. Blackman (Producer) and R. Highley (Assistant).

imperfect manifestation of Him who is infinite beauty and love. The search for the unity through the gates of love and wisdom is the only true joy and duty of each human soul. Tagore realised this great truth which is the basis of all his other ideas. Art and literature should seek to symbolise and express this infinity and unity. The artist should portray the ideal world of true and higher reality. Such are the leadings Indian ideas in the realm of art. Burne-Jones has expressed well his ideal of art and his words beautifully describe the Indian ideals of art. "Realism? Direct transcript from Nature? I suppose by the time the 'photographic artist' can give us all the colours as correctly as the shapes, people will begin to find out that the realism they talk about isn't art at all, but science; interesting, no doubt, as a scientific achievement, but nothing moreTranscripts from Nature? what do I want with transcripts? I prefer her own signature; I don't want forgeries more or less skilful.....It is the message, the 'burden' of a picture that makes its real value." He says again: "You see, it is these things of the soul that are real.....the only real things in the universe".

This is the reason why the greatest rhetorician of India, Mammata, has said :

नियतिकृत नियमरहितां ह्लादैकमयीं अनन्यपरतन्त्रां ।

नवरसरुचिरां निर्मितिं आदधती भारतीकवेर्जयति ॥

(The poet's speech creates a world which is not

whole house rose to its feet. From the gallery came one deep roar, above which cries of "Joe" (Joe Coyne) and "Elsie" could be heard. George Edwardes came on the stage, held up his hand, and said with emotion :

"Ladies and gentlemen—I shan't delay you for long. After being with us for two years, *The Merry Widow* is to leave us. We are all sorry, for on both sides of the curtain we love *The Merry Widow*."

An uproar followed. Cries of "We all love Lily Elsie!" "Who loves Lily Elsie?"—"I do" filled the house.

The Guv'nor continued: "It only remains for me to thank you for your support, and to say that in September I shall produce another musical play entitled *The Dollar Princess*."

Lily Elsie was sent specially to Manchester to play her original part of Sonia in *The Merry Widow* at the Princes' Theatre, during the week of October 5, 1908, because so many people in Manchester and Salford had written to George Edwardes asking that she might be allowed to come. The Manchester and Salford girls, who knew Lily Elsie in her early days, waited at the stage-door every night to speak to her and pressed forward to shake her by the hand. By special request, also, she performed the following week with the same company, which included Leonard Mackay as Danilo, W. H. Rawlins, and Eric Thorne as Baron Popoff, at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. She appeared at the Gaiety, Dublin, with George Edwardes' No. 1 Company, during the week of August 24, 1908. Business was so big that it led to a speculation in tickets. The following quotation from the *Dublin Evening Herald* is interesting:—

"Having taken most of the Continent of Europe and other parts of the Globe by storm, *The Merry Widow* had laid siege to Dublin, and to infer from last night's performance at the Gaiety, the Irish capital is safe to be added to the list of places captured by this most alluring of the daughters of Eve. One always expects very high class in Mr. George Edwardes' productions, but *The Merry Widow* is one of the finest things he has ever put on the stage, and, inasmuch as Miss Lily Elsie had come over specially to take the name part, in which she made a hit at Daly's, for once a Dublin audience had an opportunity of witnessing a production quite equal to the genuine article."

Lily Elsie was now at the summit of her career. Her next appearance at Daly's was as Alice Conder in *The Dollar Princess*, the lead part of this delightful musical play.

In December, 1909, much curiosity was aroused by the fact that King Manuel of Portugal, while staying at Buckingham Palace, visited

(Tagore's *Sadhana*, page 43). Okakura says : " Any Indian man or woman will worship at the feet of some inspired wayfarer who tells them that there can be no image of God, that the world itself is a limitation, and go straightway, as the natural consequence, to pour water on the head of the *Sivalingam*." (Ideals of the East, page 651). Image worship is recognised as a golden ladder by which alone we can, and should, ascend to the empyrean of Love. Hence in India art suggests ideal forms in terms of the appearances of the phenomenal world. It adopts symbolism to suggest the inexpressible in terms of visible beauty in nature and in the human form. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy says : " India is wont to suggest the eternal and inexpressible in terms of sensuous beauty. The love of man for woman or for nature is one with his love of God. Nothing is common or unclean. All life is a sacrament, no part of it more so than another, and there is no part of it that may not symbolise eternal and infinite things. In this great same-sightedness the opportunity for art is great. But in this religious art it must not be forgotten that life is not to be represented for its own sake but for the sake of the Divine expressed in and through it." Again, Indian art is not sombre or pessimistic. It is essentially joyous. No fears of an eternal hell or extinction or annihilation have tortured the Indian mind and embittered the life of the soul. Dispassion, detachment, wisdom, love, and union are

But that is how things turned out, and in the Popoff part "G.G.", a man of infinite wit and humour, scored his greatest success in musical comedy.

What a great comedian he is ! A master of the comic art, he bubbles with fun from the top of his head to the tips of his fingers, the ends of his toes ; wit flows from his lips in a never-ending stream.

George Graves was born in London, made his first appearance on the stage at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in 1900, in *Aladdin*. Always ready to sing, dance, weep, or gag at a moment's notice, always cheery and an inveterate practical joker, the word "impossible" is unknown to him. He appeared in London for the first time in 1903 in George Edwardes' production of *The School Girl*. Here is a sidelight on the character of "G.G." It was his custom to "walk the wards" of great London hospitals unknown to all except the night porters and night sisters. He carried a large bottle of eau-de-Cologne for the patients, and brought into their lives some of the humour with which he delighted millions of play-goers. He did this humane service for years, unknown even to his friends. Behind his errands of mercy is a story of thwarted youthful ambition. For George Graves was once a medical student at Owens College, Manchester.

A Press representative chanced to see him armed with his bottle of eau-de-Cologne, during a "round" of a ward on tiptoe at 2 a.m. one morning. Graves stopped at the bedside of each sleepless patient, whispered a few reassuring words, fired off one of his stage "gags," applied eau-de-Cologne to an outstretched hand or fevered forehead, and moved on.

Arthur Roberts had such an inexhaustible wit in his younger days that it is said he was once given a blank sheet of paper and a bottle of champagne as his part in a new Gaiety production. George Graves is second only to Arthur Roberts in the mastery of unrehearsed "business." Once he was completely "dried-up" while on the stage with another actor, and as both were on the O.P. side they could not rely on the prompter. Realising at length that desperate remedies were necessary and that he could continue gagging no longer, Graves clapped his hand on his brother actor's shoulder and led him across the stage towards the prompt corner, at the same time saying, to the great amusement of the audience : "Come along, my boy, you must get a bit nearer to the prompter."

In April, 1909, Lily Elsie went to Biarritz for a fortnight's holiday, and during that time her part in *The Merry Widow* was taken by the German actress, Emmy Wehlen, a native of Mannheim, in Baden.

music and dancing the same relation is visible equally well. The *gopurams* of South India broad-based on the earth and soaring into the sky in a passion of longing and aspiration show this in a manner that does not admit of doubt or dispute. The art of music is in India in close relation to emotional states. Being free from the trammels of canvas or marble or words and having as its medium the wonderful human voice which is capable of infinite modulations, it is the most perfect instrument of self-expression. All the characteristics of Indian art in general are to be found in it. Mrs. Mann says: "I am often told that all Indian music is melancholy. How can I convey to you that spirit which is sad yet without pain? That is the delicious melancholy of Indian music. Can a lover be joyful away from his beloved? Can a musician sing joyfully, 'really' joyfully, whilst he wanders on this earth? Would it not be sorrow if he forgot his exile? Is not the remembrance of the face of the beloved more dear, though fraught with the pain of separation?"

The great Indian poet quoted by Srimathi Indira Devi is said to have remarked :

"The world by day is like European Music,—a flowing concourse of vast harmony, composed of concord and discord, and many disconnected fragments. And the night world is our Indian music—one pure, deep, and tender "*ragini*."

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER MUSICAL MASTERPIECE.

MUSICAL comedy was now at its peak. This had developed a style and had crystallised into a definite theatrical art form. Under George Edwardes' production genius and his flair for pure entertainment, the theatre-going public had acquired a taste for musical comedy, which was at once critical and appreciative.

After *The Merry Widow* it seemed that the musical comedy form was not capable of any further creative exploitation. The "Widow" appeared to have touched top. But there were in fact, more delights to come, among them the haunting and, in its own way, the unsurpassed *Dollar Princess*, Leo Fall's light musical masterpiece.

Its first production in England was at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on December 24, 1908, when it was billed as "A new play with music, adapted by Basil Hood from the German of A. M. Willner and F. Greenbaum, with lyrics by Adrian Ross."

The Manchester production cast included Robert Michaelis ("Hayden Coffin the second") as Freddy Fairfax; Vernon Davidson as John, Earl of Quorn; Howard Cridland as Dick (Conder's nephew), Harry Parker as Tom (Conder's brother), Willic Warde as Sir James McGregor (Footman to Conder), and Richard Golden as Phiñcas Q. Conder (President of the Oil Trust). Hilda Moody appeared in the title rôle, Alice, Conder's daughter. Alice Pollard as Daisy, Conder's niece. Doris Dewar as Hon. Edith Dalrymple (Upper Housemaid), Mabel Duncan as Lady Augusta Broadstairs (Lady's maid to Alice), May Sarony as Lady Dorothy Datchet (Under Housemaid), Alice Moffat as Dulcie Dobbin (A Californian Girl), and Kitty Gordon, who took the part of Olga (A Lion Queen), at the last moment. The part was originally to have been played by a French vaudeville actress, Arlette Dorgere, but she was taken ill about a week before the production was due at the Prince's, Manchester, and had to relinquish the part.

With rehearsals so far advanced, the position was a serious one, but George Edwardes was fortunate enough to engage Kitty Gordon, (The Hon. Mrs. Horsley Beresford), who was playing in *The Antelope* at the Waldorf Theatre. This complicated matters and kept her busy rehearsing all day and appearing at night at the Waldorf. The Waldorf engagement ended on Saturday, December 19, 1908, so she

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is permeated and transfigured and sublimated by the highest spiritual conceptions of the Indian mind.

I shall show below—and specially when dealing with *Gitanjali*, *Gardener*, and *Sadhana* how admirably Tagore has realised and expressed the highest Indian ideals of art as transfigured by the fundamental conception of unity and infinity proclaimed by India to the world.

Tagore's insight into Indian ideals of life and love is no less deep than his insight into the Indian ideals of art. Life is conceived of as a sacrament in India; life should be praised and adored, not despised, because it is through life that we can rise to God; and the gift of life by God to the souls waiting to reach His lotus feet is regarded as an act of mercy to souls that otherwise would remain in the hell of separation from Him, for what hell is deeper or more fearful than banishment from the beauty of His face? The seeming pessimism in India is only an expression of impatience at the slowness of the arrival of the dawn of God's love in our hearts and at the innumerable obstacles to its coming placed by our own innumerable evil acts in innumerable past lives. The belief in the soul's infinite energies and in the infiniteness of God's mercy and love is shining like a rainbow on the cloud of human sorrow—lit up in its magnificent opulence of colour and glory by the unseen sun of God's grace, reaching down almost to the earth of our ordinary life, and looking like a heavenly bridge over

girl who at length finds a man who differs from all others because he will not obey her. Finally, he tames the high-spirited heiress and marries her.

Leo Fall, the composer, conducted the initial performance of *The Dollar Princess* at the Prince's, Manchester, and George Edwardes personally directed the rehearsals, the stage manager being A. F. Dodson.

Before the production, the Guv'nor said in an interview with the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* :

"It is in presenting a play that the English theatre can out-rival the Continent. Take for instance, *The Merry Widow*. As put before a Viennese audience the play would not be recognised in England, the presentation in this country was so much superior. I saw the play in Vienna, and I thought that there was something in it. I saw *The Dollar Princess*, bought it, altered it, and am now producing it.

"England," added Mr. Edwardes, "is the home of musical comedy. Plays like *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, and *A Country Girl*, which have long been withdrawn from Daly's, are still attractions at the principal theatres in Germany, and, for that matter, all over the civilised world—especially in the colonies.

"The sense of beauty and prettiness is developed on the English stage in a far larger degree than in Continental theatres. Musical comedy is costly to the stage. In *The Dollar Princess*, at the Prince's, Manchester, for instance, two members of the company are getting £100 a week, several £60 and others £40 and £50."

As a profession, Edwardes thought musical comedy presented a splendid opening for girls with ability "and other corresponding attributes. Many of the principals of my companies are girls who have graduated from the chorus in my productions."

Hilda Moody, who appeared in the title rôle of the Manchester *Dollar Princess*, completed her musical education in Brussels, and made her first appearance in London in *A Greek Slave*. She then played in *San Toy* and *Three Little Maids*, in which piece she created the well-known song composed by Paul Rubens, "The Miller's Daughter." Needless to say, *The Dollar Princess* played to capacity business during its six weeks' season at the Prince's, Manchester.

I was in charge of the publicity for *The Dollar Princess* there and elsewhere, so perhaps I may be permitted to quote what my old friend, W. Buchanan-Taylor, then dramatic critic of the *Sunday Chronicle*, wrote in that paper of December 20, 1908 :

"So much has been said and written about *The Dollar Princess* that

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unassailable by God or man. But the passion which asserts itself as the disturber of a hermit's meditations, as the enemy of a householder's social duties,—such a passion always destroys others like a whirlwind, but it also carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction.....

Where two hearts are made one by virtue, there love is not antagonistic to anything in the universe. It is only when Cupid stirs up a revolt against virtue that tumult begins, then love loses constancy, and beauty loses peace. When love occupies its proper place in subordination to virtue, it contributes its special element towards perfection, it does not destroy symmetry; because virtue is nothing but harmony—it preserves beauty, it preserves goodness, and by wedding the two together it gives a delicious completeness to both."

IX. TAGORE'S CONCEPTION OF ART.

I have discussed this subject with considerable fulness when dealing below with three of Tagore's greatest works—*Gitanjali*, *Gardener*, and *Sadhana*. I shall hence make here only a few introductory observations to show what have been Tagore's leading conceptions as to art, its place in life, its dignity, and its relation to God.

According to him love for God is the real glory of life, and art is valuable as the gate of beauty, through

remodelled again and a new third act added. The plot is simple enough, but it had the merit of being original, and apart from the love-making of Alice Conder, the "Dollar Princess" and Freddy Fairfax, the spirit of levity was always uppermost, and many surprisingly funny and whimsical situations were evolved.

The piece was beautifully staged. The imposing grandeur of Conder's mansion in the first act (Alfred Terraine); the Garden Court, with refreshing tone colours of the second (Joseph Harker); and the tropical effect of the third act, Freddy's Bungalow, California (Alfred Terraine); each of these sets was an artistic triumph. To quote the *Daily Mail* again :

"There is much to delight in, but, quite particularly, the music, which, as before said, is interpretive, melodious, graceful, delicate and insinuating. The *leit motif* is charming. It is never common-place, and it is coloured all through with that sense of dance rhythm and airy charm which hails from the countries of the Danube."

Joseph Coyne made a big hit as Conder, a comic part specially written for him. Joe used to live at the Carlton Hotel. Once when returning there, wearing a cap and sweater and going up in the lift, the liftman (who always called him "My lord"), said to the surprise of two very respectable Americans : "Oh, your lordship, her ladyship asked me to tell you that she was round at Ciro's having a cocktail with the Prince of Wales. Will you join her?" The Americans pricked up their ears. When Joe got out at his floor, the American turned to his wife and said : "Say, honey. If that guy's a lord, there's a chance for me!" This story was originally told by Hannen Swaffer.

In *The Quaker Girl*, a jealous lady used to say to Joseph Coyne fiercely : "I saw you raise your hat to that girl—you don't know her." Joe would answer meekly : "Nope," and retired squashed to a frizzle. Well, one night, Joe thought he'd stand up for a change, so when the lady made her stock remark : "I saw you raise your hat to that girl you don't know her." Joe replied : "No, but my brother knows her and this is his hat."

The Dollar Princess was Edward Royce's first production at Daly's, where later he produced many of George Edwardes' well-known pieces, including *The Count of Luxembourg*, *A Waltz Dream*, *Gipsy Love*, *Betty*, *The Marriage Market*, and *A Country Girl* (revival). Royce produced the original production of *Irene* in New York, and he was also responsible for four productions of the world famous *Ziegfeld Follies*. He is the son of a famous father, the late E. W. Royce, who was celebrated as a dancer and comedian at the old Gaiety Theatre, in the days of burlesque, together with Edward

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Tagore has realised and said that art is the speaking of God's voice through our soul.

"Thy word is weaving words in my mind and
Thy joy is adding music to them. Thou givest
Thyself to me in love and then feelest thine own
entire sweetness in me."

(*Gitanjali*, page 61).

Tagore's views on the dramatic art are well-known. He is no admirer of the modern attempt at making scenic representation usurp the place of imagination. Sir Sidney Lee has said : "The deliberate pursuit of scenic realism is antagonistic to the ultimate law of dramatic art....Dramatic illusion must ultimately spring from the active and unrestricted exercise of the imaginative faculty by author, actor, and audience in joint partnership." (*Shakespeare and the Modern Stage*). Tagore also says in his article on *The Stage* : "Any one of the arts is only to be seen in her full glory when she is sole mistress.....We all act to ourselves as we read a play, and the play which cannot be sufficiently interpreted by such invisible acting has never yet gained the laurel for its author." The same idea is seen also in the footnote appearing in his 'Chitra.' He did not like any art being corrupted by constantly trying to borrow unborrowable effects from other arts. Music overweighted with words, poetry merely melodious, over-symbolical painting, and sculpture seeking to express movement, miss their true purpose and glory. He has

Howard Cridland as Dick. The production again directed by Mr. Edward Royce, is an exact replica of the beautiful and sumptuous one at Daly's."

This same idea of presenting a special matinée of a touring company in London was originated by Henry Lowenfeld, when he gave a special performance of *La Poupée* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre before starting on a provincial tour. On that occasion Eric Thorne, who as already stated appeared in *The Dollar Princess* matinée at Daly's, played the leading comedy part of Hilarius, the doll maker, originated by Willie Edouin. Thorne was a great favourite in the provinces. He made a big hit on tour in George Graves' part of Baron Popoff in *The Merry Widow*.

He at one time understudied Arthur Roberts at The Prince of Wales Theatre and appeared in Arthur's (title) rôle in *Gentleman Joe*. I saw Eric in the part, and his rendering was immense. Eric Thorne was certainly a great comedian.

Leonard Mackay told me that next to his part in *The Dollar Princess*, the role of the Gipsy Musician, Jozsi, in *Gipsy Love*, was his favourite part. He was associated with George Edwardes' productions for over 15 years, beginning as a member of the chorus in *A Greek Slave*. Leonard Mackay was rehearsing to take part in his first picture when he suddenly died. I think his last stage success was in *Rose Marie* at Drury Lane, and he was in *The Lady of the Rose* at Daly's. He made a big success as Danilo in *The Merry Widow* on tour.

It is a long step from a theatre box-office in Clapham to the front rank of musical comedy stars, and from thence to the dignified atmosphere of the House of Commons as England's first actress M.P. Yet this is the story of dainty Mabel Russell. She was employed for a time in the box office of the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, and it was there that she got the chance which was to change the whole course of her life, and lead her to fame and fortune. One day, while carrying out her duties at the theatre, she heard that one of the pantomime artists who was appearing there had been taken ill. The management were at their wits end to know what to do, when somebody suggested that the girl in the box-office knew all the songs which this artist sang in the show, and what was more, she had a very good voice. There was a hurried call for rehearsal and the astonished Mabel was whisked away from her seat in the box-office and "tried out." The result was a tremendous success and the charming girl, who was so soon to become a "star," filled the bill until the return of the sick artiste.

On such small things do lives sometimes hang. Had Mabel Russell

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alliance with religion and expresses the deepest aspirations, longings, and raptures of the heart.

"European music is, so to speak, mixed with the actualities of life. Our music, as it were, moves above the incidents of daily life, and because of it is so full of detachment and tenderness—as if it were appointed to reveal the beauty of the innermost and unutterable mystery of the human heart and of the world."

Tagore's Music of East and West.

Again, 'Our songs speak of the early dawn and the starry midnight sky of India. Our music breathes of dripping rain, and the wordless ecstasy of the new spring as it reaches the utmost depths of the forests.'

He points out how European music is romantic and says that "the European wants his truth concrete."

"The romantic tendencies are those of variety and superfluity, the billows of the ocean of life, the reflection of the conflict of light and shade over restless movement, though in another direction here is a broad expanse which has all the stillness of the blue of the sky, and is an intimation of the infinite upon the far horizon.....It (European music), translates the multifariousness of human life into the sounds of music."

Tagore's Music of East and West

Tagore points out that the essential sweetness of a song is in its evolution of sound and not in its words.

only in name. This is because a doting old Grand Duke (Huntley Wright), who wants to marry her himself, is debarred from doing so by court etiquette which forbids him from marrying anybody under the rank of Countess. So it is that we have a screen marriage, a wedding without the parties seeing each other, and afterwards divorce in the air according to the agreement. But things are not destined to end so simply. At the grand reception in the Duke's house in Paris, the day before his arranged marriage, the Count and Countess meet. He has learned to love her from the stalls, although neither knows the other; but this encounter at the Duke's reception somehow leads to a clarification of their positions. There is angry and amorous protest; complication arises from the fact that the plain and lowly Brissard has been introduced as the husband of the screen marriage; there is fun and there are tender passages and charm to the last curtain.

The cast also included Fred Kaye as the Registrar, Willic Warde as a waiter, Alec Fraser as Mons de Trésac, Paul Plunket as Mons. De Valmont, May de Sousa (Juliette), Gladys Homfrey (Countess Kokozeff), May Marton (Mimi), Kitty Hanson (Lisette), Gladys Guy (Fleurette), May Hobson (Amelie), Gertrude Glyn (Rosalie), Madeline Seymour (Coralie), Margot Erskine (Sidonie), Doris Stocker (Babette) May Leslie Stuart (daughter of Leslie Stuart) as Jacqueline, Beatrice Von Brunner (Therese), and the dancers were Beatrice Collier and Oy-Ra. Production was by Edward Royce.

Of the music, one of the most exacting London critics wrote: "There never has been such a bright merry and unflagging musical comedy. Franz Lehar's music is so clever and resourceful that it should be held up as a pattern for other musical comedies. The composer knows how to make the very utmost of his invention. By clever orchestration he has given an original twist to music which is not perhaps as highly original as it sounds. There is many a number in *The Count of Luxembourg* which Sullivan would not have refused to acknowledge."

Lehar composed *The Count of Luxembourg* in two months, which is a fair average; but that is apart from the orchestration, which is quite as long a business as the work of composing. When George Edwardes was rehearsing *The Merry Widow* at Daly's, he went to Lehar with the request that he should write two special numbers, adding that they must be delivered at once. Lehar left the theatre with his English representative. It was raining heavily. At his instigation they sought the hospitality of a cab shelter in the Haymarket, and then and there he wrote two songs.

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always been considerable. In particular one effect which this contact has always had has been to spiritualise, so to speak, the Western consciousness and to render susceptible to an order of ideas more abstract and emotional than the matter of fact Western intelligence is usually willing to entertain." The Western mind has been more practical and rationalistic than the mind of the East, and it has elaborated a rationalistic interpretation of the universe. Mr. March Phillips says : " We cannot look to intellect to save us from the tyranny of intellect. It is a question rather of bringing another faculty into play, a faculty having for its subject-matter that very order of ideas which intellect is incapable of grappling with." Though he has failed to understand how far Tagore is a faithful interpreter of the mind of India, he has well said : " Many long centuries ago there woke in the heart of India the thought she has been dreaming over ever since, the thought that the spiritual being in a man, his soul as we say, was no mere precious cargo to be safely conveyed across the engulfing waves of time to the harbour of eternity, but an inward source of perception and knowledge, an active illuminating agent bringing light and certitude into the mind, just as in Western philosophy the reason brings light and certitude into the mind. Hindu thought, in a word, sets up another faculty against reason, a faculty whose function it is to deal with spiritual things just as it is the function of



above
W. H. BERRY



was the Greek ideal. Christianity gave a wonderful extension and beauty to pre-existing conceptions of the individual soul by showing its divine origin and destiny and its immortality. Monsieur Royer-Collard says : " Human societies are born, live and die, on the earth ; it is there that their destinies are accomplished. . . . But they contain not the whole man. After he has engaged himself to society there remains to him the noblest part of himself, those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, to unknown felicity in an invisible world. We, persons individual and identical, veritable beings endowed with immortality, we have a different destiny from that of states." This difference of ideal resulted in a difference in the expression of the ideal in art. The Parthenon is as different from a Gothic Cathedral as the one ideal is from the other. The regularity of design, the proportion of parts, and the moderation of ornamentation in the one are as remarkable as the sky-piercing spires, the stained-glass windows, and the profusion of adornment in the other. The Indian ideal has struck an even higher note of individualism, idealism, and romanticism. Tagore is one of its greatest voices for all times, and is certainly its greatest voice in this age. His immense popularity in the west is due in a large measure to the fact that, in a realistic, prosaic, and critical age, his idealistic, poetic, and creative note has come almost like a new revelation. In the wonderful work of Tagore, there is another

Daisie Irving quickly sang and acted herself into the hearts of Daly's audiences. She sang the part with great charm, and cultivated the valuable quality of clear enunciation. Her personal appeal, too, was unquestionable. Dorna Leigh partnered Oy-Ra (the dancer) in place of Beatrice Collier, and their acrobatic dancing was a big success. A new opening chorus to the second act was introduced.

An amusing incident befel Daisie Irving while she was appearing in *The Count of Luxembourg* at Blackpool. She was on the top of a tram with a friend when the car came to a terminus, and she got ready to alight. "There's Daisie Irving" said several voices, and she beheld a crowd gazing up at her from the roadway. The gaze and the crowd increased as she went down the steps amid a profound silence. There was an audible murmur of disappointment when Miss Irving reached the road and they walked away. "I do believe," said her friend, "that they expected you to do the waltz down the steps."

On one occasion Bertram Wallis and Miss Irving were doing the staircase dance when Wallis fell, and, of course, Daisie Irving had to go too. It was so funny that they both burst out laughing, and in a moment the house was convulsed. Miss Irving told me that she had never heard such a roar of merriment in her life. They were called on again and again, and Miss Irving said: "I think everyone expected we would repeat the fall."

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fire and hence utter the highest truths in a golden style for the greater joy of man and the greater glory of God.

A third feature to be noticed in regard to Tagore's Art is that it is thoroughly national. Literature and art are the revelation and self-expression of the highest and most distinctive elements of the genius of a race. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami says : "There is no more searching test of the vitality of a people than the revelation in art—plastic, literary, musical,—of their inward being. A national art is a self-revelation where no concealment is possible." Posnett says in his valuable book on *Comparative Literature* : "National literature is an outcome of national life, a spiritual bond of national unity, such as no amount of eclectic study or cosmopolitan science can supply. National literatures, then, require a vigorous and continuous national life." Not all paper imitations of all the most beautiful flowers of the world can compare for a moment with a single beautiful blossom rooted in the soil, lifting its fair face to the sky, and sending the fragrance of its soul far and wide. If there is one fact that is perfectly well demonstrated in the history of art, it is the failure of all adapted styles. This is a truth which many of our countrymen have not yet learnt. Their modern novels and adaptations of western plays show in many cases an utter lack of vision for the national genius. Time with its relentless hand will sweep away all this rub-

“George Edwardes was predestined by fate to be successful, and by character he was predestined to shed the rays of his success on others and to make them happy. He is a man, I believe, who would have won success in any walk or any turf of life. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Had he not been a manager of many theatres he might have been a barrister. I can imagine he would have cajoled a jury with his persuasive accents. Had he been a dentist, how painless would have been his extractions—which, by the way, is Irish. I believe it would have amounted almost to an anaesthetic, if not an aesthetic, pleasure to be drawn by George Edwardes. The back numbers of the *Illustrated London News* in his waiting room would have been thumb-marked by Duchesses.

“Again, had he been a doctor, my lords and gentlemen, what a bedside manner; as a spiritual consoler, what the stage has gained the church lost. I can imagine that had he been the head of a fashionable church in the West End, his flock would certainly have been waiting outside the doors from an early hour, and his pink optimism would have been so wide in its appeal that I verily believe it would have depleted the exchequer of Daly’s box-office. As a General—well, he who can run three theatres and manage three choruses and a corps de ballet, to him the command of an army corps would be but as a pleasant hobby. I know what it is to manage one theatre; what must it be to manage three? And this is what our guest has done for many years with unwavering energy and almost unvarying success. Apart from this he is interested in countless tours. How large, then, is his control, and how many there are to be grateful to him for their daily bread.

“George Edwardes has given to gaiety all the adjuncts of beauty on which he could lay his hands—beauty of scenery, beauty of dancing and music, as well as beauty of limb. To succeed thus, one must be made, not of iron, but of steel. Iron breaks; steel bends, and in bending conquers. This strength is no less essential in adversity than in prosperity; indeed, adversity is the greater test of character, and Edwardes has stood its test with calmness, for he, too, has not escaped Fate’s mild reproof. I always think that nothing is so conducive to self-esteem as adversity. An old lady once said: “It is success that makes one modest.” What a modest man our guest must be to-night. What greater compliment could any man ask than that which is so spontaneously given to our friend to-night? True, he has won on the Turf where he is no less popular than on the stage—the Ascot Gold Cup. To-night, he wins in the human race yet another gold cup. Here it is.

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cramping atmosphere, one cannot think that the flower of an opening life, the life of the child of the nation, will expand. Its sunshine is robbed, its joy is robbed, its very honey is robbed, and everywhere surrounding its life there is the gloom of overhanging conventions, which dictate, thou shalt do this and thou shalt not do that. Soul-growth is impossible in such an environment of unnatural restraint." In South India also, the horrors of the protestant movement in Bengal are being repeated in the sphere of life and the sphere of art. The social agitator holds the reins and society is invited to sit in his car of foreign make and be whirled away God knows where. Literature and art are sought to be seduced by him, and must necessarily soon lament their exile in the Sahara of the new inner life. The greatness of Tagore lies in the fact that his richly endowed mind so full of love for the past, so full of practical wisdom in the present, and so full of indomitable hopes for the future, has effected a reconciliation between the great creative and devotional age in the past and the critical and loveless present age. He has avoided the Scylla and the Charybdis of formalism and protestantism and has emerged into the ocean of true national life over which the sun of glory and the moon of love shed their radiance and the balmy airs of artistic inspiration blow bearing coolness and fragrance to the weary world. India has ever been famous for her combination of idealism of vision and practi-

national theatre, by Sir George Alexander, who has done so much for English comedy and English authors, and with such conspicuous success, by Sir Charles Wyndham, the incomparable, and by other gentlemen too numerous to mention, whom I see here to-night. I appreciate the value of their work, and I know something of their difficulties, too. For I have been tempted from time to time to invade the territories of drama and comedy, and I do not mind telling you frankly that whenever I have done so, I have always made haste to beat a retreat—a retreat sometimes with heavy losses. I think I may say, without the least fear of contradiction, that I hold the record for having produced more failures in comedy than any other English manager, alive or dead.

“It is sometimes asked what has the musical play done for the art of the theatre. I think I may fairly reply it has done something, for I am surprised when I look round and see how many actors and actresses who have graduated under my management have since taken honours in the ‘higher schools’ of the drama. Between you and me, I don’t quite like the way Sir George Alexander and Mr. Charles Hawtrey have lately been recruiting their companies with my pretty girls.

“Only the other day, my friend Mr. Cyril Maude put temptation once more in my way with the alluring offer of a comedy. But I rejected his blandishments, and wired him: ‘No more comedies for me, thank you.’ Now that I have mended my ways, I think it is a little hard on me to find that I am faced with such a formidable rival as Sir Herbert Tree who, as everybody already knows, is shortly about to produce a musical play called *Orpheus aux Enfers*—‘aux Enfers’ I notice, being most politely rendered into English as *In The Underground*.

“To you, Sir Herbert Tree, I am indeed grateful for the signal compliment you have paid in presiding at this dinner. To Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Mr. J. D. Langton, the Hon. Secretaries, who have done so much and you, gentlemen, one and all, who have done me the honour to come here I feel myself greatly indebted for an evening which you have made memorable for me. It has been worth waiting twenty-five years for.”

Sir George Alexander said: “I am sure you will all agree that the success of this evening would be incomplete if we did not express our appreciation of the efforts of our chairman to-night, and thank him for this opportunity of doing honour to the guest of the evening. If you will allow me, I will address Sir Herbert Tree through a quotation of the works of the late Mr. Colley Cibber with slight alterations made

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life itself and tenderly touched by the passing shadow of death." The poetry must express the deep wonder that shines in the child's eyes, the dazzling play of colour that it likes, the realm of imagination where it lives in endless delight, and the heaven of purity, innocence, trustfulness and love in its heart. As the Rev. Mr. Andrews says : " Like a rainbow of many colours the book shines. The dark purple of death is blended with the golden beams of life. The playful lisping of the child at school is made one with the silent glory of the stars."

Another great trait of Tagore's poetry is his expression of the universal elements of life—life, child-hood, the raptures of love, death, the joy of nature, the destiny of man, love of God—themes that are as old as the world and as new as each day's golden dawn. The Rev. Mr. C. F. Andrews says in his article on " With Rabindra in England. " . " Just as the play of dazzling sunlight was a joy to him which he was never tired of watching, so the dazzling variety of the play of human life was to him an unending wonder and delight.....
.....Rabindra appears to arrive at the universal, not like Shakespeare by many different roads, but always by the one pathway of simplicity. The simplest human affections, the child-heart of the young and innocent, the simplest domestic joys and sorrows, the purest and simplest yearnings of the soul for god,—these go to form the unity towards which Rabin-

On June 1, 1912, George Edwardes produced at Daly's *Gipsy Love*, a new musical play by A. M. Willner and Robert Bodanzky, English libretto by Basil Hood, lyrics by Adrian Ross, with music by Franz Lehar.

Interviewed before the production, the Guv'nor said: "I am just back from Paris, where I have been to confer with Lehar about the play. *Gipsy Love* is undoubtedly his masterpiece. The subject appeals to him, and he pours out his temperament in the music. It is full of luscious melody. It soars into opera, and there is a magical waltz in the second act.

"As a rule, you know, Lehar will interpolate nothing. When he has written his score the piece has to be produced as it stands. Not so with *Gipsy Love*. He has written me many new numbers, and the score, I fancy, will take us by storm. The piece will be an entirely new one. The dream business is all gone. Originally, the first and third acts were reality. The second was dreamland. Captain Basil Hood has written me an entirely new book. The first act is laid in the garden of a Roumanian noble's palace. The second takes us to a wine-shop. The third is the Summer Hall of a Roumanian Grandee, the work of Joseph Harker.

"Where do I expect to get my greatest effects? In the second act. This is full of the joyous tumultuous life of a gipsydom redolent of Carmen and José. Here, in this wine-shop, we get the incursion of the gipsy horde, and it is here that Harry Dearth, whom I have specially engaged for the part of the wine-keeper, will get his great chances—'mine host,' with song rallying the crowd and carrying them to victory. At the moment, you know, he is appearing as St. George in Sir Edward Elgar's masque. It will be his first appearance under my flag, and I have secured him for years to come. Sari Petrass is my big engagement for *Gipsy Love*. She is essentially a personality that fascinates you at once. She is not a great singer, but her phrasing is perfect. She speaks English well. She is quiet, demure, an Edna May with differences, an actress who plays, as the French say, 'with intention.' That is Petrass."

The Daly's cast of *Gipsy Love* was Jozsi (A Gipsy Musician), Robert Michaelis; Andor (An Innkeeper), Harry Dearth; Jonel (betrothed to Ilona), Webster Millar; Kajetan (a shy young man), Lauri de Frece; Dimitreav (Kajetan's father), Fred Kaye; Dragotin (A Roumanian Noble), W. H. Berry; Ilona (Dragotin's daughter), Sari Petrass; Julesa (Ilona's nurse), Rosina Filippi; Jolan (Dragotin's niece), Mabel Russell; Zorika (A Gipsy girl), Madeline Seymour; Marischaka (Andor's daughter), Kate Welch; and Lady Babby (an English lady),

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classes than the so-called higher classes. He makes us realise how

“The mind’s internal heaven will diffuse

The dew of inspiration on the humblest lay.”

In his *Short Stories* the heroes and heroines are drawn from humble life and their simple joys and griefs and longings and ideals are presented to us with insight and love. The same sweet note is heard in his poems also. He sees the gracious presence of God amidst the toiling millions who in their unknown heroism build up this fair fabric of love that is known as human society. The great cities and works of art that we see and admire are not so much built of stones and wood as of life and love. They represent so much expenditure of soul-force in a passion of glad giving for the sake of God. Communal life is not mere juxtaposition of individuals for mutual convenience but is due to the unifying power of love. Tagore says in *Gitanjali*: “Here is thy foot-stool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest and lost. When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost. Pride, can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest and lowliest, and lost. My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.” I have already referred to the social service work of the Shantineketan boys.

did the capital song of the innkeeper "Love and Wine," which suited Mr. Harry Dearth's fine voice admirably, and had to be repeated. Apart from the intrinsic value of his tunes, the music of the new piece can be listened to with delight by reason of the constant tokens of skill and fancy revealed by the composer in his rich and characteristic scoring."



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whole world ; but the most fragrant native blossom of any type of culture cannot bear a moment's transplantation and will die if we handle it roughly or remove it from the plant that gives it life. I have already shown how Tagore has been one of the greatest formative influences of the new era, how he is the greatest singer of India's national songs, how he is the greatest leader and poet of the Indian Renaissance, how his patriotism is bent on combining the glories of the past with the new scientific and political ideals of the West, how he has given practical proofs of his patriotism and how at the same time he feels and expresses the Indian's sense of the spiritual significance of things, is full of universal love, idealises and spiritualises and shows the divineness of the ordinary phenomena and relations of life, and takes us through the gate of beauty into the very shrine of Love where angels stand with praying lips and adoring eyes before the Divine Presence.

We must pay special attention to Tagore's Nature-poetry if we desire to know the full measure of his genius. In the case of all poets the first sweet call of Beauty to a higher life in her sweet service comes from the sight of the beauty and sublimity of Nature. In English literature nature poetry went through every stages. At first nature was used as a background for the expression of human emotions or as a thing which was full of beauty though it had no spiritual message to the soul. It was in the nineteenth century that love of

the way of that, but the implied compliment was naturally very pleasing to me.

"You will understand from that that my adaptation of *Gipsy Love* is practically a new play. There are many things in the original that no English manager would put on the stage, and I did not like the root idea of Ilona's elopement with the gipsy being a dream. English audiences do not care for dream plays. They resent the discovery in the last scene that they have been spoofed. So I had to reconstruct the plot and most of the characters, always with an eye to the music which was there already, and had to be fitted somehow. That is the great difficulty of adaptation in this kind of work. It is really a more difficult business than writing a new play. Yet people frequently forget all about the poor author, and give the composer all the credit.

"The most courteous and charming man I ever worked with was Sir Arthur Sullivan. He was the embodiment of consideration. We were together in several works, such as *The Rose of Persia* and *The Emerald Isle*. The latter was left unfinished at Sir Arthur's death, and Sir Edward German completed the score. Sullivan and myself also commenced collaboration in a grand opera which, had it been finished, would have been on the same plane, musically, as *Ivanhoe*.

"In at least one respect Sir Arthur's ideas and mine coincided notably; that was with regard to the writing of lyrics in adaptation less congenial than in original work. The fitting of one's metre to ready-made music has a cramping effect, and stunts expression. I confess I prefer original work, and that is where Sir Arthur and I used to get along together so well. I preferred to write the lyrics first; he would not write a note of music until the lyrics were written. I used to read over my completed lyrics to him, and he would sit back in his chair with his eyes closed, listening intently, until he had the full sense of the required rhythm. Then he would set to work building up appropriate music to interpret the spirit of the verses."

Basil Hood's spirited defence of musical comedy was never adequately answered by hostile critics, and it still stands to-day, as the best description of this art. *Gipsy Love* demonstrated the truth of Hood's contention.

The production of *Gipsy Love* had the added interest of being Gertie Millar's (the Countess of Dudley) first appearance in a Daly's musical play.

Gertie Millar, who was married to the second Earl of Dudley in April, 1924, was born in Bradford in 1880, and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of 12 at the old St. James's Theatre, Manchester, as the girl babe in *Babes in the Wood*. Later, she joined

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Nature and Man as manifestations of Infinite Love and Beauty and Wisdom, and his nature-poetry has all the sublimity of Wordsworth's nature-poetry and sweetness of Shelley's poetry together with a special spiritual and emotional appeal due to his own mystical genius and the genius of his race. We do not see in his poetry minute observation of nature or portrait-painting of single aspects of nature in leaf or bud or bloom or fruit or hill or lake or stream or sea or sky, but we have luminous descriptions of the spiritual appeal of nature, of her greater and more glorious manifestations, and of the manner in which they cheer, inspire, uplift, and gladden us and take us to the very presence of God. They fill our hearts with ineffable peace,

"Not Peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white langours to decline and ease,
But Peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love ; for these are parts of Peace."

(William Watson).

I am dealing with his nature-poetry in detail when discussing his works. I shall quote here only a few examples of his manner and his message.

"The repose of the sun-embroidered green gloom
slowly spread over my heart."

(Gitanjali, page 41.)

"The light is shattered into gold on every cloud,
my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.
Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and

"All the world loves a lover—so the poets tell us. And love-making on the stage greatly influences the success of a play. The theatre-goers will flock to watch a celebrated stage-lover play a good love scene, while plays utterly lacking in love-interest are generally marked as failures.

"After all, love and love-making are so intensely human. That is why humanity, in general, likes to experience it—and, incidentally, to watch it on the stage. It has been my good fortune to play a lover in practically every part that has come my way. And as far as I understand the matter, there is only one way to tackle stage love-making. That is, to make it appear as real as possible. When two lovers are facing the footlights, the whole audience should envy them heartily, if their acting is at all convincing."

While Robert Michaelis was on tour in *The Dollar Princess* an amusing incident occurred. He was playing the love scene in the second act, where Alice forces Fairfax to take down a letter to himself on the typewriter. The scene had not gone far when a galleryite, unable any longer to remain silent at the spectacle of Fairfax being bullied by Alice, shouted :

"Don't you stand it, mister! Don't let 'er bully you! . . . A bit of a girl! . . . Go for 'er mister—go for 'er."

Michaelis commented :

"We both laughed so much that 'going for 'er' became a sheer impossibility."

At the end of November, 1912, Gertie Millar handed over the part of Lady Babby to Constance Drever, who made her first appearance on the Stage at the Savoy Theatre on January 22, 1903, as Kenna in Sir Edward German's *A Princess of Kensington*.

During 1908 she appeared as Natalie in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's, and later in the title role at Daly's and on tour. A year later she played Sonia at the Apollo Theatre, Paris. Constance Drever scored an enormous success as Nadina in *The Chocolate Soldier* which was produced on September 10, 1910, at the Lyric Theatre, and ran for 500 performances.

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In short, Tagore has, to use the words of Coleridge, "the original gift of spreading the atmosphere of the ideal world over familiar forms and incidents," and reveals to us the deep and sweet affinities of things and their infinite suggestion of divine immanence. In him the senses are spiritualised; love is wedded to reason; knowledge is touched by emotion; and over all broods a pure and spiritual imagination. We may well say of him as Matthew Arnold said of Wordsworth:

"He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round :
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth,
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
The hills were round us, and the breeze,
Went o'er the sunlit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain ;
Our youth returned : for there was shéd,
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world."

Tagore's love poetry is of wonderful charm and attractiveness. I have considered it in all its fulness and variety of charm when dealing with the *Gardener*. He has depicted the morning radiance of love, its unselfishness, its delight in self-sacrifice, its deathlessness in spite of adverse influences, and its divineness. The idyll of love in *Chitra* is as full of meaning as it is full of charm. It shows that love is "a marriage of minds," that unions based on a mere basis of physical attractions cloy at

Near the Castle; Act III. Throne Room in the Castle.

During the autumn of 1911, George Edwardes embarked on a big touring venture, a musical comedy repertory company presenting *The Merry Widow*, *The Dollar Princess* and *A Waltz Dream*. The company included Eric Thorne, W. H. Rawlins, Robert Michaelis, Amy Evans, the well-known Welsh soprano, Madeline Seymour, Gladys Guy, Norman Greene (a brother of the late Eric Greene), Betty Callish, Deborah Volar and Kate Ranza, a celebrated prima donna from Copenhagen, where she created the title role in *The Dollar Princess*. The stage productions were by Edward Royce.

George Edwardes' repertory company had some exciting experiences. On one occasion the company was travelling from Blackpool to Dublin, where they were due to appear during Horse Show Week in August, 1911. A railway strike prevented them from taking the usual route, via Holyhead and Kingstown, so they had to travel by a roundabout route, by way of Fleetwood to Belfast, and then by train from Belfast to Dublin. Unless I am very much mistaken, the strike had not reached Ireland.

"The Management regret to have to ask the kind indulgence of the audience in the event of *The Dollar Princess* having to be played without stage costumes and the original scenery. In consequence of strike troubles it has been possible to get only the artistes over from England. The costumes and scenery may probably arrive in time for the performance and will be utilised if at all possible."

When the curtain rose on the first act, one of the theatre's stock scenes did service for the gorgeous millionaire's palace. Members of the company were in everyday dress—the gentlemen in lounge suits, and the ladies mainly in shirt blouses and tight skirts. Two of the principal ladies were lucky enough to have white tea frocks in which they disported themselves and passed as being "dressed." Some of the others were very much upset at having to appear before a large audience in travelling costumes.

The Theatre Royal management acquitted themselves well in the matter of scenery and "props." The Manager of the company, my old friend Herbert Ralland, coming before the curtain in the first interval, made an explanatory speech. He said he had to ask the indulgence of the audience on behalf of the management for not having been able to present the opera in the complete and elaborate form associated with George Edwardes' productions. The ladies and gentlemen of the company had been travelling almost continuously since Saturday night's performance in Blackpool. "They arrived at

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in seeking full self-expression voice forth the most powerful and passionate feelings of the human heart. They are lifted by the power of song into the heaven of the universal human heart. The lyrical expression becomes perfect only when in the intensity of subjective self-expression the self is forgotten in the expression. Hence the universality of Tagore's lyric appeal. I have already referred to Tagore's nature-lyrics and love-lyrics. They are perfect in motive, in expression, in suggestion. He has further perfected the religious lyric. The beauty of his devotional lyrics deserves special mention because India is a land in which in both Sanscrit and the Vernaculars there is a large body of the most moving devotional poetry and hence it is next to impossible for any subsequent poet to achieve signal praise for devotional poesy. Yet Tagore has achieved the impossible. As has been well said, all the aspirations of mankind are in his hymns. I have discussed his devotional poetry at great length in the succeeding pages. He prays in *Gitanjali* : " Let all my songs gather together their diverse strains into a single current and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation to Thee." The lyrics of childhood in *The Crescent Moon*, the lyrics of life and love in *The Gardener*, the lyrics of heavenly beauty and heavenly love in *Gitanjali*, and the inexpressibly beautiful lyrics scattered in his dramatic works show how full of variety and beauty is Tagore's lyrical genius and how wonderful is his lyric achievement.



One of the finest built up yacht scenes ever put on the stage a setting from
The Marriage Market including

—BRUCE CRIVEN, KOMBER MICHAELS, E. A. POWELL—

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ation, dialogue, progress of the narrative in a natural manner, and wealth of incident—which are all necessary elements for stage effect and lasting emotional appeal—are well attended to by the great dramatists of India. In Tagore's plays though characterisation and dialogue are very good, there is no attempt at wealth of incident or display of character in action or clash of personalities or working towards a *denouement* while keeping the audience in suspense and breathless expectation. But their naturalness, simplicity, lyric beauty, musical charm; and subtle spiritual suggestion are remarkable, and we owe to him a new and original dramatic form of great poetic beauty and spiritual elevation.

Those who have had the rare privilege and happiness of hearing Tagore's songs especially as sung by him speak in rapturous terms about them. Such musical perfection can be born only in a country where there is a great musical tradition, a plastic and susceptible language, and a deep and widespread love of song in the people. All these requirements are satisfied all over India and especially in Bengal. The *Harikatha* and *Sankirthana* movements are still full of vitality and are making for unity, purity, and piety among Indian humanity. Human love and love of nature catch a new radiance from God-love and shine with a deathless and heavenly glow which is not theirs in other lands, and musical emotion kindled by them everywhere gets a new quickening and heightening by alliance with spiritual rapture. Even

To return to the revival at Daly's of *A Waltz Dream*; as I have said, it had a most successful run, but George Edwardes was working hard behind the scenes on a new production for the theatre. This was *The Marriage Market*, which was first presented there on May 17, 1913. It was adapted from the German by Gladys Unger, with lyrics by Arthur Anderson and Adrian Ross, and music by Victor Jacobi.

The cast included G. P. Huntley (Lord Hurlingham), W. H. Berry (Blinker, valet to Lord Hurlingham), Robert Michaelis (Jack Fleetwood, known as "Slippery Jack"), E. A. Douglas (Senator Gilroy), Tom Walls (Bald Faced Sandy, Sheriff of Mendocino Bluff); Hugh Wakefield, now well-known on the stage and screen, played the small part of Hi-Ti (Chinese Bar Keeper). A famous entertainer of the present day, Ronald Frankau, was a member of the chorus in *The Marriage Market* at Daly's. He was then Frank Ronalds. Harry Dearth appeared as the Captain of the "Mariposa," Gertie Millar as Kitty Kent, Avice Kelham as Emma (maid to Mariposa), Elise Craven as a Middy and Sari Petrass as Mariposa Gilroy.

Here is the synopsis of scenery: Act 1. Mendocino Bluff, Southern California (E. H. Ryan); Act 2. The Yacht "Mariposa" anchored in the Bay of San Francisco (Alfred Terraine); Act 3. Senator Gilroy's Palace, San Francisco (E. H. Ryan). Production by Edward Royce. The composer, Victor Jacobi, though not the equal of Franz Lehar and Leo Fall, supplied most agreeable music. His orchestration is full of colour and he also writes with dramatic point.

The Times notice of May 19, 1913, said:—

"Mr. Huntley is entirely delightful, while Mr. Berry is his very amusing self. Miss Avice Kelham has plenty of brightness and jollity. Miss Elise Craven is a girlish but attractive midshipman. Mr. Michaelis is picturesque and forcible enough to compensate for Miss Sari Petrass's lack of dramatic power. Miss Gertie Millar only wants a little more and a little better material."

In January, 1914, Unity More took up the part of Emma in *The Marriage Market*, replacing Avice Kelham.

Tom Walls played quite a small part in *The Marriage Market*, made his first appearance on the stage in a pantomime in Glasgow in 1905, and two years later he was appearing on the London stage. He had been a policeman, after having abandoned his apprenticeship to locomotive engineering, in the belief that he could find fame and excitement as an expert crime investigator. He did not, however, realise this ambition. Eventually he left his "beat" to join a pierrot troupe, and from there got his first pantomime engagement. Tom

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prose style in which the graces of poetry adorn without weakening the simplicity and directness of the prose. I have discussed his *Sadhana* in a later chapter and his miscellaneous prose writings in the penultimate chapter. They show how well he has understood Indian ideals, how true is his vision as to the duty of Indians and the destiny of India now and hereafter, how well he has entered into the spirit of the greatest poets of our nation—especially Kalidasa—and how Tagore is not only our greatest poet but also the most far-sighted, patriotic, and true-hearted lover and servant of India.

We may well ask why Tagore has not excelled in writing long narrative or epic poems. The glory of the lyric art carries with it its own limitation. One passionate soaring into the highest empyrean of thought and emotion, and then a quick descent—such is the nature of the lyric mood. The narrative and epic poets do not soar very high but

“ Sail with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air ”

and maintain their flight for a long time. Tagore has—and cannot help having—the special merits and limitations of his unique and wonderful poetic genius.

His art passed through three stages of development—the first dealing with the raptures of life and love ; the second dealing with his motherland's duties, greatness, mission, and destiny ; and the third dealing with the highest longings and aspirations of mankind yearning

which specialised in supplying animals for the stage to all the leading theatres. Jenny appeared in many West End productions, and once with Sarah Bernhardt. Her earnings were as much as £9 a week. She never would enter the stage door at Daly's without the inducement of several lumps of sugar offered by the stage-door keeper. She was eventually bought by a costermonger, W. J. Byatt, of Hoxton, where she "kissed" all comers to her snug stable. When not appearing on the stage, Jenny earned her living by hauling Byatt's donkey-cart round the streets. She was a great Daly favourite.

On March 6, 1914, King George V. and Queen Mary witnessed a performance of *The Marriage Market* at Daly's Theatre. On arrival, their Majesties were received by the then Manager, the immaculate T. J. Courtly. Courtly was one of the Guv'nor's managers on tour before he came to Daly's Theatre, and was formerly with Sir George Dance. He represented the Tower and Palace Company Ltd., Blackpool, in London until he died.

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debased the King's coinage." Love of phrasing has become a craze, and the search for the effective and jewelled phrase has become such a preoccupation with Mr. Chesterton and other leading prosewriters of to-day that the older prose style—pure, lucid, full of sweet cadences and harmonies—has almost disappeared. Tagore's English is pure and simple and harmonious. As the reviewer of Tagore's poems in the *Quarterly Review* says, we see in them "an English style which combines at once the feminine grace of poetry with the virile power of prose." He well calls the *Gitanjali* "this flower of English prose."

But the great significance of Tagore's works is of course their being masterpieces of literature in the Bengali language. I have already shown how the existence of a number of great languages in India—each with a great literature and great literary traditions—is no real menace to national unity. Even they have innumerable beauties in common and have a further bond of union in the common allegiance and love they have for the divine Sanscrit. The modern agitators who set up the English tongue against the vernaculars and the Sanscrit, the Sanscrit against the vernaculars, or the vernaculars against the Sanscrit are traitors to the national cause, and they are responsible for a great deal of the intellectual sterility and social disunion that now disfigure this fair and sacred land of ours. They are more in evidence in the

abandoned. He decided on the revival of a tried favourite, and so on October 28, 1914, *A Country Girl* followed *The Marriage Market* at Daly's Theatre. It was a sound choice, for *A Country Girl* is, in my opinion, one of the best and most durable of English musical plays.

The cast included Robert Michaelis (Geoffrey Challoner), Leedham Bantock (The Rajah of Bhong), Tom Walls (Sir Joseph Verity), Vernon Davidson (Douglas Verity), Willie Warde (Granfer Mummery), Pop Cory (Lord Anchester), Arthur Wellesley (Captain Grassmere), and W. H. Berry as Barry. Winifred Barnes appeared as Marjory Joy, Mabel Sealby (Madame Sophie), Clara Butterworth (Princess Melaneth of Bhong), Phyllis le Grand (Miss Quintin Raikes), Kate Welch (Nurse), Elise Craven (Miss Carruthers), Veda le Grand (Lady Arnott), Modesta Daly (Lady Anchester), Winsome Russell (Lady Cynthia Abbey), Elsie Spencer (Miss Ecroyd), Connie Stewart (Miss Courtlands), Dolly Dombey (Miss Egerton), and Gertie Millar as Nan. Stage production was by Edward Royce, and scenery by Alfred Terraine.

In the first act a new number, "The Sailor Man," words by Adrian Ross and music by Lionel Monckton, was introduced for Robert Michaelis, and new words were written by Adrian Ross for the "Molly the Marchioness" song for Gertie Millar. In the second act there was a new opening chorus, a new Adrian Ross song "One of my Customers" for Mabel Sealby as Sophie, a "Crinoline" number for Gertie Millar, and "Devonshire Fairies" also sung by Gertie Millar, with Elise Craven as the dancer.

Clara Butterworth, the Princess, was also provided with a new song entitled "There's a lot of Love in the World," and there were new words for the "Peace" number sung by W. H. Berry. A special number, "Me and Mrs. Brown," composed by Paul Rubens, with words by Adrian Ross, was introduced into the second act for Berry. It is worth recalling that two members of the original cast, Fred Vigay and Willic Warde, took part in the revival.

Arthur Wellesley, who appeared as Captain Grassmere in *A Country Girl* revival, is the fourth Earl Cowley. When he was twenty he was in the chorus in *Peggy* at the Gaiety. Since then he has played in numerous productions, both in London and the United States. When he was Viscount Dangan he appeared as Lord Ronny in *The Girl on the Film* at the Gaiety, and toured America with that Company. In London early in 1911, he went to work in the Quinlan Operatic Company's scenic workshop at Hendon, starting as a paint-room labourer at 25s. a week—cleaning the palettes, mixing the colours, and other odd jobs—rising to 30s. at the end of the first week, and a

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spheres of activity, empty discussions as to how to begin take the place of loyal work. Educate the people and place all your styles before them. We shall then see the survival of the best and fittest style. Every language grows with the growth of the race, and it is absurd to decree that it shall not grow and change. But to rush to the other extreme and discard all the beautiful traditions of literature and art that have grown and gathered during the ages, and to make the new literary style an echo of the spoken tongue which has become debased by literature having had no popular appeal in the middle ages and having been in the hands of literary coteries is an unpatriotic, shortsighted, and suicidal act.

There is a complaint even in Bengal that though Tagore's poetic genius and artistic vigilance have enabled him, while handling the Bengali tongue in a new manner and freeing it from its classical fetters, not to cross the line that separates the laws of poetic expression from license and slang, others who have been his followers and imitators have crossed the line and are murdering the language. There have been great masters of the vernaculars in India till within a few decades ago, and our duty, while trying to achieve directness and terseness of expression which is one of the chief glories of the English language, is to study the masterpieces of vernacular literature and follow not in a spirit of slavish homage but in a spirit of love the

Cinderella theme. It ran for 391 performances.

There are three acts, the first being the Earl of Beverley's House in Regent's Park; the second, the Garden of the Earl of Beverley's House, and the third, Lord Playne's House in London. A simpler or more tender little love piece was never produced at Daly's—that is the highest tribute I can pay to the charms of *Betty*.

Winifred Barnes, who played the title role, made her first appearance on the stage at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in December, 1907; as one of the Varsity girls in the Gaiety musical play *The Girls of Gottenberg*. Later she joined the chorus of *Our Miss Gibbs* at the Gaiety. She then retired from the stage to study singing seriously, and gave a recital at Bechstein Hall. George Edwardes was in the audience. He immediately offered her an engagement at Daly's Theatre, and she succeeded Sari Petrass in the part of Mariposa in *The Marriage Market* at four hours' notice. She toured the provinces in this part, and in May, 1916, she appeared in *The Happy Day*. Death cut short her brilliant career in April, 1935, at the age of 40.

says again : "In the verses composed in my later years I have striven to introduce the music of current speech, simply because popular language runs freely and gladly like a sparkling brook. Its wavelets dance and babble naturally. The lines you quoted from my *Gitanjali* are written to evoke the clash of consonants in collision..... The tears in the eyes and the smile on the lips of our own native muse have been hidden behind the meretricious tinsel of a veil borrowed from Sanskrit. We have forgotten how piercing and significant is the glance of her dark eyes! I have done what I can to pull aside the encumbering garment. Followers of convention may blame ; I care not a whit. Let them, if they will, appraise the workmanship of the veil and the price of its glistening embroidery. What I want to see is the bright eyes behind it. In them you will find a wealth of beauty not quoted in the market rates of the bazaar's pedantry."

One of the beautiful traits of Tagore's style is its simplicity, spontaneity, and freshness. It flows in its limpid grace like a mountain brook beneath golden sunshine. It is a real joy to watch this combination of perfect grace of form and perfect simplicity. Further, his instinct for the right word is also admirable. The definition that prose is words in their best order and that poetry is the best words in their best order seems to be peculiarly applicable to Tagore's work. Again, his sense of decoration and ornamentation is perfect.

said he was not brutally treated, but it was very galling having to put up with official gibes and insults. "And all the time, at all hours, they were shouting and ringing their jangling bells to celebrate victories until their own wounded protested at the noise. Oh, yes, they had fully made up their minds they were going to win, and all they could talk about was an invasion of England. But there was one young Englishman they couldn't bully. He was a smart young chap, what you might call a 'nut,' and nothing seemed to upset him. When, like the rest of us, he was marched into the police office, shouted at, and told he must report himself, he just smiled and remarked, 'Quite seasonable weather we're having, don't you think, Commissioner?'"

"The Commissioner frowned at him and made no reply, but the young fellow lounged gracefully against the wall and talked for ten minutes until he had the Commissioner furious but impotent. Two hours after he had been dismissed, our young Englishman again presented himself at the police station, still smiling. 'What do you want?' growled the Commissioner. 'Oh, nothing,' was the cool reply. 'I thought as I was passing I might just as well report myself, and I forgot to say before that last year's weather could not compare with this. Talking about weather, . . .'"

"'Get out,' yelled the commissioner, 'and don't let me see your dirty face again!' And he never did," said Mr. Edwardes, laughing. "We had no idea how the war was going, and the German stories made very humpy reading. I've had enough of Germany to last me the rest of my life."

"Was it solely on account of your health that they let you go?" Mr. Dunn inquired. "Only partly that," Edwardes replied. "An American journalist reported my case to a Chicago paper, and as the Germans are extremely anxious to keep well in with the Americans, they decided to let me go. But my health did not trouble them. When I came away the officials wished me to come through Switzerland, and when the doctor said the long journey might mean my death, the only official comment was, 'A railway train is as good as any place to die in.' As it was, they sent me to Holland by the longest possible route so as to avoid a glimpse of the Rhine, which for some very good reason they are guarding from inquisitive eyes."

"And you will be glad to get back home?"

"Glad!" exclaimed the Guv'nor. "It will be a happy moment when I tread London streets again."

George Edwardes was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery on October 7, 1915. There were many striking tributes of affectionate regard. An immense gathering of mourners was present at a solemn

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ther shores of an ocean of mystery—Sometimes she is to be seen in the autumn morning, sometimes in the flowery midnight, sometimes we receive an intimation of her in the depths of our heart—Sometimes I hear her voice when I turn my ear to the sky.’ The tune of my song led me to the very door of that stranger who ensnares the universe and appears in it, and I said :

“ Wandering over the world.

I come to thy land,

I am a guest at thy door, O stranger.”

I give below a few salient examples of Tagore’s golden felicities of style, though I know full well that to do the work adequately within this limited compass is an impossibility. To appreciate his style fully the reader must read Tagore often and realise his literary graces with the aid of imagination and love.

Tagore has further a quiet humour of his own—in which the element of irony is softened by love and by sadness at the oddities and contradictions of human life which is meant for better things but is allowed by us to be soiled by the mire of sins and sorrows and hates and lies.

“ Oh the vow of a man ! Surely thou knowest, thou god of love, that unnumbered saints and sages have surrendered the merits of their life-long penance at the feet of a woman. ”

(*Chitra*, page 5).

tried Hatton Garden, and spent a year or two in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). When he was studying for the Army, his cousin, Michael Gunn, suggested that he should fill in his spare moments by looking after one of Gunn's companies then touring—*The Lady of Lyons*. Edwardes agreed, and began at Leicester. He grew interested in the work, and resolved to make the theatre his life. A wonderful friendship existed between the two cousins. George Edwardes was many years the junior of Michael Gunn, whom he regarded as the best and ablest man he ever knew.

Edwardes took pride in the fact that he was at one time associated with Mrs. D'Oyly Carte—mother of Rupert D'Oyly Carte.

"Much of what I knew about the business of the theatre," he said, "I acquired from knowing that remarkable woman."

He was appointed acting manager to D'Oyly Carte at the Opera Comique in 1875, after his touring engagement.

C. J. Abud tells the following characteristic anecdote of George Edwardes.

"I shall never forget my first meeting with George Edwardes. We were boyish acting managers together, and first came into contact in 1880, when I was at the Globe, managing for Lord Kilmorey, and he was at the Opera Comique when *H.M.S. Pinafore* was produced, looking after the interests of Michael Gunn, who had a share with D'Oyly Carte. These two theatres joined each other. I soon got to know George by sight, but did not meet him personally till one night he ran into me at the Globe and said, 'I wish to goodness you would let me go up to the roof of your theatre.' Not unnaturally I wondered whether he had gone mad.

"What on earth for? I asked.

"Well, the truth is, D'Oyly Carte is waiting for me at the box-office, and I am supposed to be in the theatre. I want you to let me out of the trap-door of the Opera Comique. Do you understand?"

"I understood! It was a daring project—a truly George Edwardes project! But like most of George Edwardes' startling schemes, it came off. He crossed from the roof on one theatre to the roof of the other, down again—*et voila!* He found D'Oyly Carte impatiently waiting for him at the box-office. And George Edwardes, with that sang-froid which was one of his most amazing and amusing characteristics, calmly informed Carte that he had just been counting the gallery!"

C. J. Abud was at one time Sarah Bernhardt's English manager. He also ran his own companies on tour and owned the touring rights

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"I bind in bonds of pain and bliss the lives of men and women."

(*Chitra*, page 1).

"Instantly he leapt up with straight tall limbs, like a sudden tongue of fire from a heap of ashes."

(*Do.* page 4).

"It seemed to me that the heart of the earth must heave in joy under her bare white feet."

(*Do.* page 11).

"She bared her bosom and looked at her arms, so flawlessly modelled, and instinct with an exquisite caress."

(*Do.* page 12).

"You alone are perfect ; you are the wealth of the world, the end of all poverty, the goal of all efforts, the one woman !"

(*Do.* page 18).

"A limitless life of glory can bloom and pend itself in a morning : Like an endless meaning in the narrow span of a song."

(*Do.* pages 20, 21).

"Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes."

(*Chitra*, page 24).

"Come in the lispings leaves, in the youthful surrender of flowers ;

Come in the flute songs and the wistful signs of the woodlands !"

(*The King of the Dark Chamber* page 7).

knew to make it go, even to changing the theatre, he dropped money all the time. At last he got a song composed by Cellicr. This number was "Queen of my Heart"—the biggest smash-hit of the time. It made *Dorothy* the rage of the town, but it came too late for Edwardes. Just about that time he happened to meet the elder Grossmith and Rutland Barrington. *Ruddigore* was about to be produced, and they told Edwardes it was going to be the biggest hit of the Gilbert and Sullivan series of operas. Edwardes concluded that *Dorothy* had no chance against such a production. He had decided to withdraw it when his accountant, H. J. Leslie, approached him with an offer to buy *Dorothy* for £1,000. The Guv'nor was sick of the piece and was only too glad to agree to the terms. Immediately, a *Dorothy* boom set in. For his modest outlay Leslie must have netted about £100,000. This is only one instance of luck in the stage lottery. I should mention that *Dorothy* was transferred from the Gaiety to the Prince of Wales' Theatre, where Dame Marie Tempest succeeded Marion Hood in the name part. The play ran for 931 performances at the Prince of Wales' and Lyric Theatres. George Edwardes made two other big errors of judgment. He turned down *The Chocolate Soldier* and *La Poupée*—both huge successes.

Fred Leslie, who remained a member of the Gaiety Company up to the time of his death in 1892, at the early age of 37, was essentially a variety artist of the highest kind. His unexpected and regretted end, following the painful illness of his professional companion, Nellie Farren, was a serious blow to the English theatre. The high esteem in which Nellie Farren was held by the public, and the deep sympathy her illness inspired, was expressed in concrete form on March 17, 1898, in a gigantic benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, organised by George Edwardes. Such an enthusiastic demonstration has probably never been seen before in a London Theatre. Nellie Farren was taken ill before the run of *Cinder Ellen-up-too-late* and her part was taken by Kate James.

Other productions at the Old Gaiety under George Edwardes' management included *Miss Esmeralda*, *Faust-up-to-date*, *Joan of Arc*, *Don Juan*, a revival of *Little Jack Sheppard* with Sir (then Mr.) Seymour Hicks as Jonathan Wild, in 1894, and *In Town*. In 1888 the Gaiety was turned over to a limited company, George Edwardes remaining as Managing Director until 1915, with a remuneration of £1,800 a year.

The Torcador, put on in 1901, was the last production at the old Gaiety, and the last night was on July 4, 1903—an event never to be forgotten by those who were present. When the doors opened in

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Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening."

(*The Crescent Moon*, page 1).

"The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.....Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play."

(*The Crescent Moon*, page 4).

"Out of the blank darkness of our lampless meeting-place used to stream forth strains and songs and melodies, dancing and vibrating in endless succession and overflowing profusion, like the passionate exuberance of a ceaseless fountain !" (*The King of the Dark Chamber*, pages 144-145).

He has a wonderful faculty of giving faithful and beautiful descriptions of nature and life in India. His love of natural beauty and his intimate realisation of the joys and sorrows of men and women in our land have given him a unique power of delineation of the glories of earth and sea and sky in India and of the lives of men and women. Only a few examples are given below here, as I shall make an attempt in the later portion of this book to interpret fully each great work of Tagore's genius.

"His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW GAIETY.

THE new Gaiety Theatre, which was to reflect the special theatrical style of the Edwardian period, was opened on October 26, 1903, with King Edward and Queen Alexandra standing sponsors. It was designed by Ernest Runtz and built at a cost of £88,000. Frank Brangwyn, the famous R.A., once said that he ranked it among the finest modern buildings in London from the point of architectural harmony.

The new Gaiety opened with *The Orchid*, a musical comedy. Hours before the doors were due to open, George Edwardes was begged to let the crowd in, and he finally agreed. From dawn onwards the great crowd had waited in blustering weather. Among the first arrivals were three young ladies who parked themselves on camp stools at the pit entrance, with luncheon baskets, needlework, and a miniature library. By the afternoon there was the danger of a pavement block, so the Guv'nor gave the word to open the doors.

Among the artists who performed for the first time on the new Gaiety stage were Edmund Payne, George Grossmith, Fred Wright, Jnr., Robert Nainby, Harry Grattan and Lionel Mackinder—destined to be the first prominent actor killed in the last war. Also in *The Orchid* cast were Gertie Millar, Marie Studholme, Gabrielle Ray and Connie Ediss. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton supplied the music, with additional numbers by Paul Rubens. The production was by Sydney Ellison, who staged that lively show *Florodora*.

During the first eight months the new Gaiety earned over £80,000, and the first year's working finished with a profit of £13,811. At the time of writing, this famous theatre is doomed because the £20,000 alterations demanded by the L.C.C. as a condition of renewing the licence is not considered economic.

The Orchid was followed by other successful musical plays under George Edwardes' management, including *The Spring Chicken*, *The New Aladdin*, *The Girls of Gottenberg*, *Havana*, *Our Miss Gibbs*, which held the record run at the new Gaiety. *The Toreador* at the old Gaiety had the longest run of all the Gaiety musical plays, with 675 performances. Peggy followed *Our Miss Gibbs*, then *The Sunshine Girl*, *The Girl on the Film*, *After the Girl* and *Adèle*, a musical play from America which, with the original cast, was a flop. This show

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Where in the evening the tall grassess crested with white flowers invite the moonbeam to float upon their waves."

(*The Crescent Moon*, pages 42-43).

"I have heard the liquid murmur of the river through the darkness of midnight."

(Do. page 70).

"Autumn sunsets have come to me at the bend of a road in the lonely waste, like a bride raising her veil to accept her lover."

(Do. page 70).

"Sunlight danced on the ripples like restless tiny shuttles weaving golden tapestry."

(Do. page 72).

"See, there where Auntie grinds lentils in the quirn, the squirrel is sitting with his tail up and with his wee hands he is picking up the broken grains of lentils and crunching them."

(*The Post Office*, pages 10-11).

"Indeed, they (the parrots) live among the green hills ; and in the time of the sunset when there is a red glow on the hillside, all the birds with their green wings go flocking to their nests !"

(*The Crescent Moon*, pages 62-63).

"Oh it (the waterfall) is like molten diamonds ; and my dear ! what dances they have ! Don't they make the pebbles sing as they rush over them to the sea?"

(Do. page 63).



Photo—Foulsham and Banfield

LILY ELSIE
in the title role in
The Merry Widow

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XII. TAGORE'S MYSTICISM.

In her admirable Introduction to the Translation of *One Hundred Poems by Kabir*, to which I have made frequent reference in these pages, Evelyn Underhill says : " The poetry of mysticism might be defined on the one hand as a temperamental reaction to the vision of Reality : on the other as a form of prophecy. As it is the special vocation of the mystical consciousness to mediate between the two orders, going out in loving adoration towards God and coming home to tell the secrets of eternity to other men ; so the artistic self-expression of this consciousness has also a double character. It is love-poetry, but love-poetry which is often written with a missionary intention.....This willing acceptance of the here-and-now as a means of representing supernal realities is a trait common to the greatest mystics." She says again : " It is a marked characteristic of mystical literature that the great contemplatives, in their effort to convey to us the nature of their communion with the supersensuous, are inevitably driven to employ some form of sensuous imagery, coarse and inaccurate as they know such imagery to be, even at the best. Our normal human consciousness is so completely committed to dependence on the senses, that the fruits of intuition itself are instinctively referred to them. In that intuition it seems to the mystics that all the dim cravings and partial apprehensions of sense find perfect fulfilment. Hence their

body and everything were momentarily sacrificed until perfection, as he understood it, had been attained. Should a luckless actor happen to displease Mr. Edwardes during the final stage of rehearsal, it quite possibly went hard with him . . . 'Take it off; take it off!' he called on one occasion angrily from the stalls during a rehearsal, as he watched the exaggerated antics of a comedian who had been called from the provinces to fill a place in the Gaiety cast. 'What, sir—this wig?' asked the recruit, pointing to a bright red shock head of hair with which he had adorned himself. 'No, no, not the wig; the man inside it!' came the shattering retort.

Now for a Teddy Payne story. While undergoing a serious illness, he had to spend a considerable time in hospital. His thoughts were far from happy, but in the circumstances he did not believe that his reputation as a humorist was in jeopardy, yet, in truth, it was. One evening a nurse approached him deferentially. "Excuse me, Mr. Payne," she said, "but I've been here three weeks and I'm leaving to-morrow. Could you say something funny before I go?"

I have dealt very considerably in this narrative with the two Gaiety Theatres, but they were part of George Edwardes' story, and just as important in his theatrical life story as Daly's.

In his many allusions to the plays he produced, Edwardes spoke most frequently of *A Gaiety Girl*, *The Geisha*, *Kitty Grey*, *A Country Girl*, *Veronique*, *The Little Michus*, and *The Merry Widow*. Of all the actors who appeared under his management, none held a higher place in his memory than Fred Leslie. The Guv'nor placed Leslie above all others for his gifts as an actor, author, manager, dancer, and any contribution that could be made to the success of a musical play. Edwardes was very fond of Leslie, and closed the Gaiety Theatre out of respect to him on the evening of his funeral.

After a very few years of management, the Guv'nor began to extend his operations beyond the Gaiety and Daly's Theatres. He had big ideas, and wanted to produce every play that appealed to him. He would have required all the resources of a bank to stage everything that captured his imagination. He never valued money sufficiently to hoard it, and in these days he was certainly extravagant. He said his father was just the same, and always prepared to exceed the limits of the very modest income he earned. Even in the matter of details in the theatre he was prodigal as well as meticulous. In one play he produced, a cheque was needed. He gave instructions to have special books of cheques printed, and when they were delivered, asked why the penny stamp was not embossed on them!

Up to August, 1915, he had produced 67 original pieces. He was

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mysticism. As Franz Hartmann says : " If our whole time and attention be taken up by the illusions of sense, we will lose the power to perceive that which is supersensuous ; the more we look at the surface, the less will we know of the kernel ; the more we sink into matter, the more will we become unconscious of the spirit which is the life of all things.....The eyes of a world that stepped out from a night of bigotry into the light of day, were dazzled and blinded for a while by the vain glitter of a pile of rubbish and broken pots that had been collected by the advocates of material science, who palmed it off for diamonds and precious stones ; but the world has recovered from the effect of the glare, and realized the worthlessness of the rubbish, and it again seeks for the less dazzling but priceless light of the truth." Indeed, as he says : " A person who peremptorily denies the existence of anything which is beyond the horizon of his understanding, because he cannot make it harmonize with his accepted opinions, is as credulous as he who believes everything without discrimination.....This power of spiritual perception, potentially contained in every man, but developed in a few, is almost unknown to the guardians of science in modern civilization, because learning is often separated from wisdom, and the calculating intellect seeking for worms in the dark caverns of the earth cannot see the genius that floats towards the light and it cannot realize his existence." (Introduction to *Paracelsus*). Not

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRIDES FOR THE NOBILITY.

THE GUV’NOR was not always obedient to his own rules and regulations. One day he had just had the entire back of Daly’s Theatre—scene docks, flies, offices, etc.—pasted with bills threatening instant dismissal to anyone who dared to smoke in any part of the building. An hour or two later, H. Chance Newton caught him coming on to the stage puffing one of his big cigars. Silently Newton drew him from under the “tee piece” and pointed to one of the anti-smoking placards. “Good Lord,” Edwardes moaned, and fled upstairs still smoking. He was at his best when he was at home in his Regent’s Park house at night, comfortably ensconced in a big chair, with his pipe alight. He had his tobacco sent from a little shop in far-away Melbourne, Australia, and would laugh and say: “Ah, you can’t get tobacco like mine.”

An elaborately dressed lady and her accompanist, attended by a footman, carrying her music, were waiting at the stage door of Daly’s Theatre one day, when Sidney Dark, the well-known journalist, had an appointment with George Edwardes, who told Dark that she was a rich woman with stage ambitions, and that she had insisted on singing to him. “I don’t know what to do,” Edwardes said to Dark. “I know she’s no good, but I don’t want to offend her by telling her so.” Then he had an inspiration. He remembered that a member of his company, a young singer with a very beautiful voice, was in the theatre. Sending for her and for Merlin Morgan, the gifted Welsh musician, who was for so many years attached to Daly’s, the Guv’nor told her to go on the stage and sing something, meanwhile sending for the ambitious plutocrat to come down into the wings. “What shall I sing?” asked the girl. “Anything you like, my dear,” said Edwardes, as he hurried Dark into the stalls. The girl sang three or four bars from some song, and then Edwardes stopped her.

“Thank you very much, dear,” he said. “You are quite *good*, but not nearly good enough for my theatres.” The ambitious lady waited to hear no more; she beat a hasty retreat from the theatre.

It never interested George Edwardes that his principals or chorus girls were marrying peers or bankers. He knew them all, yet when they left him he seldom saw or heard from them again.

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a thought of fear or regret for what we leave behind." The mystic has a vivid and rapturous spiritual perception of the unity that underlies all diversity. Spiritual things have to be spiritually discerned, and to scorn the aid of the mystical preception in the case of the spiritual realm is like scorning the aid of eyes in trying to realise the beauty of the sky. The mystic realises God not as an metaphysical abstraction, but as the Divine Lover and Bridegroom, as the Infinite Beauty that shines in the universe and yet transcends it. "The mystic is somewhat in the position of a man who, in a world of blind men, has suddenly been granted sight, and who, gazing at the sunrise, and overwhelmed by the glory of it, tries, however falteringly, to convey to his fellows what he sees."

What is the nature of this spiritual faculty? It has the same revealing power as imagination has in regard to the material and mental realms. Imagination is a unifying force and reveals affinities, similarities, and correspondences among things. The function of the intellect is to apprehend, separate, and classify while that of the senses is to take cognizance of things in separation bit by bit. Hence the mind has a higher unifying power than the senses, and the imagination (not the wild fancy that disports itself amidst the shows of things but the serious faculty that sees into the heart of things) has a higher unifying power than the mind. Imagination is a far and swift traveller and is ever full of radiant sur-

For instance, he said to Marie Studholme on the last night of *Lady Madcap* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre: "You can have that suite of furniture, my dear." That was the whole of one act.

Playgoers in the provinces, in America and all the colonies knew the name of George Edwardes intimately, and honoured it and its owner. Genial and natural, with all the spirit of a sportsman and the politeness of a prince, George Edwardes immediately impressed one as the ideal for the merry monarch of the drama. He was the theatrical hustler, doing a hundred things at once, and doing them right as though by an unerring instinct.

Here is a personal impression of George Edwardes which I think conveys an accurate picture of him. "I had not seen Mr. Edwardes during very many years, but I found him little altered, save for the gathering snows upon his hair, a slight near-born American accent and a few fresh crow's-feet at the edge of his twinkling eyes. His expression was as alert as ever, his instant comprehension of a point amounted to intuition, his sentences were crisp and condensed, yet at the same time lucid and convincing. He faced me, riding pickaback upon a high chair, and helped out all his observations by an eloquence of gesture unusual in an Englishman. When he was sarcastic, he pressed his forefinger to the side of his nose like Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; for extraordinary emphasis he pressed down his thumb like the President of gladiatorial games."

Once asked if he would choose the same life if he had his life over again, the Guv'nor replied: "With all the bitter disappointments I have known, with all the reverses and with all the victories and unexpected successes, the life I chose is the life I would choose if I had my path to tread again. I have never regretted the day I went down to Leicester to take over that acting manager's job, and I have never ceased to be grateful for the chance that set me out on my eventful career."

George Edwardes married Julia Gwynne, a charming actress, who appeared in the first productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Iolanthe* and *Patience*.

Like many others in the theatrical profession, George Edwardes took a great interest in the Turf, and he was practically inspired in this direction by the doings of his sporting brother, Major Edwardes, who took an active part in racing, hunting and polo. Other owners of racehorses who are or were prominent members of the theatrical profession include Frank Curzon, whose horse Call Boy won the Derby in 1927, G. P. Huntley, James White, Tom Walls whose horse April the Fifth won the Derby in 1932, Nelson Keys, Mrs. Langtry,

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Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,

We see into the life of things."

Tintern Abbey.

This faculty is no chance gift but is the result of purity of life, search for wisdom, and Godward love in this birth or in previous births. The mystic having to express the truths realised by him in terms of the mind and the senses, for he has touch with the outer world only through them, earthly relations and unions are adopted as symbols of vividly-realised spiritual unions. It is only in this mystical sense that God is our Father. The mystical Indian mind has realised God as Mother, Beloved, Friend, and Child as well. The expression of divine love in terms of human love is further possible because there is on human love the shadow of the light of divine joy cast by the tree of life. Nature becomes a living Presence to the mystic, and no portion of it is lower or higher than other portions in his eyes. The fall of a yellow and sere leaf is as much an illustration of the flux of things as the disappearance of a human life. It has well been said: "In order to be a true symbol, a thing must be partly the same as that which it symbolises." Hence mystic symbolism is more than a figure of speech ; it is the passionate expression of a really and vividly felt fact of inner experience. Blake well describes this feeling thus :

"To see a world in a grain of sand
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

me, and Shaw's sister, Miss Lucy Carr Shaw, who is one of the cleverest women I know, upheld me in the idea. 'If you produce it, my brother will be sure to bring an injunction against you,' she told me. 'He will——.' Well, there really was no saying what he will not do, and so I let the chance slip."

Some years ago criticisms of musical comedy were levelled at George Edwardes by Sir (then Mr.) John Hare. The Guv'nor's reply was as follows:—"I am surprised that so eminent a man as Mr. Hare should have talked in such a manner. He suggests that musical comedy is really dependent on clowning. That is absurd. Who wants to go and see clowning? People come to be amused. A comedy, whether musical or not, attracts only if intrinsically clever and if interpreted by clever comedians. You see, in musical comedy, an actor or actress must necessarily be far more versatile. They must not only be able to act, but they must also know how to dance and, as a rule, they must be accomplished musical performers. If they possess only one of these requisites, or even two, they are rarely of use to us. Look at the late Fred Leslie. I know no one who could rival him on the stage. It was not merely that he was funny when he liked, but he could also put in pathos and tragedy and all the subtler emotions better than anyone else. Why, he played *David Garrick*, and did it as well as any actor of the present can do it." *David Garrick* was, of course, Sir Charles Wyndham's masterpiece, and it has been said that he had no equal in the part.

Before continuing my story of the various Daly's productions, I will quote what that great light comedian, George Grossmith, said about musical comedy in 1927.

"Musical comedy, whatever else may be said against it, has proved since its inception undoubtedly the most popular and commercially successful form of entertainment, not only in England and the Dominions but in the United States. French critics of repute and great French actors like the elder Guitry and Réjane expressed it as their opinion that it has provided some of the best of English dramatic artists, if not of English dramatic art. The great German producer, Max Reinhardt, told me personally that he shared this opinion, but beyond all question it has certainly provided a fine school for the drama. Apart from clever buffoonery and interpolations there has been some really brilliant straight acting in musical plays.

"Edward Terry of the old Gaiety Burlesques was an actor of the front rank, as is G. P. Huntley. Fred Leslie (whose career on the stage was far too short) was entirely at the top of the tree, and could in the middle of the most delightful foolery suddenly change his

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it is genius ; when it breathes through his will it is will, it is virtue ; when it flows through his affection, it is love."

(The Oversoul).

Hence it is that the great mystics of the world become great poets, musicians, prophets, geniuses, and leaders of humanity without aiming at such a consummation. All the evils of the world—lust, avarice, anger, ignorance, vanity, and hate—arise from our blindness of vision. By imagination we realise our unity in a common humanity and our brotherhood. By mystic vision we realise our unity in God. All the wars of the world are due to the tyranny of the senses and the mind. The senses crave satisfaction and are separating forces. The good things of life must be for me alone ; let me kill that man and take his good things for my use,—that is the whisper of the senses. If one heeds their siren voice he is spiritually lost. The mind is ever a vain thing. It says to the soul :—That is a barbarian, a man of low mind ; for the sake of the mental uplift of the world let that low type disappear ; let me bear the burden ; kill off that savage and let me, the civilised one capable of high mentation, live in proud glory under the sky without my eye being vexed by the sight of that savage. This is the whisper of the mind. If one heeds its siren voice he is spiritually lost. Alas ! what has not the tyranny of the mind and the senses to answer for at the bar of Love ! What unhappiness, deep agony, shattered homes and

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRADITION MAINTAINED.

GEORGE EDWARDES'S triumphs at Daly's and the Gaiety have to some extent overshadowed his successes in other theatres. At the Adelphi, for instance, he scored a series of smash-hits, of which *The Quaker Girl*, produced in 1910, ran for 536 performances.

Joseph Coyne—a very good judge—described this piece as the best English musical comedy ever written, and the composer, Lionel Monckton, classed it among his finest work. Since the Adelphi audience first heard it, *The Quaker Girl* has been performed so many times in London and the provinces that theatrical statisticians have lost count. It must be placed among George Edwardes' happiest choices. The Adelphi cast included Hayden Coffin, James Blakeley, Elsie Spain, Gracie Leigh and Gertie Millar.

Autumn Manoeuvres, a military musical play, followed *The Quaker Girl* at the Adelphi in May, 1912, with Gracie Leigh, Louie Pounds—sister of Courtice Pounds—Robert Evett and Huntley Wright in the cast. It was succeeded in October, 1912, by *The Dancing Mistress*, with music by Lionel Monckton. Joseph Coyne and Gertie Millar starred, and were supported by Gracie Leigh, James Blakeley and Mdlle. Caumont. In May, 1913, Gertie Millar retired from the part of Nancy Joyce, which was then played by Phyllis Dare. The piece ran at the Adelphi until October, 1913. George Edwardes then produced *The Girl from Utah*, a musical play by J. T. Tanner and Paul Rubens, music by Paul Rubens and Sidney Jones. It had a run of 195 performances. The cast included Alfred de Manby, Edmund Payne, Joseph Coyne, Phyllis Dare, Gracie Leigh and Ina Claire, who was the youngest actress Edwardes ever engaged for a leading part. She was not yet twenty. As a child, she took part in amateur performances, became a professional mimic in New York when she was fifteen, and, after making a hit in *The Quaker Girl* in the same city, she was secured by George Edwardes for musical comedy in London for three years.

J. A. E. Malone was at the head of affairs at the Adelphi Theatre during George Edwardes's reign. Charlton Mann, who possesses a thorough knowledge of every department of the theatre, was business manager. Joe Coyne, whose last big success was in *No, No, Nanette*

truly that the great mystical writers in English can be grouped according to the five main pathways by which they have seen the vision—Love, Beauty, Nature, Wisdom, Devotion. It is not possible to do more than mention here a few great names.—Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, Blake, Vaughan, Donne, Richard Rolle and others have made us realise “discord blending into harmony, difference merging into unity.”

The most glorious and perfect manifestations of the mystical vision are to be found in India. The wonderful beauty and sublimity of Nature in India, the existence of a race dowered with a rare faculty of insight, and other favourable circumstances are responsible for this wonderful and unique phenomenon. Ernest Horowitz says in his *Short History of Indian Literature* : “The ancients meant by theosophy intuitive wisdom which shines in pure and selfless hearts. . But the modern teachings which are labelled theosophical, though they have appropriated the venerable name and the occult phraseology which has gathered round it, have caught little of the hidden spirit, the soul’s truest and best. Far sounder is the teaching supplied by Master Eckhart (1300 A. D.) and Jacob Boehme (1600 A. D.) two German theosophists ; but what is the pale light of their veiled utterances compared to the vivid realisation and fearless language of the golden Upanishads ?”

Tagore is a great mystic, poet, and saint. His is the

produced on May 13, 1916, and ran for 241 performances. The cast included Arthur Wontner, Thorpe Bates, Mark Lester, Lauri de Frece, G. P. Huntley, Winifred Barnes, Rosina Filippi, Nellie Taylor, Eva Kelly, Unity More and José Collins as Camille Joyeuse.

José Collins made a name in America when appearing with Gaby Deslys in *The Merry Countess*, which was subsequently produced in England as *The Night Birds*. Almost overnight she became a star, and would probably have stayed permanently in the United States if Robert Evett, who was in New York, had not pressed her to sign a contract to appear in London. At first she refused, but after much pressure she was persuaded to relinquish her American Engagements. Even then it is doubtful whether she would have come to England if Evett had not sent his secretary over to New York to get her signature to a contract and bring José with him. The outcome was her appearance at Daly's in *The Happy Day* and a glorious debut in London.

A well-known critic wrote of *The Happy Day* at Daly's: "Beautiful, magnificent, brilliant, dazzling—all the old adjectives that used to be applied to productions at Daly's in the George Edwardes days may be applied to *The Happy Day*, with some new ones in addition. For besides being spectacularly lovely and musically delightful, the play actually has a plot." *The Times* of May 15, 1916, joined in the chorus of praise: "It is all very splendid; a good deal of the music, especially that of Mr. Sidney Jones, has operatic ambition, but the poor little story gets lost among all the gorgeousness; and we cannot help suspecting that some of the huge feast will have to go. In Act 2 (Scene 1, which lasts more than an hour and a half) Miss José Collins had two elaborate 'song-scenas,' as they used to be called; and the enthusiasm aroused by the second seemed as great as that aroused by the first. No one would want to spare a minute of Miss Unity More's dancing. As time goes on, Mr. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Lauri de Frece, warming to their work, will want more, not less time in which to practise their engaging villainies. Perhaps, after all, it will be the poor little story that must be sacrificed. But we hope that nothing will be lost of the princely Mr. Wontner, nor that of trenchant Mistress of the Robes, so masterfully played by Miss Rosina Filippi."

G. P. Huntley's appearance in *The Happy Day* was his last at Daly's. His career on the stage may be said to have been predestined, for both his father and mother were members of the theatrical profession. He toured for four years with the Kendals. *Kitty Grey*, produced by George Edwardes at the Apollo Theatre in September, 1901, for a run of 220 performances, brought Huntley into the front

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"When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals,
you hovered as a fragrance about it."

(Do. page 16).

"At sunrise open and raise your heart like a
blossoming flower, and at sunset bend your head
and in silence complete the worship of the day."

(Do. page 80).

" My beloved is ever in my heart
That is why I see him everywhere

.

Come to my heart and see his face in the tears of
my eyes !"

(*The King of the Dark Chambre*, page 21).

"But me the wild winds of unscalable heights have
touched and kissed—Oh, I know not when or
where!"

(Do. page 88).

"The music of enchantment will pursue them and
pierce their hearts."

(Do. page 58).

"My sorrow is sweet to me in this spring night.
My pain smites at the chords of my love and
softly sings.

Visions take birth from my yearning eyes and flit
in the moonlit sky.

The smells from the depths of the woodlands have
lost their way in my dreams.

Words come in whispers to my ears, I know not
from where,

And bells in my anklets tremble and jingle in tune

The Girl from Utah, another Adelphi production, and of *The Dairy Maids* with Frank Tours, composer of the ever-popular "Mother O' Mine." Incidentally, I was at school with Frank.

Rubens's musical output was enormous. With Howard Talbot he composed *The Blue Moon*, and all the music for two successful musical plays, *The Balkan Princess* and *Miss Hook of Holland*. He contributed songs to *Florodora*. He collaborated with George Grossmith in a musical play, *Great Caesar*, which was produced at the Comedy Theatre in 1899, with Grossmith himself as Marc Antony. Sidney Jones once said of Paul Rubens: "He could turn out four or five numbers while I was taking off my hat and coat." In addition to the works listed above, Rubens composed part of the incidental music for Sir Herbert Tree's production of *Twelfth Night* in 1901.

Interviewed before the production of *After the Girl* at the Gaiety in 1914, Rubens said: "It is very easy to poke fun at a musical play, but there are some things which it is unfair to analyse. Few people realise the work entailed in the writing and composing of a musical play, how situations have to be altered to make room for songs, how songs have to be changed to suit situations, how music has to be sacrificed for stage effects, how scenes have to be devised to afford opportunities for this or that artist, how arrangements have to be made to enable the chorus to change their costumes for the next scene, and how actors or actresses have to make their exits early in this or that scene so as to be dressed in time for the commencement of the one that follows."

Gracie Fields, after her broadcast on the Sunday evening of July 30, 1939, following her recovery from her operation, sang Paul Rubens' popular song, "I Love the Moon," which started it on a new course of life. The song recalls one of the most moving love stories of the stage. Paul Rubens fell in love with Phyllis Dare. For three years he travelled all over the country to be near her. But it was an ill-starred love. Rubens had consumption and knew he had not long to live. When death was approaching, he poured out his secret longings in a song which he dedicated to Phyllis Dare—"I Love the Moon." He took it down to Brighton, where she was appearing, to play it over to her. She was so touched by its haunting melody that she sang it that night. It received a great reception.

In February, 1917, Paul Rubens died at the age of forty-one. His

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of my life." (Gitanjali, page 35).

"What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God from this overflowing cup of my life?"

(Gitanjali, page 61).

Tagore has a rare and wonderful faculty of realising and expressing the spiritual significance of things. This faculty is overwhelmed in us by the surging tides of worldliness, strife, and desire. But those who have attained the inner heights of peace and love and renunciation see things in the light of the soul and realise the right relations of things. In trying to understand his style, we must bear this aspect in our minds prominently. I give below a few examples of this great faculty.

"It seems to me because the earth can't speak, it raises its hands into the sky and beckons. And those who live far off, and sit alone by their windows can see the signal."

(The Post Office, pages 14-15).

"Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad."

(Gitanjali, page 53).

XIII. TAGORE'S RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

Carlyle has called religion "the chief fact with regard to man;" and it is very interesting to know Tagore's religious ideas, both because religion is the most important element of a man's life, and because in

Two of the numbers in question are "A Bachelor Gay" and "A Paradise for Two." The waltz song, "Love will find a Way" is, of course, world famous, as are many of the other numbers.

On July 26, 1939, petitioners at Manchester Assizes smiled when Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson and Mr. Justice Stable were heralded into Court by the official trumpeters playing "Love will find a Way." The Judges were entering to begin the first of a list of 119 divorce cases !

The Maid of the Mountains rocketed José Collins to stardom in England. She was at Daly's for six years ; her association with the theatre ceased as the result of disagreement with James White, who believed he could make a fortune there. One day he said to her : "José, you've got to go." She says in her book that she was determined to have the last word, seeing that it was she and Bobby Evett who had put Daly's on the map again. Striding towards White with outstretched arm, she said : "I have gipsy blood in my veins, and I tell you you're going to come to a sticky end. I am glad I'm going."

If *The Maid of the Mountains* had failed, there would have been an end of the great George Edwardes tradition at Daly's. It was a "sink or swim" venture. Expenses were cut down ; scenery was planned for the smallest possible chorus, and José Collins temporarily agreed to take £50 a week—she had been drawing £500 in America. But the venture did not fail. Even the 778 performances of *The Merry Widow* look small beside the stupendous total of *The Maid of the Mountains'* 1,352 performances, which created a record for a musical play at Daly's, and is second in theatrical history only to *Chut-Chin-Chow's* run of 2,238 performances. José Collins, it is said, grew almost hysterical with the sheer boredom of repetition during the long run.

The cast at Daly's included Lauri de Frece (Tonio), Mark Lester (General Malona), Thorpe Bates (Beppo), Arthur Wontner (Baldasarre), Mabel Sealby (Vittoria), and José Collins as Teresa. *The Times* welcomed the piece thus :

"There were cheers for everybody at the end of *The Maid of the Mountains* at Daly's on Saturday—for Mrs. George Edwardes, for Mr. Robert Evett, the producer (Mr. Oscar Asche) ; for Mr. Harold Fraser-Simson, the writer of most of the delightful music ; for Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, the author of the book, and for all the players. Mr. Fraser-Simson's contribution of the evening is no small one. All his music is light and dainty, some of it quite admirable, notably 'Humour Among Thieves' and 'Live for a Day' ; while one of Mr. James W. Tate's interpolated numbers, 'A Bachelor Gay,'

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veins night and day, runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures.

It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow."

(*Gitanjali*, pages 64 and 65.)

He cries out exultingly:—

"In this play-house of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless."
(*Gitanjali*, page 88.)

Tagore teaches again and again in a convincing manner the immortality of the soul and its ascent through many births to the lotus feet of God.

"Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life."

(*Gitanjali*, page 1).

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it long.

I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune."



Photo—Foulsham and Banfield

SARI PETRASS

as Mariposa

(seen with "Jenny" the donkey with a stage history), in
The Marriage Market

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light, will be my last gift to thee, my God
folded in my final song.

There was none in the world who ever saw her
face to face, and she remained in her loneliness
waiting for thy recognition."

(*Gitanjali*, pages 61, and 62).

"The flowers have been woven and the garland is
ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding
the bride shall leave her home and meet her
lord alone in the solitude of night."

(*Gitanjali*, page 84).

Tagore teaches that the raptures of divine union can
be attained only by love, renunciation, and utmost
simplicity and self-surrender.

"My song has put off her adornment. She has
no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments
would mar our union; they would come between
thee and me; their jingling would drown thy
whispers.

"My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy
sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy
feet. Only let me make my life simple and
straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with
music."

(*Gitanjali*, page 6).

The highest teaching of Hindu thought is that it is
by this *Atma Nivedana* (surrender of our self to Him
and substituting His will in the place of our will on the

José Collins is the daughter of Lottie Collins of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" fame. Always in a prominent position on her dressing-table was an old-time photograph of her famous mother, of whom she was very proud. By a mere accident of provincial touring José, Lottie Collins's second daughter, was born in Manchester, a city which fittingly saw the first night of her greatest triumph.

When little more than a toddler, she began her education at St. Joseph's Convent, Wolverhampton, and at thirteen she made her first appearance on the stage. To her great grief, however, she was sent back to school, for her mother did not want her to adopt the stage as a profession. As a great favour, however, she was allowed to appear with Sir Harry Lauder as his "Scotch Bluebell" in a Glasgow pantomime of *Aladdin*. She was an instantaneous success, and by the time she was 16, she had a big provincial reputation both as a singer and a dancer. At seventeen she made her West End debut at the London Pavilion, where she sang "My Tiny Firefly" and "I've Built a Bamboo Bungalow For You." Pay, however, was poor, and often she had to sing at five halls a night to earn a living wage. Four times since the production of *The Maid of the Mountains* José Collins returned to the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, for new productions of *A Southern Maid* (two seasons), *Our Peg* and *Sybil*, and on each occasion she returned to town to find the West End still clamouring for her. José Collins was married to Lord Robert Innes-Ker (the marriage was dissolved in 1935) during the run of *A Southern Maid* at Daly's.

If José Collins had elected to devote her genius to grand opera, there is no doubt that she would have become one of the most popular of prima donnas. Many experienced critics declared that she would have been a great Carmen. She had the right physical equipment for the part—grace of figure, brilliant eyes, and a temperament essential for such parts as Nedda in *Pagliacci*. But the parts she played in *The Maid of the Mountains*, *A Southern Maid*, *Sybil*, and *The Last Waltz* demonstrated that the critics' views were well-founded.

José Collins achieved other successes in *Our Peg*, *Catherine*, *Our Nell*, and *Frasquita*. She appeared in vaudeville in 1925 or 1926, playing in London and at some of the large provincial towns. Her vaudeville partner was Thorpe Bates. José said that one of the reasons she returned to vaudeville was that she could sing what she liked without being tied down to one part for months and years with the dread of going "stale."

Lauri de Frece was an outstanding performer in *The Maid of the Mountains*. His brilliant career was cut short on August 25, 1921,

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XIV. TAGORE'S CONCEPTION OF WOMANHOOD.

A great poet's conception of womanhood is always a real and sure test of his art. If art is the revelation of beauty and love, it must find the heaven of a woman's heart to be its fittest shrine. There is sure to be something shallow and unworthy about the art which has glitter and even power, but which takes a low view of womanhood. Woman is the guardian of the emotional and spiritual elements of the race; she has the divine gifts of sympathy and intuition, and her heart soars on the wings of sympathy and intuition over seemingly insurmountable barriers separating man from man and man from God. Women have not often been great spiritual thinkers or leaders, but they have often lived lives of perfect peace, love, and intuitive devotion to God. Man owes to them the heaven of love, the sweet joys of home, and the graces and charities and refinements of life. It is said that women alone can describe women adequately, and that a man's conception of womanhood must ever be inadequate. But woman, in herself, is not more important than woman in relation to man. The flower that blossoms on the tree "enjoys the air it breathes," and if its tongue were unloosened, can tell us its life in words full of truth and beauty. But only the human soul can describe what the flower means to it. As Tagore says: "In the sphere of nature the flower carries with it a certificate which recommends it as having immense capacity for doing useful work,

now and again by some unexpected change, when you suddenly remember how well it has been playing all the time. That is largely Mr. Arthur Wood's doing. The composers, Messrs. Clutsam and Hubert Bath, have collaborated even within the four corners of the same number, so that it is impossible for the uninitiated to tell where one ends and the other begins.

"The dancing is simple and gracious, and the dresses singularly harmonious and well thought out. The play gains much by the level appropriateness of the language; it often uses the vocabulary of Shakespeare, but without plagiarism of the style. Tom Moon, for instance, has points of contact with Falstaff, Sir Toby Beech, and Osric; Oxenham glances, no more, at Jacques and Mercutio; while in the music Ariel walks the stage invisible. But this only means that the play is first and last English."

This was Walter Passmore's first appearance at Daly's Theatre. An excellent comedian and a good musician, Passmore made a name for himself at the Savoy Theatre. He created various parts there and appeared in many Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. He was very successful in parts originated by George Grossmith, Senr. Passmore was first seen at the Savoy in a comic opera entitled *Jane Annie* on May 13, 1893. It was written by Sir James Barrie and Sir A. Conan Doyle, with music by Ernest Ford. In *Utopia Limited*, in 1893, he created the part of Tarara. As the Boy Babe in *Babes in the Wood* at Drury Lane in 1907—1908 he was outstanding. As a matter of fact, Passmore made his first appearance on the stage in pantomime—*Cinderella* at Sunderland in 1881. In the early part of his career Passmore, like a good many other famous comedians, was for a time a member of a concert party. I have in mind also Leslie Henson, who was once in a pierrot troupe at Penarth called the "Tatlers," and Davy Burnaby who was a member of "The March Hares" concert party. Arthur Askey is another concert party graduate.

After the record run of *The Maid of the Mountains*, *A Southern Maid* was staged at Daly's. Prior to the London production, it was tried out at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on December 24, 1917. H. Fraser-Simson supplied the music, and there were additional numbers by Ivor Novello. The book by Dion Clayton Calthorp and the lyrics by Harry Graham, Douglas Furber and Adrian Ross.

The Manchester cast included Tom Shale (Walter Wex), Claude Flemming (Sir Willoughby Rawdon), William Spray (Todo), Frederick Ross (Francesco del Fuego), Kenneth Kove (Lord Toshington), Jessie Fraser (Lady Julia Chichester), Jessie Lonnen—daughter of E. J. Lonnen—(Chiquita), Dorothy Monkman (Juanita), and José Collins

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has been a hater of woman, are of no force or real value when taken out of their context. Indeed the flourishing of isolated texts and passages taken out of context is the favourite weapon of national enemies within and abroad. Mr. Philip Gibbs says in his *Facts and Ideas* : " It (the worship of the female force) teaches them (the Hindus) a reverence for womanhood, and, above all, motherhood." The Hindu religion has taught that man and woman form but one being and that both together must engage in religious acts for the propitiation of ancestors and for the worship of God, though it has not shrunk from soaring above sex-love into the heaven of God-love and proclaiming that in the attainment of the final beatitude the human soul disciplined by dharma (performance of duty), *Upasana* (devotion), *Yoga* (contemplation), and *Gnana* (wisdom)—must seek self-realisation and attainment of the Supreme as a bride seeking the Eternal Bridegroom—' the Alone in search of the Alone ' as has been beautifully said by a great mystical thinker.

Tagore's conception of womanhood is of wonderful beauty. It is essentially Indian but over it he has shed the magical light of his mind. I have dealt at length with his love-poetry in a later chapter. He shows love in all its aspects—in its radiant dawn full of sweet surprise, its rapture in selfless service, its strength to save from sin, and its uplifting and purifying power.

Tagore shows how man finds the first sweet suggestion of the divine on the brow of a woman and how she is to him a godward-leading angel.

at Christiana, and made his first appearance at the Opera Comique Theatre in March, 1893. Twice in the earlier days of his career he had been reduced to sleeping on the Embankment, and picked up odd coppers by calling cabs for theatre-goers. He was a big man, and the only actor who could play the part of Falstaff without body padding.

It appears that both Sir George Dance and Robert Evett for Daly's turned down *Chu-Chin-Chow*. Dance consoled Asche by saying: "If you can get George Graves to play Ali Baba, it might be done as a pantomime in the provinces." Robert Evett kept it a month; he told Asche it was no good. "You'll only waste money on it, Oscar," he said. It was a Himalayan miscalculation. According to the autobiography "Oscar Asche, by Himself," it netted between £3,000,000 and £3,500,000.

Asche describes how a wet day had inspired him to write *Chu-Chin-Chow*. He was in a play with his wife, Lily Brayton, (whom he met at Scarborough when she sought her first theatrical engagement with the Benson Company) at Manchester. They had set out to play golf, but the rain forced them to turn back. "What the devil is one to do here all the week?" grouched Asche. "Why not write the pantomime you're always talking about?" Lily Brayton suggested. "I will," he said, and half of it was done in a succession of wet days.

Oscar Asche died in March, 1936. He was a fine producer. *Chu-Chin-Chow* succeeded largely on production merit.

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You are one half woman and one half dream."

(*The Gardener*, page 100).

As Mr. Chunilal Mukerji well says : " Woman has a future of limitless possibilities and as the ideal of beauty is speeding on in quest of an unattainable goal. Rabin-dranath's ideal of womanhood shall ever like the blue beautiful girdle of horizon lure us on into the endless region where finitude is shut up and lost in an overwhelming infinity."

Tagore is not content with merely suggesting the mystery of woman's beauty and the mystery of love. He shows in what manner love fulfils itself in her heart and uplifts her and man through her into a higher state of being. Tagore shows that love is not passion, but the very soul of goodness. He gives his own dearest ideal in thus describing Kalidasa's ideal of womanhood.

" This ancient poet of India refuses to acknowledge passion as the supreme glory of love, he proclaims goodness as the goal of love."

(*Kalidasa, the Moralist*).

" He (Kalidasa) shows Cupid vanquished and burnt to ashes, and in Cupid's place he makes triumphant a power that has no decoration, no helper—a power thin with austerities, darkened by sorrow."

(Do.)

Tagore shows how India has effected a holy harmony and reconciliation between a life in the world and a life in search of God.

in 1919. In the early days of his career, when on tour as a member of his father's company, Huntley played chiefly in drama. Unrehearsed incidents, which amuse the audience, but are often "death" to the victim, sometimes occur in serious plays. In one drama Huntley Wright was a brutal attendant in a private lunatic asylum, into which the hero had been trapped by the villain of the piece. The hero's friends planned his escape and furnished him with a bomb, which, exploding, blows a hole in the wall and blasts the way to freedom. Shortly before this happened, Huntley had to struggle with the hero. One night he did it so realistically that his peaked cap fell off. Lost without his glasses, Huntley groped for the cap—as he thought—picked it up, and clapped it on his head. But it was the bomb—and it promptly exploded. The scene shifters were unprepared, and the wall did not collapse; Huntley did, and the scene was ruined.

Sir Seymour Hicks comes into my story of Daly's again as producer of *Sybil*. He was born in Jersey, and is chiefly of Irish stock, but his father was the only English officer in the 42nd Highlanders. After making his first appearance at the age of nine as Buttercup in *H.M.S. Pinafore* at a Bath school, he decided to become an actor. But he was packed off to be a wine merchant's clerk in the City, without salary and an allowance of one shilling and fourpence a day to pay for train fares and lunch. He did everything he could to get fired, and at last succeeded.

Hicks left home and started his professional career on the stage in 1887 at the old Olympic Theatre as call boy and super when E. S. Willard was the star there. Willard showed Hicks many a kindness; indeed, on one occasion, when he had been sacked during a dress rehearsal for having omitted to wave a white flag, Willard engaged the fourteen-year-old Hicks as his own dresser.

Under the Clock, the first real revue produced in London—at the Court Theatre, in 1893—was written by Charles Brookfield and Seymour Hicks. George Edwardes heard about it, and incidentally about Hicks, went to the Court Theatre, and offered him a three years' engagement.

Sir Seymour's first big success was in *The Shop Girl* at the Gaiety. He was part author with Harry Nicholls of *A Runaway Girl*, produced at the Gaiety in 1898. One of the biggest hits in musical comedy was his *The Catch of the Season*, which ran for 621 performances at the Vaudeville Theatre. In course of time, Sir Seymour became a serious rival to George Edwardes. *The Beauty of Bath* ran at the

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contributed to the transfiguration of womanhood ; that the poem on *Vijayini* (the victress) shows how the sweet beauty of woman is more potent than all the flowery darts of love ; that the poem on *Priya* (the wife) shows how the light shed from the woman's heart on man's soul saves it from darkness and degradation ; and that the poem on *Patita* (the fallen woman) is full of an infinite tenderness, and shows how when fallen she is like an angel fallen, full of recollections of heaven, and how by an inner effort she regains the receding heaven.

Tagore teaches that love is really a spiritual attraction and that a man can never know it by merely seeking the enjoyment of physical beauty.

"I hold her hands and press her to my breast.

I try to fill my arms with her loveliness, to plunder
her sweet smile with kisses, to drink her dark
glances with my eyes.

Ah, but, where is it ? Who can strain the blue
from the sky ?

I try to grasp the beauty ; it eludes me, leaving
only the body in my hands.

Baffled and weary I come back.

How can the body touch the flower which only the
spirit may touch ?

(*The Gardener*, page 86).

Tagore shows that true love can never be in antagonism to true manhood and its duties in life.

of my being presented for the first time to Queen Alexandra, who as Princess of Wales was present at a ball given by Lord and Lady Cadogan at Cadogan House. My wife and myself, Miss Clara Butt and Hollman were asked to give an entertainment after supper. We played a little duologue called 'Papa's Wife.' At the conclusion of our play, the Princess of Wales signified her desire to hear the famous song I was singing at the Gaiety. This made me extremely uneasy. The room was full of royalty; the occasion was one of semi-state, and the *salons* were crowded with guests, who all stood silent while I walked down to the chairs occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales. I had great doubts whether the words would please the Princess. Although there was nothing shocking in them when sung in a theatre, I was afraid they might not seem quite the same sung to so select an assembly. I therefore said to the Prince of Wales: 'Perhaps, Sir, Her Royal Highness might not care for the song.' To which he replied: 'Oh, I'm sure she would—I've heard it's very amusing indeed. Anyhow, you repeat the words to Her Royal Highness before you sing them—I'm sure they are excellent.' This put me in a dilemma. Facing rows and rows of people in uniform, I stood up and recited quietly to the Princess the words without any accompaniment. At the end of the ordeal the Prince laughed at me heartily, saying, 'I do believe you're nervous!' I said: 'Sir, I'm shaking all over,' and he laughed again, while the Princess, who was suffering from a severe cold, and I'm sure did *not* catch half I had recited, said she thought the words charming and begged me to have no misgivings, but to sing, which I did."

The chorus, for the benefit of those who have never heard this daring classic was:—

*Oh! Flo, what a change you know.
When she left the village she was sly,
But alas and alack,
She came back,
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.*

After the run of *Sybil*, *The Maid of the Mountains* was revived at Daly's on December 26, 1921, with the following cast: Bertram Wallis, Peter Gawthorne, Pop Cory, Edward D'Arcy, Alfred Wellesley, Arthur Wellesley, Leonard Russell, Mabel Sealby, Phyllis Large and JOSE Collins in her old part of Teresa.

In his musical comedy touring days, Bertram Wallis conceived the idea of forming a concert party during the summer vacation, and called it "The Musketeers." At that time two plays were running based on Dumas's "Three Musketeers" with great success, and the

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romance, and shows how it illumines life and makes it pure and divine by self-sacrifice. The manner in which woman—as girl, as sister, as bride, as wife, as mother—makes a heaven of this earth of ours is most beautifully described in Tagore's stories.

In this manner Tagore leads us from life to love and from love to Love Infinite and Divine and leaves us face to face with the Divine Beauty and Love.

“For love is the ultimate meaning of everything around us. It is not a mere sentiment ; it is truth ; it is joy that is at the root of all creation.”

(Tagore's *Sadhana*, page 107.)

XV. TAGORE'S SOCIAL GOSPEL.

Though Tagore being busy with higher and holier things has not sailed often in the turbid waters of social progress, it is easy to see that such a patriot and true lover of Indian humanity must have a great social gospel. His message is one of unity and love. This is the message that India has been teaching all along, though some critics have been proclaiming that even the true caste system is opposed to unity. Tagore's message of love for India and work for her uplift deprecates all internal dissensions and has in it no element of dislike or hatred for any other race or country.

Tagore dislikes and dreads the modern theorists who dig into origins and talk learnedly about non-Aryans and Aryans and seek, while lost in wandering mazes of theories, to stir fresh forms of hatred and

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW STARS ARE BORN.

THE next Daly's high-spot was *The Lady of the Rose*, a musical play adapted by Frederick Lonsdale from the book by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch, with lyrics by Harry Graham and music by Jean Gilbert, composer of *The Girl in the Taxi*. The dances were arranged by A. H. Majilton, F. J. Blackman produced, and Arthur Wood was the musical director.

Again, a run-in at the Prince's, Manchester, on December 26, 1921—which had now become a formula—preceded the Daly's production. The Manchester cast was as follows: Harry Welchman (Colonel Belovar), Roy Royston (Count Adrian Beltrami), Leonard Mackay (Baron Sprotti-Sprotti), Walter Butler (Count Isolani), Donald Fergusson (Captain Stogan), Frank Atkinson (Dostal), R. J. Macaulay (Mirko), and Huntley Wright as Suitangi. Ivy Tresmand appeared as Sophia Lavallo, Winnie Collins as Rosina and Phyllis Dare as Mariana.

The idea of a first production in Manchester prior to the London premiere has for some years been very popular. C. B. Cochran once said on the subject: "I should never want to forsake Manchester. They are wonderful audiences, and I remember how good they have always been to me." He believes that Manchester is the best ground for a "try-out" of any show. If an item does not appeal to Manchester, "Well, it will not appeal to London: so something must be done." And here, too, is Noel Coward's opinion of Manchester as a play laboratory. "I always go to Manchester to open when I can. I prefer it to anywhere else in the provinces for a "try-out." Very warm people. Fine pit and gallery."

The Lady of the Rose was first produced at Daly's Theatre on February 21, 1922, and it ran there for 511 performances. The cast was practically the same as at Manchester. Arthur Wood said of the piece: "There were two old friends of mine in the cast. One was a young man who had played his first important part in *The Arcadians*, Harry Welchman. The other, I had watched casting spells over her audiences in *The Dairymaids* twenty years before. At that time she had two fat pigtailed down her back. Her name was Phyllis Dare." The critic of *The Times*, commenting on this production, wrote:

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such union has failed, the moral ugliness is repulsive."

TAGORE'S "MY INTERPRETATION OF INDIAN HISTORY."

Tagore shows how while we must assimilate fruitful ideas from other races we should never lose our individuality.

"We feel that India is eager to get back to her Truth, her One, her Harmony. The stream of her life had been dammed up ages ago ; its waters had become stagnant ; but to-day the dam has been breached somewhere ; we feel that our still waters have again become connected with the mighty ocean ; the tides of the free wide universe have begun to make themselves felt in our midst.....At one impulse cosmopolitanism is leading us out of home ; at the next, the sense of nationality is bringing us back to our own community...Thus placed between two contending forces, we shall mark out the middle path in our national life ; we shall realise that only through the development of racial individuality can we truly attain to universality, and only in the light of the spirit of universality can we perfect individuality ; we shall know of a verity that it is idle mendicancy to discard our own and beg for the foreign, and at the same time we shall feel that it is the extreme abjectness of poverty to dwarf ourselves by rejecting the foreign."

as the Fairy Godmother to her sister Zena's Cinderella. Then for several seasons in succession she played the title role in *Cinderella*, appearing at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Liverpool and London.

In 1905 she made a successful debut in musical comedy, taking up Ellaline Terriss's part of Angela in *The Catch of the Season*, following in the part created by Edna May in *The Belle of Mayfair* at the Vaudeville Theatre. Phyllis Dare's delightful dancing and winsome manner won all hearts ; her success was instantaneous and complete. She toured the provinces in *The Dairymaids*, appearing later in the same piece in May, 1908, at the Queen's Theatre. Christmas, 1908, saw her as Cinderella in the Adelphi pantomime ; in the following spring she won fresh laurels by her creation of the part of Eileen Cavanagh in *The Arcadians* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where she remained for over a year.

It was at this time that she attracted the attention of George Edwardes, and he engaged her to appear in the title role in Léo Fall's delightful musical play, *The Girl in the Train*, produced at the Vaudeville Theatre in June, 1910, the supporting cast including Robert Evett, Fred Emney, Rutland Barrington, Huntley Wright, Madeline Seymour, Kate Welch and Clara Evelyn. In March, 1911, Phyllis Dare appeared in the title role of *Peggy* at the Gaiety, and then George Edwardes sent his *Quaker Girl* production over to the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, in June, 1911 ; she played the part of Prudence, originally created by Gertie Millar. Her next role was that of Delia Dale in *The Sunshine Girl* at the Gaiety in February, 1912, which later went on tour. In May, 1913, she succeeded to the part of Nancy Joyce, played earlier by Gertie Millar, in *The Dancing Mistress* at the Adelphi, where in the following October she appeared as Dora Manners in *The Girl from Utah*.

In September, 1914, Phyllis Dare made her music-hall debut at the Victoria Palace. A month later she appeared in a revival of *Miss Hook of Holland* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and in the following year she played the name part at the Adelphi in *Tina*. In the record-run London Hippodrome pantomime, *Aladdin*, Christmas, 1920, she was the Princess. At the Lyric Theatre in 1924 she was in *The Street Singer*, returning to the Gaiety two years later in *Lido Lady*. She had parts in *The Yellow Mask* at the Carlton in 1928, and in *Words and Music* at the Adelphi in 1932. Her only appearance at Daly's was in *The Lady of the Rose*.

To an interviewer, Miss Dare once said : " I get numbers of all sorts of letters from men, saying all kinds of silly things : but then

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length with his best-known works. In this interpretation of Tagore's mind and art the limits of space as well as the limitations of the interpreter are responsible for whatever deficiencies may be found. Tagore's genius is so many-sided and his achievement so conspicuous and multiform that a life-long study by many loving scholars who will form a Tagore society is necessary before results of lasting value and beauty can be presented to the public.

I desire in this concluding portion of the introductory chapter to lay stress once again on Tagore's great message to the Indian mind to be itself and to be proud of being itself, while assimilating all the highest elements of Western culture. The worst foes of India have been those who have imperfectly assimilated Western culture. As Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami says: "The work of Rabindranath is essentially Indian in sentiment and form. It is at the same time modern. The literary revival in Bengal, like the similar movement in Ireland, is national, and therefore creative; it is a reaction from the barren eclecticism of the Universities. This reaction is voiced, not by those who ignore or despise, but by those who have most fully understood and assimilated foreign influences. For it is not deep acquaintance with European culture that denationalises men in Asia, but an imperfect and servile apprehension of it. Those who understand the culture of others find in it a stimulus not to imitation but to creation.

on Evelyn Laye was : " She got her chance—and took it with both hands. She was an instant success, and she deserved every bit of it. Even after her success was assured, she never stopped working to make herself better. One of my most vivid memories of the show is having my rests between matinées and evening performances shattered by Evelyn singing grand opera in the next dressing-room."

Evelyn Laye started as a chorus girl at twenty-five shillings a week and went on to £1,000 a week in Hollywood. Here is the story of her rise to stardom. She first appeared on the stage at the age of three, when W. S. Penley sent her toddling across the boards in full view of the audience one night. For this she received the regulation pay packet containing sixpence. Her first real part should have been that of " The Runaway Girl," for she ran away from school when she was fifteen to go on the stage. This was partly because she was such a madcap at school that she was always getting into trouble and partly because her one ambition was to own a musical comedy theatre herself. She was at school at Brighton, where her father, Gilbert Laye, was manager of the Palace Pier. It was to a manager of one of the companies that visited the pier that she went, and he became a good uncle to her and engaged her at twenty-five shillings a week. The first her parents knew of the matter was when they were asked to append their signatures to the contract. Their scruples were eventually overcome, and soon the schoolgirl actress had a small part in *Mr. Wu*.

Then she met Robert Courtneidge, and he knocked all the fond dreams out of her golden head. " He made me think seriously about my profession," she says, " and woke me up to the fact that it was not a game, but that to succeed, I would have to work like the —— with both sleeves rolled up." A small part in *O Caesar!* and then she came up against it—she was out of a job. Nothing came along—but nothing would induce her to seek help from her parents; her independent spirit would not brook it. So she used to get jobs in film crowds at ten shillings a day, telling her friends that she was having a glorious game as a film-star. Another of her efforts to turn an honest penny resulted in more than she expected, for in a sketch as a Cockney servant girl at the South London Palace she had honest pennies thrown at her! The sketch did not survive.

Eventually, she got back into a tour of *Mr. Wu*, and to her joy was given the part of Nang Ping. Then as " Goody Two Shoes " she had a gorgeous time in pantomime at Portsmouth, living almost exclusively during that time on chocolates from midshipmen. Her debut in this piece was not promising, for the white horse on which she made her entrance bolted right across the stage, through the

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is a lover. His freedom and fulfilment is in love, which is another name for perfect comprehension."

(Tagor's *Sadhana*, page 15).

Tagore's greatest message is to the human soul apart from all its accidents of caste or creed or colour or country. He preaches the fulfilment of the soul in love, in renunciation, in self-sacrifice ; and he enforces this great lesson not only in his religious lectures, but in his poems, his stories, his dramas, nay, in his own life. He says:

"Man's abiding happiness is not in getting anything but in giving himself to ideas which are larger than his individual life—the idea of his country—of humanity—of God."

(Tagore's *Sadhana*, page 152).

He finally leads the soul to the loftiest and sweetest beatitudes of union with the infinite.

"In the region of nature which is the region of diversity, we grow by acquisition ; in the spiritual world, which is the region of unity, we grow by losing ourselves, by uniting. Gaining a thing, as we have said, is by its nature partial, it is limited only to a particular want ; but *being* is complete, it belongs to our wholeness, it springs not from any necessity but from our affinity with the in-



MARIE TEMPEST
As O. Mimosa San in *The Geisha*

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we take pride in the fact that he is ours, belongs to us in every way. His universal popularity in India has a deep spiritual significance. Mr. C. F. Andrews says : " Three years ago I was staying at a village in the heart of the Himalayas, as far from the poet's home as London is from Constantinople. Some Indian music was being sung in the village at the end of the day and a little lad of twelve began to sing a poem of Rabindra's whose theme was the mother-land. The dialect of the song was difficult for the Hillsmen to follow, but the drift of the words and the subdued passion of the young singer were wholly intelligible. The audience swayed backwards and forwards, as if moved by an enchanter's spell. Such is the power of the poet's music and verse in India." This deep and universal love for Tagore can be said to be real only if fruitful, if we love our Holy land with something of his love and work for her glory. Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami observes : " Those love the poets who do their will and whom their singing moves." Tagore has been, is, and will ever be inexpressibly dear to us because in his sweet accents it is our own Bharata Mata that speaks to us, her beloved children ; he has revealed to us the wondrous glory of the real treasures of our race ; he has restored to us our lost manhood and our true divinity ; and because of his immortal works, his self-sacrificing devotion to our beloved and holy land, and the shining example

and met at cocktail parties. He sent notes and flowers to her every evening. And thus one of the happiest romances of the stage started.

To estimate the amount of money made by plays, songs and singers, has a curious fascination. Franz Lehar, composer of *The Merry Widow*, has received something like £30,000 from his operetta *The Land of Smiles*, while the song from it, "You are my Heart's Delight," has been broadcast repeatedly from more than fifty stations in various parts of the world. Over half a million gramophone records of Richard Tauber's rendering of this song have been sold.

Franz Lehar was asked in an interview: "In composing, do you use the piano to any considerable extent?" He replied: "Yes, and no. Sometimes I put my ideas straight on to paper. At others I press the piano into my service. Let me tell you a little story. On one occasion I wanted to find a particular melody, and from nine o'clock in the evening until two in the morning I sat in my room vainly striving to discover it. But alas! the fount of inspiration had apparently run dry, and so at last, tired out, off I went to bed. At five o'clock I woke up with the tune ringing through my head, rushed to the piano, played it over, and then duly transcribed it. It proved one of the most popular airs I have ever written. Just listen," and with a bound, Mr. Lehar was at the piano giving me indisputable evidence of the truth of the statement.

A propos *The Merry Widow*, the following little tale may be of interest. Just before its production in Vienna, one of the leading musical critics came down to the theatre and demanded, as was his custom, to be admitted to the rehearsal. He met with a blank refusal. But the manager, anxious to pacify him, took him aside and whispered that the piece in rehearsal was of no consequence. In a week's time another piece would be in rehearsal, which he would be welcome to come see. This shows the limitations of experts. *The Merry Widow* ran in Vienna alone for a year and nine months.

Here is another personal recollection of Franz Lehar's. "When '*Rastelbruder*' was originally produced some years ago," he relates, "I had not, as you may imagine, more money in my pocket than I knew what to do with. Moreover, I was something of a novice in the matter of terms. With all diffidence, I approached a friend of mine, offering him the publishing rights for the modest sum of eighty pounds. The expression on his face revealed the enormity of my offence. Nothing daunted, I tried another publisher, who eventually agreed to let me have the sum specified, only, however,

CHAPTER II.

GITANJALI.

This was the book that brought Tagore's genius and art prominently before the gaze of the world. It has varied and peculiar excellences, and even though it is couched in prose and hence loses all the melody and poetic grace of the original, it charms and enraptures and elevates the mind by the marvellous music of its thoughts and by the grace and beauty of the English prose which a learned critic has called "this flower of English prose." The same critic has said that "the great mystics of the world have been the children of the sun and the warm winds of the South." It is this note of high and synthetic mysticism that constitutes the unique and wonderful charm of the *Gitanjali*. I have dealt in the Introductory Chapter with the significance and value of mysticism and the mystical outlook on life, and with Tagore's greatness as a poet of mysticism. A critical study of *Gitanjali* brings home to us in an intimate and unique way the beauty and power of the mystical interpretation of life and Tagore's peculiar endowment of mind and heart which enables him to see the divine presence in things which are dull and meaningless in our eyes owing to our want of vision, our being too much with them, our insufficient sense of beauty and our deficiency of love.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME COSTLY FLOPS.

MADAME POMPADOUR, which was produced at Daly's on December 20, 1923, was James White's next production. It had a run of 469 performances. The book was adapted from an Austrian original by Frederick Lonsdale and Harry Graham. Leo Fall composed the music.

F. J. Blackman, the producer, "discovered" *Madame Pompadour*. After seeing it in Berlin in October, 1922, he telegraphed to James White to join him. Jimmy took a look at the first act and acquired the piece.

The period and *locale* are, of course, eighteenth-century France. The action shows La Pompadour (the petticoated dictator of France and France's King Louis XV.), engaged in an affair with René, Comte d'Estrades, whom she enrolls into the army so that he can mount guard outside her apartment at Versailles. René is discovered there by the King, but the wit and skill of La Pompadour combine to hoodwink Louis and, finally, René is handed back to his young wife, who has not unnaturally been distressed at his absence. René is a stock figure of romantic musical—a loving husband given to roaming.

Evelyn Laye was cast as Madame Pompadour; with her were Bertram Wallis as the King, Derek Oldham as the Comte d'Estrades, Noel Colne as the Court Painter, Huntley Wright as Calicot, Maisie Bell as Madeleine, Comtesse d'Estrades, and Elsie Randolph as Madame Pompadour's maid. The first act takes place in the tavern of "The Nine Muses," the work of Alfred Terraine; the second is Pompadour's apartments at Versailles, painted by Joseph and Phil Harker; and the third act is King Louis XV.'s apartments at Versailles, also the work of Alfred Terraine.

Evelyn Laye scored a great triumph in this piece. "She has hit the top," remarked a well-known critic after the first performance. Another outstanding success was Derek Oldham in the part of the Comte d'Estrades.

Oldham is Lancashire born, a native of Accrington. Under the guidance of his mother he started touring at a very early age as a boy soprano. He appeared at the age of nine with Vesta Tilley (Lady de Frece) in pantomime at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool; from fourteen to eighteen, school claimed him, and then he studied singing at Manchester and Leeds.

imagination, and the desires of him who wrote. They were the vehicle of a great emotion that surprised its imagery not only in the light that was like music, the rhythm that was in the waves of sound itself and the light-waves of the sun ; but in the rain, the wet road, the lonely house, the great wall that shuts in the creature-self, the shroud of dust, the night black as black-stone. It was an emotion so sure of itself that it made no effort after novelty or originality, but took the things that occur to us all, and dwelt upon them, and made them alive, and musical and significant. Their effect on those who read them was curious ; one famous critic expressed this effect half humorously when he said : ' I have met several people, not easily impressed, who could not read that book without tears. As for me, I read a few pages and then put it down, feeling it to be too good for me. The rest of it I mean to read in the next world.' "

The peculiar glory of *Gitanjali* is that in it the vision of God and hunger for the infinite are in touch with human life, do not scorn the passions and affections of the heart, and are full of a heavenly tenderness for the limitations of life. It is thoroughly universal yet intensely individual. It shows by an intensity of realisation what thin bounds divide life and nature, the world of sense and the realm of supernal light, the individual soul and God. The *Gardener* shows the human soul lit with the morning radiance of human

worn but still well alive, drama of the kind that has received far more halfpence than kicks from playgoers. The personality of the show was Evelyn Laye, of course, and her beauty, her singing and her acting merited the applause she received. The music tickled my palate, certainly, but I had to ask myself whether there was a tune in the piece which any audience could remember. I found one; as for the rest of the music, I thought it bright but not catchy. Jay Laurier, doing remarkably well as Cleo's Prime Minister, had the humour almost to himself. Altogether it was a nice-ish show, and will certainly find thousands of Cleopatrons in Manchester."

Arthur Wood, who was for many years Daly's musical director, told the following story concerning *Cleopatra*. "We were due to open at the Opera House, Manchester, and a week before we went up Jimmy White called for me and said: 'Every time we have a "try-out" the Manchester papers slang their own orchestra. How much would it cost to take Daly's orchestra up there?' I replied emphatically that it would cost a lot. White smiled at my Yorkshire thriftiness. 'We'll take 'em, Woody,' he said. On the morning of the first performance, while I was having a last band rehearsal, a water main burst in the street outside. We looked up to find rivers flowing down the gangways, and since water finds its own level, these emptied into the orchestra pit. By the time the orchestra had saved their instruments and scrambled out, the water was four feet deep. With the aid of the Fire Brigade it was pumped out—or most of it. But the theatre was permeated through and through with the odour of damp and dusty plush. Everything was damp, the orchestra pit especially. In order to make it habitable at all, we had to put planks down, and the musicians kept their feet on these, while three inches of water swirled round their chair-legs. The elite of Manchester, drawn to a fashionable first night, got something of a shock that evening. They arrived to find the floor of the stalls deep in sawdust. As for me, I conducted the performance clothed in evening dress and gum boots.

"It was not an auspicious start, but even under ideal circumstances I doubt if the piece would have gone. You can sense a flop when you've been in the business as long as I have, and possibly it is more apparent from the orchestra pit than anywhere else. By the time the final curtain came down we all knew—Oscar Asche, the producer, Evelyn Laye, down to the youngest chorus girl, that we'd got a flop. They will tell you in Manchester that if a piece can get by with a local audience it can get by anywhere."

Cleopatra, yet another Austrian musical, was adapted by John

thing, has passed through the centuries, gathering from learned and unlearned metaphor and emotion, and carried back again to the multitude the thought of the scholar and of the noble... ..” This is a true idea admirably expressed. In India Poetry has not folded the singing robes about her in scorn of every-day life and does not stand like

“An angel newly drest who wings for heaven.” The loftiest and grandest of our poems—the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Bhagawatha*—are in intimate touch with us, form and mould our lives, and are a perpetual source of inspiration. Again, Mr. Yeats says : “These verses will not lie in little well-printed books upon ladies’ tables, who turn the pages with indolent hands that they may sigh over a life without meaning, or be carried about by students at the University to be laid aside when the work of life begins, but as the generations pass, travellers will hum on the highway and men rowing upon rivers. Lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth. At every moment the heart of this poet flows outward to these without derogation or condescension, for it has known what they will understand ; and it has filled itself with the circumstance of their lives. The traveller in the red brown clothes which he wears that dust may not show upon him, the girl searching in her bed for the

the Prince in the Drury Lane pantomime *The Sleeping Beauty*.

George Graves, in his entertaining book, "Gaieties and Gravities," tells the following story: "While I was appearing with Gertie Millar in *Houp-la* at the St. Martin's Theatre, night after night a couple of pretty little choristers used to bother us by chattering in the wings. In a small theatre the slightest sound or even the sight of people in the wings can be most disconcerting. Gertie Millar, an artist to her fingers and a great lady too, not only played right through the interruption caused by these two new hands, but was altogether charming about it all. Perhaps it was on her account as much as because of my own exasperation that one night I tackled those two persistent prattlers in the O.P. corner. 'Listen! If you two don't keep quiet,' I said, 'I'll smack you where you ought to be smacked, and before the stage hands.' They took the hint, and from that time on my scene with the Countess of Dudley was never interrupted. But strange to say, one of these pretty and conversational chorus girls was to appear on my professional horizon. The next time I met her she was playing leading parts at Daly's Theatre, under the management of Jimmy White of tragic memory. For that talkative chorister was the talented and beautiful Ivy Tresmand."

Yvonne was the next production at Daly's on May 22, 1926, after a "try-out" at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. Percy Greenbank adapted this Austrian piece, and the music is by Jean Gilbert, Vernon Duke and Arthur Wood. Daly's cast included: Mark Lester, Hal Sherman, Horace Percival, Arthur Pussey, Dennis Hooey, Henry Hallatt, Maria Minetti, Mabelle George and Ivy Tresmand. *Yvonne* was described by the critics as a musical comedy of a very familiar type, a colourful show with music fairly well sung, with a certain amount of dialogue that is sometimes funny, fairly well spoken, much beautiful scenery, and any number of pretty girls who trip about and sing choruses.

The story is that of a lover who becomes a servant in order to be near the girl he dotes on, who is herself engaged to marry a man she does not like. Nobody in the theatre was even allowed to doubt how the story would end, but the players with very little help from their authors, sang, danced and chattered their way to the happy climax with great spirit. The most diverting part of the show had nothing whatever to do with the play. There was some dancing by Mr. Hal Sherman, who is supposed to be a waiter. *Yvonne* ran for 280 performances at Daly's. It cost £20,000.

The Blue Mazurka, which was described by Arthur Wood as a "jinx show," also came from Austria. The adaptation by G.

instantaneous yet lasting appeal to the West. Mr. Yeats says : " This is no longer the sanctity of the cell and of the scourge ; being but a lifting up, as it were, into a greater intensity of the mood of the painter, painting the dust and the sunlight, and we go for a like voice to St. Francis and to William Blake who have seemed so alien in our violent history " In the West worship of beauty and worship of holiness never joined hands. It was reserved for India to join both in a higher worship—that of Love of God,—to show the unity and beauty and divinity of life, to combine the joy of duty and the duty of joy, to lift our hearts and souls to that realm of inner paradise where light and law and love are one. Again, Mr. Yeats says : " We write long books where no page perhaps has any quality to make writing a pleasure, being confident in some general design, just as we fight and make money and fill our heads with politics—all dull things in the doing—while Mr. Tagore, like the Indian civilisation itself, has been content to discover the soul and surrender himself to its spontaneity.....An innocence, a simplicity that one does not find elsewhere in literature makes the birds and the leaves seem as near to him as they are near to children, and the changes of the seasons great events as before our thoughts had arisen between them and us." In this beautiful, passage the poet-critic brings home to us what perhaps is the most remarkable and loveable feature in Tagore's genius. Tagore brings near to us.

the bone, for three hours, at the end of which he secured the missing act."

Robert Courtneidge, producer of *The Blue Mazurka*, like George Edwardes, was a genius in the field of stage productions. A canny Scot, he was born in Glasgow on June 29, 1859, and educated in Edinburgh. He had many ties connecting him with the stage. His wife, Rosie Nott, was a daughter of Cicely Nott and Sam Adams, and hence sister of Ada Blanche. Courtneidge made his debut at Christmas, 1878, as a super in one of the pantomimes at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Eventually, in Manchester, he produced many pantomimes and Shakespeare's plays. A man of Socialist learnings, he devoted his £100 savings in helping to finance the old "Clarion" over fifty years ago, when Robert Blatchford was editor and the staff included Alex M. Thompson ("Dangle"), who wrote many musical play librettos. Courtneidge was the first man to pay chorus members for rehearsals and to give his company an annual fortnight's holiday with pay. His many productions include *The Arcadians*, in 1909, which beat the long run of *The Merry Widow*, *The Duchess of Dantzic* (for George Edwardes), *The Blue Moon*, *The Dairymaids*, *Tom Jones*, *Princess Caprice*, *The Mousme*, *My Lady Frayle*, *The Light Blues* and *Petticoat Fair*. He made his reappearance on the boards after an absence of some thirty years, when he took up an old role, that of the speculating Professor Peck, in the revival of *On Change* in 1925 at the Savoy Theatre. On that occasion, George Graves sent him a telegram: "Are you open to accept an engagement as Prince Danilo?" To which Bob Courtneidge replied: "Sorry, but have just signed a contract to appear in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*."

Robert Courtneidge died at his house on Marine Parade, Brighton, on April 16, 1939, in his eightieth year.

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show how he realises his mission in a spirit of combined humility and dignity :

“ I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat. In thy world I have no work to do ; my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence.”

(Page 13).

“ I have had my invitation to this world's festival and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could.

Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent salutation ?”

(Pages 13 & 14).

He knows that the fruition of all poesy is the love of God. He says : “ From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see. In the meanwhile, I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.” (Page 36).

He says again.:

shrewd judgment stood him in good stead. He could read men's characters like an open book. He knew when to flatter and cajole and when to be rude. Jimmy White once sank a lot of money into a hydropathic establishment, and although his venture was not a success, nothing could break his faith in it. Disaster attended even its opening function. Jimmy always believed in the value of publicity, and issued invitations to a number of prominent people to attend a luncheon party to celebrate its opening. A temporary floor was laid over the swimming bath to accommodate the large number of guests, but, unfortunately the boards gave way in the middle of the luncheon, and all the guests were precipitated into the water below. The tale went round the clubs at the time, and a wag commented: "Evidently, the guests, like their host, were fond of a plunge."

After his bankruptcy proceedings, Jimmy more or less washed his hands of Rochdale as the centre of his business activities. The very next day he told his friends "he would show them what Jimmy White was." Within a few weeks he was in London with less than two hundred pounds, bought and sold a theatre in the South, and carried out several big transactions.

Prior to his bankruptcy, Jimmy White's generosity was proverbial. He was president and vice-president of various clubs and sports institutions. After his crash, I am told, most of them struck him off their lists, with the exception of the Rochdale Cricket Club. Jimmy White never forgot that. In the heyday of his career he was lavish in his subscriptions to the Club. "I'll get you the best cricketers in the world," he said to them on one visit, and he signed up Cecil Parkin. Time after time clubs that had struck him off their lists appealed to him in vain. Whenever he visited Rochdale there was always a hectic night. His guests had the "freedom of the city." Everything was of the best, and champagne always flowed freely.

On one occasion, he brought a crowd of his London friends down to the town, and he took a great delight in introducing them to the pals of his poor days. Labourers and factory operators rubbed shoulders with councillors at his functions. He sent down politicians to address them, gave them boxing exhibitions and balls. The last time he was in Rochdale, in February, 1926, he entertained about six hundred to a dance in the Town Hall, and brought over his company of theatrical stars, including Carl Brisson, Mark Lester, Billie Hill and Horace Percival. Every time he brought off a big coup, he did something for Rochdale—an entertainment or a generous subscription to some local charity or institution. No Rochdalian ever called on Jimmy White without being entertained. A month before his tragic

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“ My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union ; they would come between thee and me ; their jinglings would drown thy whispers. My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.”

(Page 6).

It is in this spirit of divine humility and self-surrender that he says : “ I know thou takest pleasure in my singing. I know that only as a singer I come before thy presence. I touch by the edge of the far-spreading wing of my song thy feet which I could never aspire to reach. Drunk with the joy of singing, I forget myself and call thee friend who art my lord.”

(Page 2).

He recognises how even the best poet is unable and unworthy to convey to the world God's harmonies.

He says : “ My heart longs to join in thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled.” Tagore points out how, when the poet-soul is surrendered to God in an ecstasy of measureless love, God's melodies themselves sing through the soul.

“ All that is harsh and dissonant in me melts into one sweet harmony , and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.”

1927: "Much more dramatic than any melodrama of the year, much more tragic than any tragedy, a much greater surprise than any sensational show—yes, James White's death proved once again how, besides the happiness of real life, the theatre is a mere place of mummery. A few weeks ago James White was running Daly's Theatre, sitting in George Edwardes' old chair, braving out failure after failure, and talking boastfully of his plans for new plays, new stars, new triumphs. Now the chair is empty. George Edwardes' self-appointed successor committed suicide to save himself from worse than bankruptcy.

"That board room at Daly's saw strange sights; it knew many secrets; it could tell many stories. 'Deals' were completed there and vast gambles planned. Fortunes were won and lost. Yet during the last month James White began to talk, not of *The Blue Mazurka*, of which he was getting tired, but of God—and the coming religious revival. He kept harping on religious subjects. Quite recently he kept Paget, his manager, and the young man in charge of publicity up till three o'clock in the morning arguing about theology! 'You cannot go against God,' he said one night, 'and you cannot go against Nature.'"

Jimmy penned his own farewell, which ranks as one of the most remarkable documents in the history of "De Profundis" literature.

By courtesy of the *Sunday Express*, I am permitted to quote from this amazing human document. It is dated July 3, 1927, and headed "My Last Look at Life":—

"Whilst on the threshold of Eternity, I write my last article, reviewing life from the standpoint of one who is leaving it for ever. In my humble opinion, the old civilisation died on August 4th, 1914, and the new civilisation is not yet born. I have entertained royalty, called dukes and earls by their pet names, been on the inside of politics, owned a yacht, run a large racing stud, owned a theatre, had interests in newspapers, brought off some of the largest financial deals, raised over a hundred and fifty million pounds for various undertakings, promoted prize fights, subsidised boxers, given large sums of money to charity, made over £750,000 in one day, been feted by all and called "Jimmy" White by a world of people. From that it must be agreed that I am entitled to an opinion on life.

"Yes, I have had the thrills of life. I have known what it is to be hungry. I have also known what it is to have all you desire and to have thousands waiting to eat out of your hand. I have felt the injustices of life, and I have had its lucky rewards. I have been guilty of folly, but I have never refused a pal. I have won in a single bet on the racecourse £100,000, and I have played bridge for a shilling

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Tagore's spiritual nature knows well that the loftiest resolutions do not take us very far in the path of achievement and of realisation of happiness without His grace. Hence we find in the *Gitanjali* beautiful lyrical gems shining with the radiant light of prayer for His love and grace. The following poems are worth reading and meditating upon every day:

" Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all.

Let only that little be left of my will whereby I may feel thee on every side, and come to thee in everything, and offer to thee my love every moment.

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may never hide thee.

Let only that little of my fetters be left whereby I am bound with thy will, and thy purpose is carried out in my life—and that is the fetter of thy love." (Pages 26 & 27).

" This is my prayer to thee, my Lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Limited.' Mr. White's own name seldom, if ever, appeared in the billing or other advertising of his theatrical concerns.

"Of late, however, the (as it proved) hapless 'Jimmy' began to evince a kind of craving to 'show off' somewhat in these matters. He interfered over much in the more technical affairs of stage production, casting, etc., matters in which he was, so to speak, as ungifted as he was inexperienced. He began to show also impatience at suggestions from those who know (as, indeed, he seems to have done in his financial ventures) and a jealousy of any theatrical rival near his throne. It was this feeling that caused his split with Robert Evett, who by judgment (plus good luck) contrived to raise Daly's Theatre again into the front rank. James's treatment of Robert concerning the Gaiety (which the former took for a year) was but another ebullition of the former's growing restlessness and jealousy."

How strikingly appropriate are Shakespeare's lines as applied to the case of James White, "ruined and dead at forty-nine":—

"But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there;

And none so poor to do him reverence!"

He was taken to his last resting place, the little village churchyard at Wanborough, Wiltshire, on one of his own farm wagons, on July 4, 1927. The coffin was hidden under a mass of flowers. So passed one of the strangest figures that ever flitted through the theatrical world. He went, but Daly's Theatre, on which he had lavished so much money and energy, survived to go the way of all earthly achievements later.

Where the world has not been broken up into
 fragments by narrow domestic walls ;
 Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
 Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards
 perfection :
 Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its
 way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
 Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-
 widening thought and action—
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my
 country awake."

(Pages 27 & 28).

This poem gives us an insight into the poet's heart where we find an intense, pure, and lofty patriotism in rational combination with a burning love of humanity and a deep and rapturous love of God. It is well known that in ancient India when India occupied a lofty place in the scale of nations both materially and spiritually, such a combination existed. The divorce of these two great passions of the human heart has brought untold unhappiness on mankind both in India and the West. Tagore's message is to bring about the holy combination once again for the greater happiness of man and the greater glory of God.

The supreme function of a poet who is at the same time a saint and a philosopher is to put us in right relation to things, to throw light on the deep and divine mysteries of life and death, to reconcile and harmonise



MARIE STUDHOLME

It is an uplifting and delightful task to study the ideals of life as expressed in these thrilling poems of Tagore's, both because they show the innermost essence of his views of life, and because they bring home to us vividly what are the best ideals of a life well lived with a true perception of life's origin and destiny. As this is the most valuable portion of this most valuable book of poems, I shall deal with it at some length and with due elaboration, explaining Tagore's central ideas and teachings in my own words, and quoting from the poems here and there to enable the reader to realise the purpose of Tagore's great teachings.

In many places in this great book of poems, Tagore expresses in language full of the passion of Godward aspiration his keen desire for God-vision, and conveys to us the message that such desire is the crown and glory of life. All other aims are secondary, transitory, and worthless in comparison with this supreme aim of life. It is this lesson that the Upanishads teach again and again in golden sentences. It is this lesson that the great poets and saints and prophets of mankind have enforced from age to age. Sri Krishna says in the Gita :

यज्ञध्वा चापरं लाभं मन्यते नाधिकं स्ततः ।

यस्मिंस्थितो न दुःखेन गुरुणाऽपि विचाल्यते ॥

(Having obtained which, the soul does not deem anything else as a sweeter or higher gain, and resting in which the soul is not shaken even by the deepest grief and sorrow).

It was followed by Noel Coward's play *Sirocco* on November 24, 1927, which was a howling flop. For no apparent reason a section of the audience began to boo from the opening of the first act, and before the final curtain fell there was pandemonium in the theatre. Noel Coward did a brave thing in taking a call. His appearance brought forth a howl of disapproval such as has seldom been heard in a West End theatre.

Hannen Swaffer, commenting on *Sirocco*, wrote: "Noel Coward, who always calls my criticisms of him 'elfin,' is as charmingly philosophical as ever over *Sirocco*. In the letters he sent out thanking people for their first night telegrams, he ended, 'I hoped you enjoyed the French Revolution.' I suppose he means that the company lost their heads."

Noel Coward's play is, in a sense, a sermon on passion. In *Sirocco*, his heroine leaves her husband to go away with a dago, who is no gentleman, and whose influence over her is so powerful that her instincts towards constancy are temporarily broken down. The subsequent discovery of her lover's squalid outlook on life and the sordid nature of their union forms the tragedy of the girl's life—and the climax of Coward's argument. According to a Press criticism, the play was a sketch rather than a finished work of art. It was, indeed, disconnected, and some of the dialogue was extraordinarily naive. The cast included Frances Doble, Ada King, and Ivor Novello the latter's first and only appearance at Daly's.

I suppose no one knows more about Noel Coward's career than that great showman, C. B. Cochran, so I am going to quote him:—

"When Noel Coward spoke of my 'faith in him,' I knew better than anyone else that he did not mean it as an empty or flattering phrase. It took me back to the time when my insistence prevented a despondent and disappointed young man of outstanding ability from abandoning his career—temporarily, at least—and go away to grow oranges in Florida or something equally fantastic. To those who know only of his present assured position as actor, author, composer and director, it may be difficult to remember what his position and his reputation were in 1925.

"After the initial success he had won with *The Young Idea*, *The Vortex*, and so on, Noel was so full of ideas bursting to be expressed, and in expressing them his facility was so great that perhaps he began to work too quickly. There arose a complete misunderstanding of his character and purpose. Since he was a boy of twelve he had been earning his living in the Theatre; the Theatre was part and parcel of him, and he was part and parcel of it. Coward is the nearest

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Tagore points out how this crown of life is to be won after a great deal of preparation of the inner life and after fulness of experience is acquired sweetening the soul and purifying the heart. He says : " The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wonder through all the outer worlds to reach the inner-most shrine at the end." (Page 10).

Many an apparent failure has to be suffered in the course of such an infinite compass of experience. This feeling is exquisitely expressed in the following wonderful poem :

" The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set ; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened ; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I heard his voice ; only I have heard his gentle sigh from the road before my house.

The live-long day has passed away upon the floor ; but the hour is not yet and I cannot ask him to come.

I live in the hope of meeting him ; but the meeting is not yet.

popular as ever, largely because of the marvellous music. The piece has been revived no fewer than ten times, and its popularity in the provinces is comparable only with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It was first produced in this country in 1922, and in 1933 it was presented in German at the Aldwych Theatre, with Richard Tauber in the cast. In 1944 it was put on again in London and played to crowded war-time houses.

"Whatever his eye beholds, whatever his hand touches, turns to music," so another famous composer wrote of Schubert. In his short life of only thirty-one years—a life of continual poverty—he produced more than six hundred songs, many of them as simple in their beauty as folk-songs, and others full of dramatic intensity, all poured forth from a heart filled to bursting with music. Overtures, sonatas, symphonies, operas, cantatas—almost every sort of musical composition poured from him. His best known works include *Alfonso and Estrella*, *Rosamunde*, and *Fierabras*, and other operas. He also composed much beautiful church music; but it is for his songs that Schubert is chiefly remembered and loved. He could scarcely read a poem without putting it to music. Goethe's poetry inspired a great many of his songs, among them the famous "Erlking." Among other favourites are several from Sir Walter Scott, and the beautiful Shakespearean songs, "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" and "Who Is Sylvia?"

Lady Mary, a new musical play by Frederick Lonsdale and J. Hastings Turner, with music by Albert Sirmay and Philip Charig, was produced at Daly's Theatre on February 23, 1928, with the following cast: "Hatpin" Pinge—George Grossmith; Waghorn—Herbert Mundin; Richard Howe—Paul Cavanagh; Lady Mary—Helen Gilliland; Esther—Vera Bryer; Lady Elizabeth—Dorothy Field; with Jack Raine, Lester Matthews, Richard Dolman, Thomas Weguelin and Harold Fraser.

The Times critic wrote of *Lady Mary*: "The story, it is true, is pathetically slight—so slight, indeed, that it has to be wound up with a most unexpected and inconclusive jerk. But this does not altogether impair the theatrical adroitness and the wit with which it is manipulated. The result of Lady Mary's search in Australia for the heir to untold wealth and an exclusive name matters little beside the crisp humour that decorates the romantic theme. Mr. Albert Sirmay's music is pleasant enough as dance music, and includes two quite ingenious tunes. Altogether a most commendable type of musical play, and, a most diverting evening." *Lady Mary* had a run of 181 performances.

This was George Grossmith's second appearance at Daly's. His

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“ In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.”

(Page 37).

In another beautiful poem, he says :

“ I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.....I know not why to-day my life is all astir, and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart. It is as if the time were come to wind up my work, and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.” (Pages 37 & 38).

Again, he says :

“ Time is endless in thy hands, my lord. At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut ; but I find that yet there is time.”

(Page 76).

The sweetness born in the soul owing to the grace of God is not something that comes to us from without, but is only an inner fragrant blossoming. The poet says :

“ I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.”

(Page 17).

This meeting of God and man in the temple of the heart has a dual movement as its cause. On the one

or a diplomatist is received in our midst, what happens (or what did happen)? At once the distinguished stranger finds that all ways lead to the 'Gaiety' or 'Daly's.' A box must be taken for his benefit at one or other of these theatres; otherwise our proverbial British hospitality would be robbed of half its lustre."

Frederick Lonsdale, part author of *Lady Mary*, we are told, succeeded Pinero as the most efficient of our commercial dramatists. Lonsdale ran away from his Jersey home at the age of nine to join a circus; he was, at various times, a private soldier, an ocean steward, and a "bell-hop." When he wrote his first play, because his landlady threatened to turn him out of his lodgings, he had the good luck, when it was played at Ealing, to discover that Clement Scott had been driven in to see it by a snowstorm. Frank Curzon always said he "discovered" Lonsdale, but he paid him only two per cent. royalty for the privilege of doing so. Lonsdale had to struggle for years before success came.

On June 7, 1928, King George V. and Queen Mary attended a performance of *Lady Mary* at Daly's, which was given in aid of the funds of the League of Mercy. During the run of this piece, George Grossmith gave a broadcast talk from his dressing-room, which brought him more than four hundred letters. In his dressing-room he had the little yacht piano on which so many popular musical comedy tunes have been composed, a coal fire which was kept burning even on warm evenings, a secretary, and a constantly ringing telephone. In two or three of his long strides, "G.G." was on the stage facing his audience.

Tagore points out how this crown of life is to be won after a great deal of preparation of the inner life and after fulness of experience is acquired sweetening the soul and purifying the heart. He says : " The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wonder through all the outer worlds to reach the inner-most shrine at the end." (Page 10).

Many an apparent failure has to be suffered in the course of such an infinite compass of experience. This feeling is exquisitely expressed in the following wonderful poem :

" The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set ; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened ; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice ; only I have heard his gentle foot-steps from the road before my house.

The live-long day has passed in spreading his seat upon the floor ; but the lamp has not been lit, and I cannot ask him into my house.

I live in the hope of meeting with him ; but this meeting is not yet." (Page 11).

To quote *The Times* notice : " In *The Lady of the Rose* there is not only a coherent libretto, but a musical plan which is logically developed and reaches a cleverly contrived climax in the second act. There is a flavour of Strauss in some of the attractive airs which are used as leading motives throughout the work. The passing of time has not staled its melody nor dulled its humour. It was Mr. Huntley Wright's night ; his every appearance drew a cheer."

Huntley Wright died on July 10, 1941, at the age of 71. He played at Daly's Theatre more than 5,000 times and his association with George Edwardes lasted for many years. He was a great artist and a magnificent trouser, a mine of theatrical wit and wisdom. He used to say that there were only five jokes in the world ; they were just dressed differently.

Harry Welchman had little luck in management at Daly's.

" It has cost me eight thousand pounds to learn that musical comedy of the old-fashioned sort has no chance to-day," said Harry Welchman in a Press interview, discussing the losses he incurred in staging first *The White Camelia* and secondly, reviving *The Lady of the Rose* at Daly's Theatre. He went on to say—and this was in May, 1929 —" one or two of the so-called musical comedy houses are no longer business propositions. Rents are enormous, the seating is abominable, of comforts there are none. My advice is 'scrap the lot,' and build some new ones, or at any rate leave the shells of the present theatres and reconstruct the interiors. My dream for the future is to have a theatre with seating capacity commensurate with the biggest cinema theatres. This theatre will have all the amenities of a picture house. There will be no charge for programmes and no charge at the cloak rooms."

When I see the name of Leo Sheffield I always think of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Sheffield had a long and successful connection with these masterpieces. He is a Yorkshireman, born at Malton, in 1873. His first appearance on the stage was at the Savoy Theatre in 1906 as the Second Yeoman in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. He eventually appeared in the same opera as Sir Richard Cholmondely. For twenty-two years he played leading parts in all the operas. I liked his Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado*, and his Wilfred Shadbolt in *The Yeomen of the Guard* best. Leo Sheffield appeared at Daly's in revivals of *The Geisha* (1931) and *San Toy* (1932). He toured as Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* in 1937-38.

In May, 1929, Daly's was offered for sale by private tender ; the owners then were the Westminster Bank, who took it over as creditors

GITANJALI

"In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine."

(Page 37).

In another beautiful poem, he says :

"I know not from what distant time thou art ever coming nearer to meet me. Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.....I know not why to-day my life is all astir, and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart. It is as if the time were come to wind up my work, and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence." (Pages 37 & 38).

Again, he says :

"Time is endless in thy hands, my lord. At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut ; but I find that yet there is time."

(Page 76).

The sweetness born in the soul owing to the grace of God is not something that comes to us from without, but is only an inner fragrant blossoming. The poet says :

"I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart."

(Page 17).

This meeting of God and man in the temple of the heart has a dual movement as its cause. On the one

taken like this ; then a stage hand would run out from the wings and hold the curtains open for the star to pass through and take her personal call in front. On the first night at Daly's, however, the stage-hand got jittery and miscounted. And no sooner had he grasped the curtains than they started to go up again. The heavy curtains used in theatres are electrically operated, and he couldn't hope to hold them down, so with rare presence of mind he hung on and went up with them. Everything would have been all right if he had kept hold, but half-way up he lost his nerve and let go, landing on hands and knees with his face six inches from the prostrated star's. Even an experienced actor could not have saved the situation after that, and the stage hand was not experienced. Instead of keeping his head and walking off quietly, he elected to crawl. So the delighted audience were treated to a first curtain in which the anguished leading lady swooned before her assembled guests, and a second in which the carefully grouped company, still with supplicating hands stretched towards her, slowly turned their heads to follow the progress of a bewildered figure in a boiler suit exiting to slow music on his hands and knees."

Desirée Ellinger made her debut with Sir Thomas Beecham's Opera Company. She had a striking and brilliant career, playing principal operatic roles at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and later she achieved a high reputation in light opera in *Sylvia's Lovers*, *Helen*, *The Rose of Persia*, *The Gipsy Princess* and *Rose Marie*. She also appeared as Julie in *Showboat* in Paris. When she was appearing as the heroine in the musical play *The First Kiss*, she sold a kiss for five pounds in the cause of charity on "Poppy Day."

Mimi Crawford's (Countess of Suffolk) engagement in *Eldorado* was her first appearance at Daly's Theatre. I remember her as the sprightly little Middy on tour in 1914 in *The Marriage Market*, the part Elise Craven originated at Daly's. She is an accomplished dancer, whose work has lent distinction to a number of West End revues and musical comedies. Her outstanding achievement was in May, 1931, when she danced "The Blue Danube" before King George V. and Queen Mary at Covent Garden Opera House in a performance of *Die Fledermaus*. This was the first occasion on which Mimi Crawford had danced on an opera stage—and the first time that a British artiste had been engaged as prima ballerina for this opera in an international Covent Garden Season. She appeared in *The Dubarry* at His Majesty's, in which she danced two ballets. In 1934, Mimi Crawford married the Earl of Suffolk, one of whose ancestors, the first Earl of Suffolk, was mainly instrumental in discovering the

from my wallet I slowly took out the least little grain of corn and gave it to thee. But how great my surprise when at the day's end I emptied my bag on the floor to find a least little grain of gold among the poor heap. I bitterly wept and wished that I had had the heart to give thee my all.'

The poet thus shows that the human soul must give up every thing in a passion of ecstasy and love when God's love which is life's crown comes to it to gladden and glorify it for ever.

This heavenly consummation of a human life in loving God and having the vision of divine beauty as an abiding presence in the temple of the heart, can be had only through the attainment of certain negative and positive virtues, qualities, and faculties. The first quality required is a certain detachment from earthly desires (*Vairagya*). This virtue is hard to secure as a permanent inner possession.

The poet says in a beautiful poem :

"Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches
when I try to break them.

Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it I feel
ashamed.

I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and
that thou art my best friend, but I have not the
heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my
room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REVIVALS—THEN PANTOMIME

DURING 1931 and 1932 there was a series of revivals of famous old musical plays at Daly's Theatre. I am indebted to J. Bannister Howard for allowing me to quote particulars of his season of revivals at Daly's from his book:

"I am proud of these revivals, for it had long been my ambition to give the London public one more chance of seeing what charm and melody there were in the famous successes of the past. I have, like the bulk of elderly playgoers, a great affection for the many plays that were so popular in the late nineties and the early part of the present century, and it has always seemed a pity to me that so many of them—except for the ventures of amateurs—had so long lain neglected on the shelf."

Bannister Howard recruited an excellent company. On April 2nd, 1931, he started his season at Daly's with *The Belle of New York*. It was a wonderful night, and among the audience were very many old theatre favourites. Edna May, the original "Belle," was there, and Gertie Millar (Countess of Dudley) shared a box with Mrs. McLellan—wife of the author of the "book." Sir Seymour Hicks, Sir P. Ben Greet, Hayden Coffin, George Graves, Will Evans and Jimmy Glover came too to revive old memories.

Leonard Hornsey was the musical director of Bannister Howard's revivals, and the producer was Frederick Lloyd. In *The Belle of New York*, Patrick Waddington appeared as Harry, Norman Page as the "polite lunatic," Kathleen Burgis in the title role, Lorna Hubbard was a captivating Fifi, and Dorothy Ward a dashing Cora Angelique.

On June 1, 1931, *The Geisha* was revived, with Rose Hignell in Marie Tempest's original part, O Mimosa San. Donald Mather appeared in Hayden Coffin's old part, Lorna Hubbard in Letty Lind's part, Mollie Seymour. Léo Sheffield was the Marquis Imari, and George Lane was Wun Hi. Sidney Jones, the composer, conducted the overture on the opening night.

On July 29, 1931, Leslie Stuart's *Florodora* was staged with George Graves in Willie Edouin's old part, Tweedlepunch, the phrenologist, probably one of the best comedy parts ever written for a musical play. Dorothy Ward appeared as Lady Holywood, originally played

"I thought I could outdo every body in the world in wealth and power, and I amassed in my own treasure-house the money due to my king. When sleep overcame me I lay upon the bed that was for my lord, and on waking up I found I was a prisoner in my own treasure-house." (Page 24).

"Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip."

Another negative quality required is the avoidance of too much mingling with the world. God-lovers have to mingle with the world-lovers to save these and uplift them into the radiance of the love of God, but they will find themselves dragged down if they mingle too much with the latter. The poet says of these,

"When it was day they came into my house and said, 'we shall only take the smallest room here.' They said, 'we shall help you in the worship of your God and humbly accept our own share of his grace', and then they took their seat in a corner and they sat quiet and meek.

But in the darkness of night I find they break into my sacred shrine, strong and turbulent, and snatch with untidy greed the offerings from 'God's altar.' (Page 26)..

as the Princess in *A Waltz Dream*. After the first performance, the Guv'nor presented her with a quaint ring; it consisted of two large diamonds, set one on each side of a shamrock leaf in emeralds, and was similar to the one he had given to Lily Elsie when she made her first big hit in the title role in *The Merry Widow*. Dorothy's favourite part is Louise in *The Cinema Star*. When she was nineteen she married Shaun Glenville, whom she met in pantomime. She toured among the British Forces in France with the first E.N.S.A. concert party.

Of Bannister Howard's revivals at Daly's, the most successful were *The Belle of New York* and *The Geisha*. The former was first produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1898, and ran for 697 performances with delightful Edna May in the title role. In my opinion, the music of the "Belle" is hard to beat. Gustave Kerker, the composer, was born at Herford, Germany, in 1857, and educated in Germany and the United States.

To celebrate his fiftieth year as a manager his friends gave Bannister Howard a luncheon at Gatti's in November, 1934. He was born at Greenwich on February 27, 1867, and educated at Lewisham College and Ealing College. He sang in the choir of St. Stephen's, Ealing Dean, in the morning, and in the evening he was in the choir of St. Matthew's, Ealing Common. In his younger days he was a noted cricketer, captain of the Ealing College Cricket Club. While still at school, he was keenly interested in amateur theatricals.

Florence Desmond, that brilliant mimic, was once under his banner at the age of ten. He had a now-famous film star at two pounds a week, and he gave a start to Dame Sybil Thorndike, Gabrielle Ray, Ralph Lynn, Alec Fraser, Revnell and West, and Felix Edwards, the well-known producer of musical plays. At one time he controlled fourteen touring companies and five theatres, and has run shows at the Lyceum, Aldwych, Daly's, Savoy, Garrick, Lyric, Vaudeville, Prince's and Strand Theatres. The famous farce, *Tons of Money*, which he introduced to the stage, made a fortune for several people, and its production was a real romance of the theatre. The series of revivals of old musical plays at Daly's in 1931 was really the last important theatrical venture that Bannister Howard undertook. He has had a wonderful career, and I am glad to be able to pay a tribute to him here.

Tons of Money was revived at Daly's on November 28, 1932. *The Times'* writer specially mentioned Leslie Hamilton and Stephanie Stephens in his notice. He also wrote: "The vitality of this farce appears to be inexhaustible."

Such are some of the negative qualities and faculties to be brought into existence to fit ourselves for the attainment of the true consummation of life. The achievement of positive qualities and faculties is an equally urgent and indispensable pre-requisite, and the *Gitanjali* gives us precious truths on this matter also. The first quality required is a keen hunger and passion for God-vision. The poet says :

“ He came when the night was still ; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost ? Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep ?” (Pages 20 and 21).

When partial vision comes to us, our craving for more light should become more, and our courage in its pursuit more invincible. The poet cries out :

“ Light, Oh where is the light ? Kindle it with the burning fire of desire ! ... A moment's flash of lightning drags down a deeper gloom on my sight, and my heart gropes for the path to where the music of the night calls me Let not the hours pass by in the dark. Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.” (Pages 21-22).

Another faculty to be acquired is the faculty of service of God. The poet says :

“ Pluck this little flower and take it, delay not !
... Though its colour be not deep and its smell

the system whereby the Principal Boy is always a girl and the Dame a male comedian, is a remnant of it. Many nations have contributed to the great series of pantomime tales which are founded on fact, fiction, legend or all three combined. Christmas pantomime is regarded as a purely British institution, for no other nation puts nursery tales on the stage at Christmas.

One of the mainstays of the George Edwardes musical plays, Adrian Ross, died on September 10, 1933. He was one of the greatest writers of popular and topical lyrics. The Guv'nor once said in an interview: "As for the material which we present to the public, where will you find anything to equal the lyrics of Adrian Ross? Why, they are as clever as the Ingoldsby Legends or anything Tom Hood wrote."

Adrian Ross in private life was Arthur Reed Ropes, and he was a lyric writer for over forty years. After being educated at Priory House School, Clapton, Mill Hill School and the City of London School, he went up to King's College, Cambridge, where he was a distinguished scholar. A Fellowship at King's came as a natural reward for his academic career, and from 1884 to 1890 he pursued the normal life of a University don, teaching history, and applying himself to the affairs of his college. At the same time he "cultivated poetry" (his own phrase), and published a volume of serious verse. In order to lecture on Frederick the Great, he acquired a knowledge of the German language, which was to prove of great value to him in his subsequent career.

His entry into the theatrical world was a mere chance. A cold, caught while watching the University Boat Race, confined him to his house. During this enforced seclusion, he wrote a libretto in the Gilbertian vein. Back in Cambridge, he showed it to Dr. Osmond Carr. Together they wrote some trial "matinée" performances. J. L. Shine then joined with Ross in re-writing the piece, and it was shown to George Edwardes, who commissioned the three of them to write a burlesque entitled *Joan of Arc*, which was produced at the Opera Comique in 1891, with Arthur Roberts in the cast. From that time until 1922, the year which saw the production of *Lilac Time*, Ross was identified with most of the great musical comedies of those three decades. He was associated with Lionel Monckton, Ivan Caryll and other well-known composers of those years, and with the Gaiety and Daly's.

Here is a sample of one of his lyrics from *A Country Girl*. Entitled "Peace, Peace," it was sung in the original production by Rutland Barrington as the Rajah of Bhong:

and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance ! Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our Master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation ; he is bound with us all for ever."

(Pages 8 and 9).

In the thirtieth poem Tagore shows the need for a life of spacious leisure and secluded meditation. Tagore shows us further that we must feel ourselves to be the children of God and regain the child-like qualities of wonder, innocence, trustfulness, joy, and love if we are to attain the kingdom of God that is in us. He enforces the same lesson that Christ taught when he said : " Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." (John iii 3,5,8). Poems 60 to 62 in the *Gitanjali* are child-poems and are found also in *The Crescent Moon*, and their inclusion in the *Gitanjali* is to impress on our hearts the great truth above said.

Tagore shows us in verses full of beauty and spiritual passion what raptures and powers come to us when we become dowered with God's grace, the attainment of which is the crown and glory of life. He beautifully describes God's grace as the dark-hued and benignant cloud that sends down gracious showers of joy and love to the arid parched-up heart. In the:



DEREK OLDHAM
as Rene in *Madame Pompadour*

Photo—Stage Photo Coy.

GITANJALI

"At last, when I woke from my slumber and opened my eyes, I saw thee standing by me, flooding my sleep with thy smile."

(Page 41).

"I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door."

(Page 42).

Such coming of God's grace is the true joy of life. The following prayer of the poet is full of truth and beauty.

"Let him appear before my sight as the first of all lights and all forms. The first thrill of joy to my awakened soul, let it come from his glance. And let my return to myself be immediate return to him."

(Page 39).

When the human soul rests in Infinite Beauty it becomes full of peace, rapture, and harmony, and new melodies of the scheme of things become revealed to it. Emerson says: "From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.....when it breathes through the intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through the will, it is virtue; when it flows through the affections, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins, when it would be something of

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FINAL CURTAIN.

DURING the early 'thirties—a lean period for new musical plays—there was a further series of revivals at Daly's. It is interesting to speculate on the possible causes of this decline ; but I am of the opinion that less enterprise was being shown by managers than heretofore, and that musicians and librettists lacked the old enthusiastic encouragement.

Whatever the causes—and there were assuredly many—the fact was clear the new productions of the right kind were either not forthcoming, or that managements lacked confidence to embark on large and expensive productions because of a declining faith in public support.

Old favourites figured among the revivals at Daly's. On February 22, 1932, *San Toy*, one of the most tuneful of Sidney Jones's compositions, opened.

The cast included Leo Sheffield as Yen How, Frederick Bentley as Li, Donald Mather in Hayden Coffin's original part of Lieut. Bobbie Preston, Harry Hilliard as Sir Bingo Preston, Walter Bird as Lieut. Harvey Tucker, Arthur Digney as Fo Hop, Conway Dixon as the Emperor of China, Rita Page as Dudley, Brenda Clether as Poppy Preston, Molly Francis as Ko Fan, Susanne Paterson as Wun Lung and Jean Colin as "San Toy."

"Time rests not quite as lightly on *San Toy* as on several of the old musical pieces that have been revived at Daly's, perhaps because the Chinese convention that was once its charm and humour was dependent on a fashion now almost forgotten," a critic commented.

La Poupée was revived again in 1932 with Jean Colin, Patrick Waddington, and Mark Lester in Willie Edouin's original part of the doll maker.

Miss Hook of Holland, a musical play by Paul Rubens and Austen Hurgon, with music by Paul Rubens, was revived on March 24, 1932. First staged at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on January 31, 1907, it ran for 462 performances. The original company included Isabel Jay as Sally, and G. P. Huntley as Mr. Hook. Among the revival cast at Daly's were Jean Colin as Sally, Mark Lester as Mr. Hook, Robert Layton, Harold Kimberley, Walter Bird, John Denis, Hal

GITANJALI

“What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God,
from this overflowing cup of my life ?

My poet, is it thy delight to see thy creation
through my eyes and to stand at the portals of
my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal
harmony ?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind and thy
joy is adding music to them. Thou givest thyself
to me in love and thou feelest thine own entire
sweetness in me.”

(Page 61).

Looking at the cosmic scheme of things from this
lofty and divine standpoint, Tagore is able to perceive
and realise and communicate profound spiritual truths
and to see and make us see the divine significance of
life and its myriad incidents which to ordinary worldly
eyes have no value or purpose. In the daily revelation
of light, he sees the grace and love and joy of God
manifested. He says.

“The light is scattered into gold on every cloud,
my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.
Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling,
and gladness without measure. The heaven’s
river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy
is abroad.”

(Pages 52 and 53).

The same truth is declared by the Upanishads :

“आनन्दादेव खल्विमानि भूतानि जायन्ते ”

his first appearance to conduct the orchestra. He died in 1921, at the age of sixty.

From 1933 to 1937, when Daly's Theatre closed down for good, the plays produced were of little interest with the exception of Sir Seymour Hicks' productions.

"The first piece at Daly's in which I appeared was a farce, *It's You I Want*, produced on February 21, 1933," wrote Sir Seymour. "It ran for eight months, much of its success being due to the delicious performance of Nora Swinburne and the excellent company, which included lovely Joan Clarkson, Bromley Davenport, dear Viola Tree, Michael Shepley and H. G. Stoker, whom I was honoured to have with me after the gallant services he had rendered to his country as a submarine commander." *It's You I Want* was written by Maurice Braddell.

"The next play I produced and appeared in at Daly's was *Vintage Wine*, on May 29, 1934, an adaptation from the Hungarian by Ashley Dukes and myself, which fortunately was one of the greatest comedy successes in my repertoire.

"In this piece I persuaded that grand actress and beautiful lady, Miss Julia Neilson, to return to the stage, and her triumph as the great-grand-mother is so recent I have no need to comment. I have only to be grateful to her, as indeed I am to Claire Luce, who, after having danced her way into the hearts of Londoners with Mr. Fred Astaire at the Palace Theatre, gave an entrancing performance as the girl-wife of the middle-aged husband, which I played.

The cast of *Vintage Wine*, which ran for 215 performances, also included Stanley Vilven, Gemma Fagan, Patrick Baring, Ronald Waters, Oliver Gordon and Madeline Seymour, who, at one time, was in the chorus at Daly's, and eventually appeared in the title role of *The Merry Widow*.

On October 19, 1933, *Maternité* was produced at Daly's. It was an English translation by John Pollack of the play by Eugene Brieux. The cast included Madeline Seymour, Cathleen Nesbit, Malcolm Keene, J. Fisher White, W. E. Holloway, Karen Stanley Alder, Averil Haley, Kenneth Hyde, Grace Lane, Richard Montague, Dorothy Dickens, Edwin Dodds, Dudley Stuart, Robert Martin, Ellis J. Preston, T. Maxwell Reynolds, F. Johnson Powell, and C. Carlton Crowe. The play was produced by Sir Seymour Hicks.

On November 22, 1933, *That's A Pretty Thing*, a musical farce by Stanley Lupino, with music by Noel Gay and lyrics by Desmond Carter, was staged. The cast included Kevan Bernard, Bobbie Comber, Sara Allgood, Nancy Burne, Pearl Osgood, George Gee,

पादोऽस्य विश्वाभूतानि त्रिपादस्यामृतं दिवि ॥

(A portion of Him is the universe: The remainder is shining immortal beyond). Tagore teaches us the unity of life. He says: "The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures." (Page 64).

Yet this unity is full of an infinite variety. He teaches further how the soul is a part of the Divine Being. The following passage is full of the deepest spiritual truth :—

"Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This the self-separation has taken body in me The great pageant of thee and me has overspread the sky. With the tune of thee and me all the air is vibrant, and all ages pass with the hiding and seeking of thee and me."

(Pages 66 and 67).

God is the lord of life and the goal of life is to meet the divine musician playing on the flute of the world. The poet says :

"He it is who puts his enchantment upon these eyes and joyfully plays on the chords of my heart in varied cadence of pleasure and pain There, at the fording, in the little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute."

Pages 67 and 69.)

the old Queen's Theatre, Manchester, in a Shakespearean production.

Charley's Aunt, which needs no introduction or comment, was revived at Daly's on December 22, 1934, for the Christmas season, with Dudley Rolph in the title role. Production was by Amy Brandon-Thomas, daughter of the author.

On July 1, 1935, *Le Nouveau Testament*, a comedy by Sacha Guitry was presented. The cast included the author, who also produced it; and on July 8, a play by the same author, entitled *Mon Double et ma Moitié*, was staged at Daly's. The cast included Sacha Guitry, Gaston Severin, Jacqueline Delubac, and Pauline Carton.

The Unguarded Hour, by Bernard Merivale, from a play by Ladislaus Fodor, was produced at Daly's on July 31, 1935, with Godfrey Tearle, Robert Gilbert, Atholl Fleming, Carl Hasbord, E. Vivian Reynolds, Malcolm Keen, Rachel Berendt, Margaret Damer, Ronald Simpson, Noel Dainton, Jane Thaw, Malcolm Tearle, R. Halliday Mason, Rupert Siddons, William Gordon, Regina West, Cyril Chamberlain, and George Elton in the cast. George was a son of William Elton, who was associated with the glorious days at the old Gaiety Theatre as a member of the wonderful company which included Nellie Farren, Fred Leslie, Edward Terry, Kate Vaughan and E. W. Royce.

George Elton first appeared on the stage at Shepherd's Bush as an amateur in a farcical comedy called *Glitter*. I was with him in that play. He made a name for himself on the professional stage, and has many successes to his credit in drama, comedy and musical comedy. He was in the original cast of *The Arcadians* as Father Time, and never missed a performance during the entire run of 809 performances. George Elton died in December, 1942.

Tread Softly, a comedy by Peter Traill, was produced by Val Gielgud at Daly's on November 7, 1935, with a cast including Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon, Eileen Peel, Jessie Winter, Fred Hearn, Robert Flemyng, Denis Cowles and Yvonne Arnaud.

As entertainment the piece was unequal, but there was a little good comedy and much good acting. Ronald Squire and Yvonne Arnaud won the praise of the critics.

When Yvonne was a little girl music seemed the best of all things to her. To play herself—in a childish way—or, better still, to hear other people playing, was her great joy. At school she made music on her lesson books all the time, and strummed on her desk when she should have been learning the histories and geographies of nations. But, she says, "I am not sorry. Music is still the best thing to me." At fifteen years of age Yvonne won the first prize at the Conservatoire

soul on the mystery of death and shows us the true meaning of death. The poems on death in the *Gitanjali* are various and variously beautiful. In one poem he says :

"If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk."

(Page 19).

"Death, thy servant, is at my door. I will worship him with folded hands and with tears. I will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of my heart."

(Page 79).

God's love sends death to us, so that when our senses and faculties become incapacitated and unfit to bring home to our souls divine messages to train them, we may be gently divested of the worn-out garment of the body and re clothed in a better and fitter frame. The poet says :

"On the day when death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him ?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life—I will never let him go with empty hands."

(Page 83).

"The flowers have been woven and the garland is ready for the bridegroom. After the wedding

Robert Andrews, Amy Brandon-Thomas and Dorothy Leake. The producer was Henry Cass.

I am reminded of the fact that Violet Vanbrugh appeared at Daly's as a member of Augustin Daly's company in 1893, as Madame Lauretta in *Love in Tandem*. She also played at Daly's Lady Sneerwell in *The School for Scandal*, Alithea in *The Country Girl*—not the musical play—and Olivia in *Twelfth Night*. At one time Violet Vanbrugh understudied three great actresses—Mrs. Kendal, Ada Rehan and Ellen Terry—and it was her good fortune to appear for two of these players.

On April 29, 1937, we come to the last musical play production at Daly's prior to the closing down of the theatre. *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, which was a new version by G. P. Robinson, the musical adaptation being by Sydney Baynes.

It is a comic opera, originally written by Charles Lamb Kennedy (from the French), with music by Jacques Offenbach; it was first staged at Covent Garden Theatre on November 18, 1867. A new version by Charles Brookfield and Adrian Ross was produced at the Savoy Theatre on December 4, 1897.

The Daly's cast was: *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*—Enid Cruikshank; Wanda—Nancy Neale; Fritz—Bruce Carfax; Prince Paul—Richard Goolden; Baron Puck—Eddie Garr; Nepomuc—Peter Owen; General Boum—W. S. Percy; Baron Grog—Clifton Boyne; Sergeant-Major—Darroll Richards; Iza—Norah Colton; Olga—Hazel Jennings; Amelie—Molly Johnson; Charlotte—Marjorie Tomlin.

The Daly's version was produced by R. Claud Jenkins.

Offenbach, composer of so many delightful comic operas, was a martyr to illness during the last ten years of his life, and often worked best when suffering most. He usually spent his summer in the Pavilion of Henri IV. at St. Germain, which was the resort of many Parisian celebrities. There, in the middle of July, the poor invalid, wrapped in a fur dressing-gown, had to shut all the windows, as the least draught might have been fatal. Often, when his companions came home in the evening, they expected to find him dead, but instead heard him hard at work on the piano, and, indeed, only a few hours before his death, he was correcting the score of his last work, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* ("Tales of Hoffmann"). A German Jew, Offenbach went to Paris in his youth, and over a period of twenty-five years, wrote something like ninety operas, a truly remarkable output. He died on October 5, 1880, at the age of sixty-one.

And now we come to the last production of all at Daly's. It was

GITANJALI

“ When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word. In this play house of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless.

My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch, who is beyond touch ; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word.”

(Page 88).

I cannot conclude this all-too-brief and imperfect study of this epoch-making book of poems better than by putting side by side two wonderful poems—one by Tennyson and the other by Tagore—two great poets. who are as great seers as they are singers, who have touched life at all points without losing their view of heaven, who have mingled service and meditation, who have risen through sorrow into a divine peace, and who have dowered us with a deeper vision of the scheme of things.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me !

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

performance, either a matinée or an evening performance, to be in aid of a theatrical charity. Anyhow, all old playgoers would, I am sure, welcome a celebration of the kind suggested by me. Happily, many of Daly's old favourites are still with us."

The letter was not published and nothing came of my suggestion.

But I was not alone in my sad memories. One who had as great a right as any to attend the last performance was there. On that—for me unforgettable—Saturday evening of September 25, 1937, Dame Marie Tempest sat in a box and said farewell to the stage she had made famous. There was another note of drama.

When the curtain fell on *The First Legion*, Cecil Paget, the manager, came on the stage and made a valedictory speech in a voice broken by emotion. He touched on the theatre's long history of successes, and when he mentioned Dame Marie Tempest's name at the head of the list of Daly's stars, the applause was terrific.

Dame Marie, in an interview, referred to how she was first engaged at Daly's. She had just returned from America, and made all arrangements to go back there. Contracts had been signed, casts engaged. "George Edwardes," she said, "made short work of me. He was determined to have me for Daly's; and he did not mind what it cost him." When the negotiations were over and her engagement was settled, she asked him what her part was to be. "Oh!" Mr. Edwardes said blandly, "it isn't written yet." It turned out to be *Adèle in An Artist's Model*.

The scene outside Daly's Theatre must have reminded Dame Marie Tempest of the days when her name on the theatre's facade seemed as permanent as the theatre itself. Just before her car drove off, the commissionaire put his head in at the door: "I must have a last handshake, Madame," he said, while the crowd drew nearer, peered in and whispered breathlessly. "I've been here thirty-five years. My name is Robinson." He extended an enormous hand in which Dame Marie's was quite lost. Then he shut the door and the car drove off amid wavings and cries of goodwill. I am indebted to W. A. Darlington's account of the final performance at Daly's as published in the *Daily Telegraph* for this information.

Daly's Theatre, which was famous all over the world for its musical play productions, was bought by Warner Brothers. Purchase and rebuilding, I understand, cost about £250,000.

CHAPTER III.

THE GARDENER.

This book of poems is full of varied beauty and emotional appeal, and if the *Gitanjali* belongs to the golden evening of life, the *Gardener* assuredly belongs to its rosy dawn and its meridian splendour. It contains exquisite love-poetry, beautiful nature-lyrics, and lofty devotional poems, and is as remarkable for its simplicity, spontaneity, and freshness as for its fulness of colour and melody. The poems contained in it were written during Tagore's youth and manhood and were published in three volumes—*Sonar Tari*, *Manasi*, and *Chitra*. They express in their passionate longing, their ecstasy in the contemplation of the spiritual elements of beauty, and their pure glow of feeling, mingling human and divine love, the very soul of Indian music. I have shown in the Introductory Chapter the close union of poesy and music in the art of Tagore. In the *Gardener* even more than in other poems the musical *motif* with its aids by way of refrains, rhythms, and rapid movement lifts the poet on the wings of melody to the loftiest summits of rapture. The poet cries out in the fifth poem.

“ I am restless, I am athirst for far-away things,
My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirts-
of the dim distance,

of the few restaurants which had a band, in order to dance to it, would have been expelled by a scandalised *maître d'hôtel*. Living was cheap—for the sovereign really contained twenty shillings. What you could buy with it would have amazed the young people of to-day.

London was an English city, it had not become cosmopolitan in speech, manner, dress and appearance. The hansom cab was with us, the growler plied and we had the horse bus still. Hayden Coffin, Daly's *jeune premier par excellence*, drove tandem down to the theatre in a dog cart behind a perfect pair of cobs. The West End was a very definite locality and had a stamp which has vanished to-day. Leicester Square, on the corner of which Daly's Theatre stood, was the very centre of nightlife and the pleasure ground of London.

In the last war we sang "Farewell, Leicester Square." Little did we realise that we were prophets. For the Leicester Square we Daly-goers knew is no more. Up to a few years ago it was still the first place visitors to London enquired for. To-day, of the thousands of American soldiers who have asked me questions as I go about the West End, not one has wanted Leicester Square. It is Piccadilly they are after. From a glittering centre of playhouses, restaurants, music halls, bohemian cafes and public houses, it has become quiet and sedate, a place for cinemas, milk bars and great public institutions. No more shall we see the Empire, the Cafe de l'Europe (although the name remains), the Leicester Lounge, The Alhambra, the Provence, the Cavour, Sir Joshua Reynolds' lovely house—some of them were destroyed by enemy action, but mostly they surrendered to the changing conditions. Shadows bellow with mechanical voices where once the human form and lovely singing held us enthralled. We sip tea where once we paid threepence for a Scotch and got a splash of soda for nothing. The lights were still there until this war shut them down, but they were mechanical and commercial. We did not, in Daly's days, need so much artificial light, we made our own nights gay.

Perhaps it is a more respectable, and more sober place to-day. Indeed I know it is. Time was—the very time with which we deal—when no lady could have walked across Leicester Square unescorted or alone, for fear of being accosted. But most women, in those days, wore no make-up, with the exception of a little powder (surreptitiously applied) and between the monde and the demi-monde there was a great gulf fixed—in manners and in appearance. What a sensation if a lady had lit a cigarette in the stalls of Daly's, in the great days. Yet, at the end, it was the rule, not the exception. Just one of those little things which go to show.

THE GARDENER

of the name the *Gardener*. Every line in it is full of inner significance. It will be impossible to expand here the ideas contained in every sentence, though such a task is delightful, uplifting, and worthy. I shall do the work on a more suitable occasion if there be any call for it. The very opening of the poem that describes how the poet comes to the queen after all the other servants are gone, shows how the attainment of the divine joys of poesy is the last and highest thing to which the spirit of man can attain. The servant (*viz.*, the poet) tells the queen:

“When you have finished with others, that is my time.”

(Page 1).

What does he want to do? How shall I express the divine beauty of his request!

“Make me the gardener of your flower garden . . .

I will give up my other work. I throw my swords and lances down in the dust. Do not send me to distant courts: do not bid me undertake new conquests. But make me the gardener of your flower garden.”

He desires only to dwell amid the heavenly fragrance of divine thoughts and emotions. What further work need he do? The work of material progress, nay, even the work of service of man in the lower fields of activity—he has left far behind. He does not want to be sent even in her service away from the sight of her

white and blue waistcoats and a little round medallion portrait of its favourite general in its buttonhole. A white whiskered gentleman referred to as "old Kroojer" was the villain of the piece. And the "handy men" went up with their monster guns (4.7's they were) and made it hot for him.

And one of the very pivots of these days was Daly's Theatre. It was a microcosm of London life and of light entertainment. It was the home of a special brand of musical comedy, invented by its Master—the great George Edwardes. He himself was the very epitome of the times, in appearance and manners. On the bills and programmes it said, "Under the Sole Control and Management of Mr. George Edwardes"—and so it was. Not for nothing was he called "The Guv'nor." He was a giant of the Theatre—the great managers of to-day are pigmies to him—and Daly's was one of his principal stamping grounds. He it was, as Mr. Winslow tells us, who took over from Augustin Daly, the American, and made Daly's Theatre a paying proposition. More, he made it a definite part of London life—and also of the Theatre life of the whole country. For his touring companies, composed of stars of the provinces, packed the houses everywhere. And many of his Daly's stars came from them. Some preferred to remain provincial stars rather than face the fickle London footlights. And often the provincial public preferred them to the stars of the West End. Edwardes knew his public when he said it never made a mistake.

A performance at Daly's was a cross section of the era. Here was taste, here was artistry, here was the best of everything. And in Victorian and Edwardian days the best only was good enough. Quality mattered more than quantity. Here, under the selective power of the Guv'nor, were the best artists, the best composers, the best scenery, the best clothes, the prettiest girls, that could be found. It was different from the Gaiety—a different atmosphere, a different type of show—but these two places were the best of their kind that London, or any other great city, including New York, has ever seen. There was an atmosphere about Daly's, different from the atmosphere of the Gaiety. It is difficult to describe it. If one gave the best velvet, the other gave the best silk—both magnificent materials but different in texture.

If the best was demanded back stage, the best also was found in the front of the house. The audiences were as smart and as distinguished as the shows. An Edwardes First Night was a social function such as you could not see to-day. Big film premieres may be packed with celebrities but have they really come to see the picture,

The second poem is full of the loftiest truths and makes us see how a poet and lover of God, though he has transcended the lower forms of work—*viz.*, conquests over nature and service of man through lower motives—serves his Goddess best by not merely rejoicing in her worship, her beauty, and her love, but by serving humanity unselfishly and through higher motives, by voicing the sweetest human emotions and conveying the messages of his Goddess to man, and by seeking to lift up all to the inner paradise where he lives and moves and has his being. I find it difficult to resist the temptation to explain each sentence in this poem, so full of deep inner meaning throughout; but I have to resist the temptation, having regard to the limits of space and to the fitness of things according to the scheme of this work. The poet should not merely hear the music of the hereafter and be dumb. He says :

“ I watch if young straying hearts meet together,
and two pairs of eager eyes beg for music to
break their silence and speak for them.

Who is there to weave their passionate songs, if I
sit on the shore of life and contemplate death
and the beyond ?

If some wanderer, leaving home, come here to
watch the night and with bowed head listen
to the murmur of the darkness, *who is there to*

them all. And that young man afterwards won the Derby and his name is Tom Walls. He graduated at Daly's.

Daly's would provide a topical song which always took the town. Those who heard Rutland Barrington sing "Peace, Peace"—with its verses as up-to-date as the evening papers (and in those days London had eight or nine evening papers) will always remember it. W. H. Berry, still happily with us, was another Daly's recruit who was a master of this now departed art. News lasted longer then, topics were not so soon forgotten or exhausted, we had no nine o'clock news and Joseph McLeod reading it. The banner headline was not yet invented, stories ran into columns of small print, and were closely read. And the notice of a new play at Daly's would occupy a column, too. The critics of the dailies had the week end to think it over and prepare it, for Saturday nights were Daly's first nights, and the Sunday papers waited a week before they gave it their real eulogy. Another sign of the times was that daily papers in most cases cost a half-penny too.

The foyer of the theatre was as distinctive as the show. Its rich panelling, its bronzes, its Japanese armour, its few steps up, its quiet lighting—all spoke of richness and leisure. Its handsome auditorium was a place in which to enjoy the best things in suitable surroundings. It looked, it felt like, and it was—a Theatre. Its stage door was pure romance. Once, too, it was pure tragedy. For in its later days, into the hands of the stage-door keeper, James White confided a parcel. He warned the man it was to be locked up and given to nobody but him. And he added that when he asked for it, the man was to be sure to ask him if he really wanted it. The day came when he did ask for it and expressed the certainty of his desire. And the next morning, the world read of his death. That parcel contained the means to his end.

Well, Daly's has gone now, but Mr. Forbes-Winslow has done us gallant service by immortalising it in print. Its day was over. It belonged to a time which has passed. It began as a dramatic house. It ended as one. It had seen only 44 years . . . but what years they were.

It belonged to the days of the Old Queen, who had already become almost a legend to her loving subjects, but who, four years after the Theatre was built, came out of her retirement to show herself to millions of her people, a little figure in black, sitting in her carriage, driving through her London on a fine summer's day, to return thanks at St. Paul's, for sixty years of sovereignty. And before and after her went men from every part of the earth, all subjects of hers. It

"Thy breath comes to me whispering an impossible hope.

Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own.

I am listless, I am a wanderer in my heart

O Farthest end, O the keen call of thy flute!

I forget, I ever forget, that the gates are shut
ever more in the house where I dwell alone !"

(Pages 12-13).

In the sixth poem the poet shows by the simile of the caged bird and the free bird, how the call of love moves the soul imprisoned in matter, though the latter bemoans its inability to escape from the cage and soar wing to wing with the free bird viz., the Ever-Free, Ever-Joyful World-Soul which is Love and yearns to teach the caged spirit to soar into the pure empyrean of love on the wings of peace and joy. In the seventh poem the simile of the maiden and the prince shows how poesy serves the God of Love for His sweet sake whether he lifts his eyes to her in love or not. She flings "the jewel from her breast" beneath his moving car, not caring whether he or any one else knows her utter self-surrender or not, and realising that such ecstasy of devotion is an end in itself and is the sweetest and truest thing in life. In another poem Tagore shows how poetry should be rooted in the earth though its finest blossoms may lift up their heads in the serene air of love and light, rejoice in the sunshine

Season and the houses of the West End had window boxes which made the city into a garden, when Eton and Harrow at Lords' was a landmark, when the Boat Race divided the country for months into two hostile camps, of Ascot Sunday and Boulter's Lock, and when the Cattle Show was the big week for theatres ; when there really were twenty shillings in the pound.

Great days, golden days, now only a memory—but in that memory Daly's Theatre will live as one of the most golden of them all.

THE GARDENER

"Who are you, reader, reading my poems an.
hundred years hence ?

I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth
of the spring, one single streak of gold from yonder
clouds.

In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy
that sang one spring morning, sending its glad
voice across an hundred years."

(Page 146):

Tagore recognises and proclaims the supreme dignity
and beauty of the poet's art in words full of beauty.

"In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of
grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeam
and the stars of midnight.

Thus my songs share their seats in the heart of the
world with the music of clouds and forests.

But you, man of riches, your wealth has no part in
the simple grandeur of the sun's glad gold and
the mellow gleam of the musing moon.

The blessing of the all-embracing sky is not shed
upon it.

And when death appears, it pales and withers and
crumbles into dust."

(Page 129).

It is a natural transition from poesy to love, and we
cannot better study the wonderful love-poems in his
volume than by studying at the outset the poems describ-

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"It is too late to ask my heart in return for yours.
There was a time when my life was like a bud, all
its perfume was stored in its core.

Now it is squandered far and wide. Who knows
the enchantment that can gather and shut it up
again ?

My heart is not mine to give to one only, it is given
to the many."

(Page 68).

That is the note of the singer who has truly risen to
the raptures of the love of All, the lover whose beloved
is the soul of the world. A poet who has not fully risen
to this beatitude must necessarily feel that love is more
than the joy of poesy or fame.

"My love, once upon a time your poet launched a
great epic in his mind.

Alas, I was not careful, and it struck your ringing
anklets and came to grief.

You must make this loss good to me, my love.

If my claims to immortal fame after death are shat-
tered, make me immortal while I live.

And I will not mourn for my loss nor blame you."

(Page 69).

Similarly did Byron say :

' O talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty

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general love-poems in this book are exquisite and perfect lyrical gems. The eighth poem describes how a maiden's love is shy though deep. Another poem describes maidenly shyness shining in its fulness of charm even when love has triumphed over it.

"When my love comes and sits by my side, when my body trembles, and my eyelids droop, the night darkens, the wind blows out the lamp, and the clouds draw veils over the stars.

It is the jewel at my breast that shines and gives light. I do not know how to hide it."

(Pages 20-21).

The sixteenth poem shows the elemental nature of love—its immediateness, its simplicity, and its touch with life.

"It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again ; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles.

This love between you and me is simple as a song. No mystery beyond the present ; no striving for the impossible ; no shadow behind the charm ; no groping in the depth of the dark.

We have not crushed the joy to the utmost ; wringing from it the wine of pain.

This love between you and me is simple as a song."

(Pages 36-37).

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A lover though he says that he will leave his beloved! will return to her feet with renewed rapture.

“ When I say I leave you for all time, accept it as true, and let a mist of tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes.

Then smile as archly as you like when I come again.”

(Pages 71-2).

The love-poems in this volume that depict love as manifested in Indian life are of peculiar attractiveness and charm. I must not omit to mention here one peculiar feature frequently noticed in regard to Indian love-poetry, *viz.*, its exquisite setting amid the sweetest natural scenes. As I have pointed out in my essay on some characteristics of Sanskrit poetry : “ Nature plays an important part in Sanskrit lyrics : the lotus, the moon, and the kokila, are met with frequently. The love scenes are placed amidst the enchanting spots in nature, in scenes lit up by bright blossoms shining like many-coloured moons, where gentle winds come laden with strange perfumes; vocal with the sounds of tuneful-throated birds.” The tenth poem and the eleventh poem describe how a bashful Indian bride is asked to go and meet the guest at the gate and bring him in. The wonderful beauty of these poems is their suggestiveness in which a diviner atmosphere seems somehow to interpenetrate the human universe.

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The next poem brings before our eyes another sweet picture of Indian life and love.

"Under the banyan tree you were milking the cow
with your hands, tender and fresh as butter.

And I was standing still.

I did not say a word. It was the bird that sang
unseen from the thicket.

The mango tree was shedding its flowers upon the
village road, and the bees came humming one by
one." (Page 30).

The whole poem is so inexpressibly sweet that one
could imagine it sung by Krishna to Radha at Brinda-
vana. The next poem is equally fine.

"The prone shadows with their outstretched arms
clung to the feet of the hurrying light. . . .

Some one was busy with her work, and her bangles
made music in the corner. I stood before this
hut, I know not why." (Page 32).

The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-third poems
describe the sweet and graceful ways of Indian maidens
with a simplicity that is charming.

"The two sisters glance at each other when they
come to this spot, and they smile.

There is a laughter in their swift-stepping feet;
which makes confusion in somebody's mind who
stands behind the trees whenever they go to
fetch water." (Page 41).

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THE GARDENER

bashfulness is full of wild regret after the lover goes away.

"He put a flower in my hair. I said, 'It is useless!' ; but he stood unmoved.

He took the garland from my neck and went away. I weep and ask my heart, 'Why does he not come back?' "

(Page 67).

I shall now take up the poems dealing with love in its manifold relation of life, as they are remarkable for their insight into the human heart and knowledge of its deepest impulses of pain and rapture. The poet shows how the young heart has a sudden blossoming of sweetness in it in the springtime of love and how it is first of all in love with love before it sees heaven realised in one human face.

"I run as a musk-deer in the shadow of the forest
mad with his own perfume.

From my heart comes out and dances the image
of my own desire. The gleaming vision flits on.
I try to clasp it firmly, it eludes me and leads me
astray.

I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek."

(Page 35).

"You are the evening cloud floating in the sky of
my dreams.

I paint you and fashion you ever with my love
longings.